

THE

Thousand and One Days:

Persian TALES.

V O L. II.

Translated from the *French*

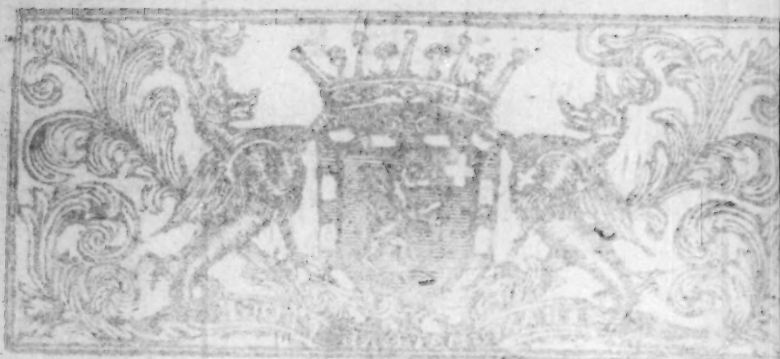
By Mr. *PHILIPS*.

Τί γὰρ ἄν ἄλλο φήσαμεν ταῦτα, ἢ πρὸς ὅντι
Τῷ Διὶ ἐνύπνια; Longinus,

THE THIRD EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for *J. Tonson* at *Shakespear's-Head* over-
against *Katharine-street* in the *Strand*. 1722.



To the Right Honourable the

COUNTESS



MADAM

When I had
the Honour
to Publish
the first Part of these
A - Tales



To the Right Honourable the
C O U N T E S S
O F
SUNDERLAND.

MADAM,



W H E N I had
the Honour
to Publish
the first Part of these
A 3 Tales,

54

Dedication.

Tales, under the Patronage of the Countess of Godolphin, I then hoped I might presume to Grace the succeeding Volume with Your Ladyship's Name. If Persons of uncommon Merit, and high Birth, did not condescend to indulge the Ambition of Men of Letters upon these Occasions, the Generality

Dedication.

lity of Mankind might
look upon Learning
as a very unfashi-
onable Accomplish-
ment.

That Affability and
Sweetness of Temper
added to those Perso-
nal Charms so conspi-
cuous in the Countess
of *Sunderland*, will serve
to convince every one,
that the Perfections

A 4 and

Dedication.

and Beauties of the Fair Sex, which render Poems and Writings of this Kind so entertaining, are not the Result of Fiction; but real Images of Nature, copied from the most compleat Originals. To these more shining Ornaments, You joyn the Domestick Virtues of Life, and shew

Dedication.

shew the World, that
Oeconomy, and the
good Government of
a Family, are not Ta-
lents inconsistent with
the Character of a fine
Lady.

While You adorn
one Part of Life, the
Earl of *Sunderland* ren-
ders himself Eminent
in the other. The
great Abilities and In-

A 5 tegri-

Dedication.

tegrity, he has given Proofs of in the Administration of Publick Affairs, will always be remembered to his Honour, by such as have a just Regard to the Welfare of their Country. So that could your Delicacy suffer Praise — But I check my Thoughts; and only beg Leave to sub-

Dedication.

subscribe my self with
the utmost Deference
and Respect,

MADAM,

*Your Ladyship's most Humble
and most Obedient Servant,*

Ambr. Philips.



the utmost
and Respect

P R E F A C E

M A D A M
H
5 JA 59

long



THE
P R E F A C E.

HAVING in the First Volume said what is sufficient to give the Reader a true Notion of this Work, I think it proper in the next place, to acquaint him with what the French Publisher says of this Performance.

*We are indebted (says he) to the famous Dervis Moclès for these Tales. The Persians rank him in the Number of their great Men. He was the Principal or Chief of the Sofis of Ispahan; and he had Twelve Disciples, who wore
long*

The Preface.

long white woollen Robes. The Grandees and the People had a more than ordinary Veneration for him, because he was descended from Mahomet ; and they feared him, because he passed for a profound Cabbalist. The King Schah-Soliman had so great a Respect for him, that if he happened to meet him any where abroad, he would alight from his Horse, to go and kiss his Stirrup.

Moclés, when he was very young, undertook to translate some Indian Comedies into Persian ; which have since been translated into all the Oriental Languages. There is at present a Copy of a Turkish Version of them, to be seen in the King's Library, under the Title of Alfurage Badal-Schidda ; which signifies, Joy after Affliction. But the Persian Translator, to give his Work the Air of an Original, threw these Comedies into Tales, which he called
He-

The Preface.

Hezaryek-Rouz; *that is, A Thousand and one Days.* He entrusted the *Sieur Pétis (the French Translator)* with his Manuscript, and gave him Leave to copy it, having entered into a strict Friendship with him at Ispahan, in the Year 1675.



THE

THE CONTENTS.

- THE Continuation of the History of*
Prince Calaf. Page 1
- The History of King Bedreddin Lolo, and*
his Visier Atalmulc, surnamed the Sor-
rowful Visier. p. 99
- The History of Atalmulc, and of the Prin-*
cess Zelica Beyume. p. 102
- The Continuation of the History of Bedred-*
din Lolo. p. 174
- The History of Prince Seyfel Mulouk.*
p. 176
- The History of Malek, and the Princess Schi-*
rine. p. 222
- Continuation of the History of Bedreddin*
Lolo, and his Visier. p. 256
- The History of King Hormoz, surnamed*
The King without Sorrow. p. 282
- The History of Avicene.* p. 337
- The Continuation and Conclusion of the Hi-*
story of King Hormoz. p. 361

5 A 59

THE



THE
Thousand and one Days.

PERSIAN TALES.

VOL. II.

The Sixty second Day.



RINCE *Calaf* returned to the *Horde*, with the Hawk. The People gathered about him, as he went along : They shouted, and said ; See here ; the *Can's* Hawk, which was lost, is found ! Blessings upon the Man, who brings Gladness to our Prince, by presenting him with his favourite Bird. When *Calaf* was now come up to the royal Pavilion, and appeared with the Hawk upon his Wrist ; the *Can* was transported to see his Bird,

2 *Persian* TALES.

Bird, and ran to give it welcome: Then, addressing himself to the Prince of the *Nogais*, he inquired of him, where he had found his Hawk. *Calaf* related to him every Particular, as it fell out: After which, the *Can* said to him; You seem a Stranger to me. From what Country, and of what Profession are you? Sir, answers the Son of *Timurtasch*, casting himself down at his Feet, I am the Son of a Merchant of *Bulgary*, who was very rich. I undertook a Journey with my Father and Mother into the Land of *Jaic*: We were set upon by Robbers, who have spared nothing but our Lives; and we have begged our Bread on the Way to this *Horde*.

Young Man, replies the *Can*, I am glad it has been your good Fortune to find my Hawk; for I have sworn to grant the Person, who should bring him back to me, the three Things he shall ask. Therefore you need only to speak: Let me know what you desire I should do for you, and be assured of having your Wishes accomplished. Since I am permitted, says *Calaf*, to demand three Things; I wish, in the first Place, that my Father and Mother, who are in the Hospital, had a Tent allotted to themselves within the Verge of
your

your Majesty's Court, and that they may be maintained at your Expence the rest of their Days, and be served by some of the Officers of your Household. In the next place, I desire one of the best Horses in your Stables, ready saddled and bridled; And lastly, a princely Habit, all compleat, with a rich Sabre and a Purse of Gold, to enable me to undertake with Convenience a Journey I have cast in my Thoughts. Thy Desires shall be answered, says *Alinguer*. Bring hither thy Father and thy Mother: I will this very Day begin to entertain them as you have required: And to Morrow you shall have a princely Habit compleat, with the finest Horse in my Stables, to go where-ever you please.

Calaf prostrated himself a second Time before the *Can*; then, making his Acknowledgments for the Honour and great Favours conferred upon him, he returned to the Tent, where *Elmaze* and *Timurtasch* expected his coming with Impatience. I bring you good Tidings, said he to them: Our Fortunes are already changed. Then he related all that had befallen him. This Adventure pleased them highly: And they looked upon it as a certain Pledge of future Happiness. They followed *Calaf* with
Chear-

4 *Persian* TALES.

Chearfulness, who conducted them to the Royal Pavilion, and presented them to the *Can*. This Prince received them graciously, and assured them that he would in every Respect make good the Promise he had given their Son. Accordingly he immediately appointed them a Tent in particular to themselves; he caused them to be served by the Slaves and Officers of his Household, and ordered they should be treated in all Things like himself.

On the Morrow *Calaf* was cloathed in a magnificent Habit: He likewise received from the Hands of Prince *Alinguer* a Sabre, the Handle of which was studded with Diamonds, and a Purse filled with Sequins of Gold: After which he presented him with one of the finest Horses, that ever Eyes beheld. *Calaf*, to shew his Sill in Riding, mounted, and made him perform his Caracols with so much Ease and Address, as charmed the Prince and his Courtiers.

When he had renewed his Acknowledgments to the *Can* for all his Goodness and Generosity, he took his Leave of him. This done, he returned to *Timurtasch* and the Princess *Elmaze*. I have, said he to them, an earnest Desire to see the Great King-

Persian TALES.

5

Kingdom of *China*; let me have your Permission to gratifie it. My Heart presages that I shall signalize my self by some glorious Action, and that I shall gain the Friendship of that Monarch, who rules over Realms of such vast Extent. Suffer me to leave you here in Safety, where you will want for nothing, while I follow the strong Bent of my Inclinations, or rather give my self up to the Guidance of Heaven, which is my Conducter. Go my Son, says *Timurtasch* to him; cherish the noble Ardour, that animates thy Hopes: Hasten to the Fortunes that attend Thee: Bring back to us with speed by thy Virtue the Prosperity, which is ordained to succeed to our Sufferings; or by a glorious Death acquire a just and lasting Renown in History amongst the shining Instances of unfortunate Princes. Go on, my Son; depart: We shall continue in this Tribe, till we hear farther from you; and we shall take the Measures of our Fortunes from those of yours.

The young Prince of the *Nogais* embraced his Father and his Mother, and took his Way towards *China*. The Historians make no mention of any Adventures, that might happen to him in his Journey.

They

They only inform us, that when he arrived at the great City of *Canbalec*, otherwise *Pequin*, he alighted near a House in the Suburbs, which was the Dwelling of a little old Widow-Woman. *Calaf* went up to the Door; upon which the old Woman appeared. He saluted her, and said; My good Mother, can you find in your Heart to receive a Stranger into your House? If you can furnish me with a Lodging in your House, I may venture to assure you, that you shall have no Reason to be sorry for it. She examined the young Prince with her Eyes; and judging by his goodly Mien, as well as by his Dress, that he was no common Guest; she made a profound Inclination of her Head, and replied: Young Stranger of Noble Appearance, my House, and every thing within it, is at your Service. And have you, rejoins he, a Place convenient for my Horse? Yes, said she, I have. At the same time she took the Bridle in her Hand, and led the Horse into a little Stable on the Back-side of the House. Then she returned to *Calaf*; who, finding himself disposed to Eat, asked if she had no Body to send to buy something for him in the Market? The Widow answered, that she had a Son twelve Years old,

Persian TALES. 7

old, who would acquit himself handsomely of such a Commission. Upon this the Prince took a Sequin of Gold out of his Purse, and put it into the Boy's Hands to go to Market.

In the mean time, the Hostess was not a little busied in satisfying *Calaf's* Curiosity. He put a thousand Questions to her. He asked her what were the Manners and Customs of the Inhabitants of the City? How many Families were computed to be in *Pequin*? And the Conversation in the End fell upon the King of *China*. Inform me, I intreat you, says *Calaf* to her, of the Character of this Prince: Is he generous? And would he, do you think, give any Encouragement to a young Man and a Stranger, who should offer himself voluntarily to serve against his Enemies? In a word, might it be of any Advantage to me, if I should devote my self to his Interests? Without doubt, replies the old Woman: He is a most excellent Prince; one, who loves his Subjects in as great a degree, as he is beloved by them: I am surprized that you should never hear of our good King *Altoun-Can*; for the Fame of his Goodness has diffused it self over the Face of the Earth.

From

From the Portraiture you give me of him, rejoins the Prince of the *Nogais*, I imagine he must needs be the most happy, and the most contented Monarch in the Universe. And yet he is not; answers the Widow. It may be averred, that he is very unhappy. In the first place, he has no Prince to succeed him; Notwithstanding the Prayers he puts up to Heaven, and the number of good Works he does daily, he cannot obtain the Blessing of a Son. However, I must tell you, that the Grief of having no Male Child is not what afflicts him most. That which destroys the whole Quiet of his Life is the Princess *Tourandocte*, his only Daughter. And how, replies *Calaf*, comes it to pass that she is a Grievance to him? I am going to inform you, says the Widow: I am very particularly instructed in that Affair; for my Daughter, who has the Honour to be in the Seraglio amongst the number of the Princess's Slaves, has often entertained me with a distinct Relation of the whole.

The

The Sixty third Day.

THE Princess *Tourandocce* (pursues the old Hostess of the Prince of the *Nogais*) is in the Nineteenth Year of her Age. She is so very beautiful, that the Painters, who have attempted her Picture, tho' the greatest Artists of the *East*, have all of them owned with Confusion, that they have been foiled, and that the Pencil of the most practised in beautiful Features, would never be able to express half the Charms of the Princess of *China*. Nevertheless, the different Paintings that have been made of her, though infinitely short of the Original, have caused great Ravock in the World.

To her ravishing Beauty she joins a Mind so embellished, that she is Mistress not only of every Accomplishment, which is usually taught to Ladies of her Rank; but is likewise perfectly skilled in those Sciences, which are proper only to Men. She can write the different Characters of several Languages: She is knowing in Arithmetick, in Geography, in Philosophy, in the Mathematicks, in the Law, and more especially in Theology. She has studied the

Laws and the Moral Writings of our great Legislator *Beringhuzin*. In a Word, she is as learned as all our Doctors together; but all her bright Perfections are eclipsed by an unexampled Insensibility of Heart: She tarnishes her charming Merit by a detestable Cruelty.

It is now two Years since the King of *Tebet* sent to demand her in Marriage for the Prince his Son, who fell in Love with her upon the sight of a Picture of her, which came into his Hands. *Altoun-Can*, pleased with this Alliance, proposed it to *Tourandocke*. This haughty Princess, who, vain of her Beauty, despises all Men alike, rejected the Proposition with Disdain. The King grew angry with her, and declared he would be obeyed; but, instead of submitting her self cheerfully to the Will of her Father, she wept out of meer Obstinacy, and an Aversion to be controuled. She afflicted her self beyond measure, as if some insupportable Evil had been laid upon her; finally, she continued to torment her self to such a degree, that she fell into a Sickness. The Physicians, knowing the Cause of her Indisposition, told the King, that all their Remedies were ineffectual, and that the Princess would infallibly die, if he persisted

sisted to compel her to marry the Prince of *Thebet*.

Then the King, who loved his Daughter to Distraction, apprehending the Danger she was in, went into her Apartment to assure her, that he would send back the Ambassadors of *Thebet* with an absolute Denial. That Sir, says the Princess, will not be sufficient. I am resolved to use no Endeavours to preserve my Life, unless you will grant me what I am going to ask. If you desire I should not die, you must oblige your self by an inviolable Oath not to oppose my Inclinations; and moreover, I will have you Publish an Edict, by which you shall declare, that whatsoever Prince shall demand me, must not expect to Marry me, before he shall answer pertinently to the Questions which I shall think fit to propose to him in the Hearing of all the Professors of the Law within this City: that if his Answers prove right, I consent to take him for my Husband; but if otherwise, that his Head shall be struck off in the Court before your Palace.

By vertue of this Edict, which shall be made known to all the Foreign Princes, who shall come to *Bequin*; no one will be forward to demand me in Marriage; and

that is what I would accomplish; for I have an Aversion to Men, and will not be married. But, my Daughter, says the King to her, suppose some one, disregarding my Edict, should present himself, and answer justly to your Questions---That, interrupting him rejoins she, is what I have no reason to fear. I can start such Points as would puzzle the profoundest Doctors; and I am contented to stand the Risque.

Altoun-Can paused a while upon what the Princess exacted from him. I see plainly, thinks he, that my Daughter will never be induced to wed, and that this Edict will effectually deter all her Lovers: So that I hazard nothing in granting her this Satisfaction. No Evil can arise from it: For what Prince will be so thoughtless as to provoke his Fate by so desperate an Undertaking?

Finally, the King concluding, that such an Edict could be attended with no ill Consequences, and that the Cure of his Daughter depended absolutely upon it; ordered it should be Published, and swore by the Laws of *Bergingbusin* that it should be punctually observed. *Tonrandocée* relying upon the Sacredness of his Oath, which she knew the King would never presume

to

to violate, recovered her Strength, and was soon restored to a perfect Health.

This notwithstanding, the Reputation of her Beauty drew divers young Foreign Princes to *Pequin*. It was to no purpose to represent to them the Tenor of the Edict: As there are very few, who think meanly of their own Capacity, especially amongst the young Men, they had the Presumption to present themselves to answer to the Questions of the Princess; and not able to penetrate their dark Meaning, they all of them, one after the other, perished without Mercy. The King, to do him Justice, is nearly touched with Compassion for their Fate: He repents that he has irrevocably bound himself by an Oath; and notwithstanding his infinite Tenderness for his Daughter, he would rather chuse to let her die, than preserve her at so dear a Rate. He employs his utmost Endeavours to prevent these Calamities. When any Lover, who stands in no Awe of the Edict, comes to him to demand the Hand of the Princess, he labours to dissuade him from his Resolutions; and never gives his Consent to any one to expose his Life, but with the greatest Regret. But for the most part he has the Misfortune not to be able to prevail

14 *Persian* TALES.

with the rash young Men. They are so taken up with their Passion for *Tourandocle*, and so intoxicated with the Hopes of possessing her, that they overlook the Danger which surrounds her.

But though the King seems touched with the Deaths of these unhappy Princes, it is not so with his inhuman Daughter. She glories in the bloody Spectacles, which her Beauty exhibits to the People. So excessive is her Vanity, that she looks upon the most amiable Prince not only as unworthy of her; but even Insolent, in daring to raise his Thoughts up to the hopes of possessing her; and she regards his Death as a Punishment due to his Audaciousness.

What is most to be lamented is, that there should still be a fresh supply of Princes, who come to sacrifice themselves to this barbarous Princess. It is not long since a Prince, who flattered himself, that he had Skill sufficient to answer her Questions, has lost his Life; and this very Night another is to die, who, as ill Fate would have it, came to the Court of *China*, urged on by the same destructive Hopes.

The

The Sixty fourth Day.

CAlaf was very attentive to the Discourse of the old Woman. I am not able to comprehend, says he, when she had done speaking, how any Prince can be so void of Understanding, as to demand the Princess of China. What Man is there, but he must tremble, when he hears the Condition, without which she is not to be obtained? Besides, let the Painters, who have drawn her, say what they will; let them never so much declare that their Works shew but a faint Resemblance of her Beauty: I am rather inclined to believe, that they have added to her Charms, and that they have flattered with their Pencils, since their Pictures of her have produced such extraordinary Effects. To be free with you, I cannot imagine *Tourandocte* is so beautiful, as you speak her. Sir, rejoins the Widow, her Charms are far beyond what I am able to express: You may credit my Testimony; for I have often seen her, when I visited my Daughter in the Seraglio. Form the brightest Ideas to please your Imagination; lay together in your Mind every Grace and Feature, that can enter

into the Composition of a finished Beauty; and be assured, when you have put your Fancy to the Stretch, that you will not be able to figure to your self a Form that may in the least stand in Competition with that of the Princess.

The Prince of the *Nogais* thought his Hostess took a Delight in magnifying every little Circumstance, and could by no means prevail upon himself to believe her. Nevertheless he felt a secret kind of Pleasure, without knowing any Reason for it. But, my Mother, renews he, are the Questions, which the King's Daughter proposes, so very difficult and intricate, that there is no making any Answer to them in such a manner, as may satisfy the Men of the Law? For my part, I am of Opinion, that the Princes, who could not penetrate into the Meaning of them, were all Men of narrow Capacities, and little Learning. No, no; replies the old Woman: Never were any Riddles so obscure, as the Questions of the Princess; and it is next to an Impossibility to answer to them directly.

While they were talking to this Effect of *Tourandocte* and her unfortunate Lovers; the little Boy, who had been sent to Market, came home with a Store of Provisions.

ons. *Calaf* sat down to a Table, which the Widow spread for him, and eat with the Appetite of a Traveller, who had fasted long. In the meantime the Night came on; and immediately the Tymbals of Justice began to resound in the Streets. The Prince demanded the Meaning of that Noise. It is, answers the old Woman, to advertise the People, that some one is to be put to Death: And the Wretch, who is to be sacrificed, is the Prince, who I told you was to be this Night beheaded, for failing in his Answers to the Questions of the Princess. Criminals are executed by Daylight: But this is a particular Case. The King in his Heart detests the Cruelties, which he is forced to exercise upon the Lovers of his Daughter, and is willing to hide the Barbarity from the sight of the Sun. The Son of *Timurtasch* was desirous to see this Execution, the Cause of which to him seemed very extraordinary. He went out from his Lodgings; and meeting in the Streets a vast Crowd of *Chinese*, whose Curiosity brought them together, he mixed with them, and went on with the Stream, into the Court of the Palace, where so tragical a Scene was to be represented.

He saw in the middle a very high Tower of Wood; the outside of which, from the Top to the Bottom, was covered with Branches of *Cypress*, within which there was hung a prodigious Number of Lamps, ranged in order, which spread so great a Light, that the whole Court shone with them. Beneath the Tower there was a Scaffold prepared, covered over with white Satin, and round about it stood several Pavillions of Taffeta, of the same Colour. Behind these Tents two thousand Soldiers of the Guards of *Altoun-Can* were posted two Ranks deep, with their Swords drawn and Axes in their Hands, so as to form a double Barrier against the People. *Calaf* was very intent upon every thing, that presented it self to his View; when, on a sudden, the mournful Ceremony, for which this Pomp was all prepared, began by a confused Noise of Drums and Bells, which sounded far, from the top of the Tower. At the same time twenty *Mandarins* and as many Men of the Law, every one cloathed in long, white woollen Robes, came out from the Palace, advancing towards the Scaffold; and when they had three times marched in Procession round it, they sat down under the Pavillions.

In

In the next Place appeared the Victim, adorned with Flowers, interwoven with Leaves of Cypress, with a blue Fillet round his Head, and not a red one, like the Criminals condemned by the ordinary Course of Justice. He was a young Prince, scarce eighteen Years of Age. He was attended by a *Mandarin*, who led him by the Hand; and followed by the Executioner. They all three mounted the Scaffold: Immediately the Noise of the Drums and Bells ceased. Then the *Mandarin* addressed his Speech to the Prince, with a Tone of Voice so raised, that half the People might hear him. Prince, says he to him, is it not true, that you were informed of the Tenor of the King's Edict, when you first presented your self to demand the Princess in Marriage? Is it not true likewise, that the King employed his best Endeavours to dissuade you from your rash Attempt? The Prince answering that it was true: Declare then, adds the *Mandarin*, that it is your own Fault, if you lose your Life this Day; and that the King and the Princess are no way answerable for your Death. I forgive them, replies the Prince: Whatever shall befall me, I impute it to my self alone; and my Prayer is, that Heaven may never

require at their Hands the Blood that shall this Day be shed.

Scarce had he ended these Words, when the Executioner severed his Head from his Body with a sudden Stroke of the Sabre. The Air instantly resounded afresh with the ringing of Bells, and the ratling of Drums. In the mean while twelve *Mandarins* came to take Care of the dead Body : They layed it into a Coffin made of Ivory and Ebony; then, placing it upon a Bier, six of them bore it upon their Shoulders into the Garden of the Seraglio, under a Dome of white Marble, which the King had erected for a Place of Burial to all the unhappy Princes, who should incur the same Fate. It was his Custom to go frequently and weep alone over the Monuments of those, who lay there ; thinking, in some Measure, to atone for the Barbarity of his Daughter, by paying this Tribute to their Ashes.

The Sixty fifth Day.

AS soon as the *Mandarins* had carried off the Prince, who was executed, the Populace and the Men of the Law all retired to their Houses, blaming the King
for

for his Imprudence in giving a Sanction to Cruelty by the Sacredness of an Oath, which he must not violate. *Calaf* remained in the Court of the Palace, his Mind busied with a thousand confused Reflections. Not far from him he perceived a Man, from whose Eyes gushed a Torrent of Tears. He concluded he must be a Person deeply interested in the Execution, which he had seen performed, and desirous to be farther informed, he addressed his Speech to him. I have a Fellow-feeling (said he) in the Excess of Grief, which you seem to express; I enter into all your Sufferings, and make no Doubt, but you were intimately acquainted with the Prince, who has now been put to Death. Ah Sir, answers this afflicted Person, redoubling his Tears, I should know him intimately; for I bred him up. O thou unhappy King of *Samarcande*, adds he, what will be thy Sorrow, when thou shalt hear the strange Fate of thy Son! And who is the Man, that shall dare relate the mournful Message to thee?

Calaf demanded, by what means the Prince of *Samarcande* became enamoured of the Princess of *China*. I shall inform you, says the Governor of the Prince to him;

him; and you will, I question not, be astonished with the Relation I am going to make. This Prince of *Samarcande*, pursues he, lived happy in his Father's Court. All the Courtiers regarded him as a Prince that must one day be their Sovereign, and studied not less to please him, than the King himself. He usually employed the Day-time in Hunting, or in exercising himself at Mall. At Night he would secretly invite into his Apartment all the gay and youthful Persons of the Court, with whom he would revel in the choicest Wines and Liquors. Moreover he took a Delight sometimes in seeing the beautiful Slaves dance, and in hearing the Musick of Voices and Instruments. Not to dwell upon Particulars, the Days, the Hours of his Life flowed on in an uninterrupted Course of Pleasures.

These Amusements went on as usual, when a famous Painter arrived at *Samarcande*, with the Pictures of several Princesses, who sate to him in the different Courts he had visited. He came one Day to shew them to my Prince; who, when he had examined those which were laid first before him, said; These are fine Pieces indeed; and I am persuaded,
that

that the Originals are not a little obliged to you. Sir, answers the Painter, I will confess to you, that in these Pictures my Pencil has flattered a little: But then, at the same time, I must tell you, that I have one Piece more beautiful than any of these; and yet it falls far short of the Original. As he went on speaking to this Purpose, he took out of the bottom of a little Box, in which he kept his Paintings, the Portrait of the Princess of *China*.

My Master had no sooner taken it in his Hands, but, imagining it beyond the Power of Nature to produce a Beauty so perfect, he cried out, that the World did not contain so charming a Creature; and that the Princess of *China* must infallibly have been more flattered in her Picture than any of the others. The Painter protested to him it was not so; and assured him, that the most masterly Hand would never be able to express the fine Air and the Bloom, which were diffused through all the lovely Features of the Princess *Tourandocée*. Relying upon the Assurances of this Artist, my Master bought the Picture: It made so strong an Impression upon him, that, quitting his Father's Court, he departed from *Samarcande* accompanied

nied by no Man, besides my self: without letting me into his Design, he took the Road that leads to *China*, and never stopped till he came into this City. He proposed to himself to serve *Altoun-Can* for a time in his Wars, and in the End to demand the Princess in Marriage. But immediately upon our Arrival we were informed of the Rigour of the Edict; and upon hearing of it, my Prince, which seems unaccountable, instead of shewing any Signs of Uneasiness, expressed a manifest Joy and Satisfaction. I will instantly go, says he to me, and desire that I may be allowed to answer to the Questions of *Tourandocte*. Why should I think meanly of my own Capacity; or rather, why should I not be confident of obtaining the Princess?

I need not acquaint you, Sir, with what followed, continues the Governor, sobbing as he spoke. You must already have concluded, from the tragical Scene you have just now seen, that the unfortunate Prince of *Samarcande* was not able, notwithstanding all his Hopes, to answer the fatal Questions of this inhuman Beauty, who delights in shedding of Blood, and who has already taken away the Lives of
several

several Kings Sons. When he saw that he was to prepare himself for Death, he gave me the Picture of this cruel Princess. I entrust you, said he to me, with this inestimable Piece: Preserve the precious Pledge. Shew it to my Father, when you shall relate my Destiny to him: When he sees the charming Object, I doubt not, but he will pardon my Rashness. But, pursues the Governor, let who will take upon him to carry the unwelcome Message to the King his Father: As for me, loaded with my Affliction, I resolve to retire far from this Place, and far from *Samarcande*, to lament a Prince, who was so dear to me. O my much regretted Master! oh that, when this fatal Picture fell into your Hands, you could have looked upon it with my Eyes! O barbarous Princess! henceforward let all the Princes of the Earth think of you as I think! Then, instead of inspiring them with Love, would you raise in their Souls the Sentiments of Horror. Having expressed his Resentments in these Words, the Governor of the Prince of *Samarcande* went away full of Indignation, looking upon the Palace with Eyes that sparkled with Rage; and said not a Word more to the Son of *Tr-murtasch*.

murtash. Prince *Calaf* gathered up the Picture with eagerness from the Ground, and intended to go back to his old Hostess: But he lost his Way in the Dark, and before he was aware of it, found himself out of the Town. He waited impatiently for Day-light, to behold the Beauty of the Princess of *China*. As soon as he could see, and satisfy his Curiosity, he opened the Box in which the Picture was inclos'd; however he hesitated before he looked upon it. What am I going to do? cry'd he: Ought I to cast my Eyes on so dangerous an Object? Think, *Calaf*, think of the ill Effects it has produced. Hast thou forgot what the Prince of *Samarcande's* Governour just now told thee? Do not look on this Picture. Resist a Desire which would lead thee away, while it is only meer Curiosity. As long as thou hast the Use of thy Reason, thou mayest prevent thy Ruin. But why do I talk of preventing it, added he; what false Reasons beget this cowardly Prudence? If I am to love the Princess, my Love is already writ in Heaven, in Characters that can never be effaced. Besides, I can't see any Danger in looking upon the finest Picture that ever was. A Man must be very weak, to be disturbed at

the

the sight of a vain mixture of Colours. Fear nothing. Behold with Insensibility those conquering and murdering Features. I would even find Faults, and have the new Pleasure of censuring the Charms of this too proud Princess. I would mortifie her Vanity, by letting her see that I beheld her Image without Emotion.

The Sixty sixth Day.

IN vain the Son of *Timurtasch* flattered himself, that he could look on the Picture of *Tourandocte* with Indifference. He beheld, he examined, he admired the Turn of the Face, the Regularity of the Features, the Loveliness of the Eyes, the Mouth, the Nose; every thing seemed to him to be in Perfection. He was astonished at the Consideration of it, in the whole, and in every particular; and tho' he was upon his Guard against it, he suffered himself to be charmed by it. Spite of himself, he was inconceivably troubled. He did not know himself. What Fire, said he, is this that animates me? Into what Disorder has this Picture put my Senses? Is this, just Heaven, the Fortune of all that behold this Picture? Must they love the Inhuman Princess it represents?

Ah

28 *Persian* TALES.

Ah! I find but too well that she will make the same Impression on me, which she made on the unfortunate Prince of *Samarcande*. I submit to the Power of the Beauty that wounds me, and instead of being frightened at his piteous Story, I almost envy his Misfortune. What a Change is this, good God! I cannot now comprehend how any one should be so insensible of her Charms, as not to despise the Rigour of the Edict. I see nothing terrible in it. From this Moment all the Peril vanishes.

No, incomparable Princess, continu'd he, looking on the Picture with a languishing Air, no Obstacle shall hinder me: I will love you, spite of your Barbarity; and since I am permitted to aspire to the Possession of you, I will do all that I can to obtain it. If I perish in so noble an Enterprize, all that will trouble me in Death, will be the Thoughts of losing you.

Calaf being come to a Resolution to demand the Princess, returned to his Hostess. He had much ado to find the House again, so far had he wandered out of his way in the Dark. Ah my Son, says the old Woman as soon as she saw him, I am transported at the sight of you, I was afraid what was become of you. Why did you
not

not return sooner? Mother, replied he, I am sorry you should have been under so much Concern on my Account; but I lost my way in the Night. He then told her, how he had met the Governour of the Prince who had been put to Death, and did not fail to repeat all that Governor had said to him. He also shewed her *Tourandocte's* Picture: See, says he, if this is not an imperfect Image of the Princess of *China*. I can't think that it comes up to the Beauty of the Original.

By the Soul of the Prophet *Jacmouny*, cry'd the old Woman, after she had examined the Picture, the Princess is a thousand times handsomer, and more charming. I wish you had seen her, you would then be of my Opinion, that all the Painters upon Earth will never be able to make an Image so beautiful. I will not except the famous *Many*. I am extremely pleased, replied the Prince of the *Nogais*, with your assuring me, that the Beauty of *Tourandocte* is above all the Efforts of Painting. How does the Thought of it delight me? It confirms me in my Design, and excites me to attempt immediately so glorious an Undertaking. Why have I not already cast my self at her Feet? I die with Impatience, to try

try whether I shall not be more happy than the Prince of *Samarcande*.

What's that you say, my Son? replied the Widow. What design is it you have formed; and do you really resolve to put it in Execution? Yes Mother, says *Calaf*; this very Day will I offer my self to answer the Princess's Questions. When I came to *Ghina*, it was with an Intention to serve the great King *Altoun-Can* in his Armies; but it is better to be his Son-in-Law than his General.

The Hostess burst out into Tears, crying, Ah my Lord, in the Name of God, think no more of it. You will surely perish in so rash an Enterprize, as the demanding the Princess will be. Instead of being charmed with her Beauty, hate her, as the cruel Cause of so many Tragical Events. Consider with your self, what will be your Parents Trouble when they hear of your Death, and do not bring so much Misery on their Heads. Ah Mother, replies the Son of *Timurtasch*, do not touch me in the most tender Part. I am not ignorant, that if I to Day put an End to my Life, I shall cause the most Mortal Affliction to those to whom I owe it. I own, they love me so tenderly, perhaps they will not be able

ble to survive me: Yet, as sensible as I ought to be, and as I am of their Tenderness to me, I must give way to a stronger Impulse than that of Filial Duty. But what need I fear giving them Displeasure? Will not my doing what I intend to do render them more happy? Yes doubtless: Their Interest agrees very well with my Passion; and were my Father here, he would be so far from opposing my Design, that he would inspire me with new Resolution to execute it immediately. I am resolved upon it; don't spend time to no purpose, in endeavouring to dissuade me from it: nothing in the World shall hinder me.

When his Hostess found he would not hearken to her Advice, it redoubled her Affliction. And will you, says she, my Lord, will you run upon inevitable Ruin? Ah, that you had never come within my Doors, never heard of the Name of *Tou-randocke*: You fell in Love with her, on my praising her to you. Ah, Wretch that I am, it is I that am the Cause of your Destruction, I that shall have your Death to reproach my self with. The Prince of the *Nogais* interrupting her said, No my good Mother, you are in no wise the occasion
of

of my Misfortune. Do not impute to your self my Love for the Princess. I am destined to love her, and in loving her only fulfil my Destiny. Besides, how do you know that I shall not be able to answer her Questions? I neither want Learning, nor Understanding. Perhaps Heaven has reserved for me the Honour of delivering the King of *China* from the Troubles, which so terrible an Oath has caused him. But, contrived he, taking out of his Pocket a Purse the Can of *Berlas* had given him, in which were a good many Pieces of Gold, as I own that this is uncertain, and it may happen I may lose my Life, I make you a Present of this Purse, to comfort you for my Loss. You may also sell my Horse, and keep the Money; for I shall have no need of it, whether the Daughter of *Altoun* can be the Reward of my Boldness, or whether Death be the sad Price of it.

The Sixty seventh Day.

THE Widow took the Purse from *Calaf*, saying, You are very much deceived, Son, if you think this Gold will comfort me for the Loss of you. I shall lay it out in good Works, give part of it

to the Poor in the Hospitals, who patiently endure their Misery, and whose Prayers are consequently so agreeable to God. Therest I shall distribute among the Ministers of our Religion, that they may join all in their Prayers to Heaven, to inspire you with more reasonable Resolutions, and not suffer you to expose your self to such certain Destruction. All that I beg of you is, that you will not this Day offer your self to answer *Tourandocte's* Questions; stay 'till to Morrow; the Time is not long. Let me have 'till then, to engage Holy Men, and our Prophet *Jacmouny*, in your Interests. After that do what you will. Give me but this small Satisfaction. I must say, you owe it to a Person who has so entire a Friendship for you, and will be inconsolable if you perish.

Calaf shewed by his Looks he could not deny her Request. He was not only one of the handsomest Princes in the World; he was also one of the best-natured; and it was impossible to see and converse with him, and not to love him. The old Widow's Grief touched him; Well, Mother, said he, I will have so much Complaisance for you. I will not go to Day to demand

the Princess; but I must needs tell you, that I don't believe your Prophet *Jacmouny* can make me change my Resolution. He staid at Home at his Hostess's all that Day. She, in the mean time, went about to the Hospitals to distribute her Alms; and to the *Bonzes*, to purchase for ready Mony their Intercession with *Berginghuzin*. She also sacrificed Hens and Fish to Idols; neither did she forget the *Genii*, to them she offered Rice in the Places dedicated to their Worship.

But the Prayers of the *Bonzes*, and all the Idol Ministers, tho' they were well paid, produced not the Effect which the good Woman expected. For the next Morning the Prince appeared more resolute than ever, in his Design to demand *Tourandoë* in Marriage. Adieu, Mother, said he to the Widow; I am sorry you put your self Yesterday to so much Trouble for me. You might very well have spared your Pains: for I assure you, I am of the same Mind still. At these Words he left her; and his Hostess was so troubled at his going, that covering her Face with her Veil, she set her Head on her Knees, and continued thus in a Fit of Sorrow, which is not to be expressed.

The

The young Prince of the *Nogais*, perfum'd
 with Essences, and fairer than the Moon,
 went directly to the Palace. He found
 five Elephants tied at the Gate, and two
 thousand Soldiers well armed Cap-a-pee
 drawn up on each Side. One of the
 Chief Officers, perceiving by *Calaf's* Air
 that he was a Stranger, stopped him, de-
 manding of him what Business he had at
 the Palace. I am a Foreign Prince, re-
 plied the Son of *Timurtasch*, and come
 to offer my self to the King, to beg of
 him that he will permit me to answer the
 Questions of the Princess his Daughter.
 The Officer heard him with Astonishment,
 and said, Do you know, Prince, that what
 you come about is Death? You had better
 have staid at Home. Return to your own
 Country, and don't flatter your self with
 the Hopes of obtaining the barbarous *Tou-
 randocte*. Were you as wise as a *Mandarin*
 of Science, you would never find out the
 Meaning of her ambiguous Words. I
 thank you for your Counsel, replied *Calaf*;
 but I am not come hither to go back as I
 came. Go and die then, says the Officer
 surlily, since there is no hindering you.
 Upon this he let him enter the Palace, and
 turning to some other Officers, who had

heard their Conversation, How handsome and well made that young Prince is! said he; 'tis pity he should die so soon.

In the mean while, *Calaf* passed thro' several Halls, and came at last to that in which the King used to give Audience to his People. There was a Throne in it made of Steel of *Catai*, in the Form of a Dragon, about three Cubits high; over it was a Canopy of yellow Satin adorned with Diamonds, supported by four lofty Pillars of the same *Catai* Steel. *Altoun Can*, arrayed in a Vest of Gold Brocade with a red Ground, sat on the Throne; the Gravity of his Air agreed perfectly well with that of his Beard, which was divided into three Parts, and each Part bound with a Diamond Buckle. The Monarch, after he had given Audience to some of his Subjects, cast his Eyes on the Prince of the *Nogais*, who was in the Croud. As he appeared to be a Stranger, and by his Air and Dress to be of no common Rank, he called one of his *Mandarins*, pointed with his Finger to *Calaf*, and ordered him to inform himself of his Quality, and the Occasion of his coming to his Court.

The *Mandarin* went up to the Son of *Timurtasch*, and told him the King desired

to know who he was, and if he had any Thing to demand of him. You may tell the King your Master, replied the young Prince, that I am the only Son of a Sovereign, and am come to endeavour to deserve the Honour of being his Son-in-Law.

The Sixty eighth Day

NO sooner did *Altoon-Can* know the Prince of the *Nogais's* Answer than his Countenance changed, and he turned as Pale as Death. He ceased giving Audience, he dismissed all the People, descended from his Throne, and went up to *Calaf*; Rash Youth, says he, are you informed of the Rigour of my Edict, and the miserable End of all those who have obstinately persisted in demanding my Daughter? Yes, my Lord, replied the Son of *Timurtasch*, I know all the Danger I run. Even my Eyes have been the Witnesses of the just and late Death, which your Majesty caused to be inflicted on the Prince of *Samarcande*. But the deplorable End of these audacious Men, who vainly flattered themselves with the sweet Hopes of possessing the Princess of *Chi-*

na, has only enflamed the Desire I have to deserve her.

What Madness is this! says the King: Scarce has one Prince lost his Life, but another presents himself to the same Destiny: They seem to take a Pleasure in sacrificing themselves. What Blindness! What Temerity! Recollect your self, Prince, and be not so prodigal of your Blood. I pity you more than any of those that have already come to seek their Deaths here. I feel an Inclination for you, and would do all that I can to hinder your destroying your self. Return to your Father's Dominions, and let him not have the Affliction, to hear by Fame, that he must no more expect to see his only Son.

My Lord, replies *Calaf*, nothing can more delight me, than to hear from your Majesty's Mouth, that I have the good Fortune to please you. I take it for a happy Omen. Perhaps Heaven, moved by the Miseries that have been caused by the Beauty of the Princess, will make use of me to put a stop to them; and at the same time secure the Quiet of your Life, now troubled by a Necessity of authorizing such cruel Actions. Are you sure that I shall not

not give right Answers to the Questions that ſhall be asked me? How do you know that I ſhall periſh? If others have not been able to find out the Senſe of *Tourrandoſte's* obſcure Words, is that a Reaſon that I ſhall not be able to do it? No, my Lord; their Example ſhall not oblige me to renounce the Honour to which I pretend, that of having you for my Father-in-Law. The King replied, with a great deal of Compaſſion, Ah wretched Prince, are you already weary of Life? The Lovers, that have before you preſented themſelves to answer the ſad Questions that my Daughter has put to them, talked juſt as you do. They all hoped to unriddle the Myſtery, and they have all been miſtaken: Alas, you will be betrayed by your Confidence, as they have been. Once more, my Son, purſued he, let me perſuade you to deſiſt. I love you, and would ſave you. Do not, by your Obſtinacy, render my good Intention uſeleſs. You are in an Error, to think you can answer on the Spot to what the Princeſs will propoſe to you. You will have but half a Quarter of an Hour to ſtudy, upon each Queſtion. That's the Rule. If in the Moment you do not then make a right Answer, ſuch as ſhall be ap-

proved of by all the Doctors that are the Judges, you will be sentenced to Death; and the next Night will that Sentence be put in Execution. Therefore Prince retire, consult the Wife, pass the rest of the Day in considering what you had best to do. Make your serious Reflections on what I have said, and to Morrow come and tell me your last Resolution.

Having said this, he left *Galaf*; who retired, very much mortified that he must wait 'till the Morrow: For what the King said had no manner of Influence on him. He returned to his Hostess, without having the least Suspence in his Mind, on account of the Peril to which he exposed himself. As soon as he came to the old Woman, and told her what had passed at the Palace, she began to Harangue him again, and do what she could to dissuade him from his Enterprize. But all her Endeavours were fruitless; they had a contrary Effect, and made him the more eager upon prosecuting it. Accordingly he returned the next Day to the Palace; and the King hearing he was come, received him in his Closet, not being willing that any one should hear what they said.

Ah Prince, says *Alonh-Cau*, ought I to be troubled, or to rejoice, that I see you to Day? In what Sentiments do you come? My Lord, replied *Calaf*, I am still in the same Mind. I had fully considered the Matter, when I had the Honour Yesterday to present my self before your Majesty. I am determin'd to suffer the same Death as my Rivals, if Heaven has not otherwise pre-ordained my Destiny. The King was so afflicted at his Obstinacy, that he smote his Breast, and tore his Beard. How unhappy am I, says he, in having conceived such an Affection for this Man. The Death of the others was not such a Trouble to me. Ah, my Son, continued he, embracing the Prince of the *Nogais*, if my Reasons will not shake your Resolution, give way to my Grief. I find that the Blow which will deprive you of your Life, will strike to my Heart. Do not, I beseech you, think of possessing my cruel Daughter. You will find other Princesses enough in the World; why are you so resolutely bent on obtaining an inhuman One, whom you can never obtain? Stay, if you will, in my Court; you shall have the first Rank there, next to my self. You shall have handsome Slaves, and Pleasure

shall every where attend you. In a word, I will look upon you as my own Son, Renounce all Pretensions to *Tourandocte*, and let me at least have the Satisfaction of depriving this bloody Princess of one Victim.

The Sixty ninth Day.

THE Son of *Timurtasch* was very much touched with the King's offering him his Friendship with so much Tenderneſs; but however he replied, Suffer me, my Lord, to expose my ſelf to the Peril, from which you would divert me. The greater it is, the more tempting is it to me. Nay, I confeſs to you, there is a ſecret Charm even in the Princess's Cruelty, which pleaſes my Love, in flattering my ſelf that I am perhaps the happy Mortal who is to triumph over her Pride. I pray your Maſteſty in the Name of God to forbear oppoſing a Deſign, on which my Glory, my Peace, and even my Life depend; for, in ſhort, I cannot live unleſs I obtain *Tourandocte*.

Altoun-Can finding there was no way to divert him from his perilous Purpoſe, was mortally grieved at it. Audacious Youth, ſaid he, thy Deſtruction is unavoidable, ſince

since with mad Obstinacy thou persistest in demanding my Daughter. Heaven is my Witness, I have done what I could to bring thee to Reason. Thou rejectest my Counsels, and hadst rather perish than follow them. We will talk no more of it; thou wilt soon receive the Reward of thy Folly. I consent that thou undertakest to answer *Tourandocte's* Questions; but I must first do thee those Honours, that I pay such Princes as seek my Alliance. At these Words, he called the chief of the first Band of his Eunuchs, commanding him to conduct *Calaf* to the Palace of the Prince, and to let him have two hundred Eunuchs to serve him.

Scarce was the Prince of the *Nogais* come to the Palace, whither he had been conducted, but the principal *Mandarins* came to salute him. That is, they keel and bow their Heads to the Ground, saying one after another, *The perpetual Servant of your Illustrious Race come in that Quality to do you Reverence.* They afterwards make their Presents, and retire.

In the mean time, the King, whose Friendship and Compassion made him concern himself in an extraordinary manner for the Son of *Timurtasch*, sent for the most able,

or at least, the most famous Professor of the Royal College, and told him there was a Prince come to demand his Daughter; that he had spared no Pains to dissuade him from it, and all to no Purpose; adding, I would have you, Doctor, endeavour to bring him to Reason by your Eloquence; to that End I sent for you. The Doctor obeyed, went to Calaf, and had a long Conference with him. When it was over he returned to *Altoun-Can*, and said, My Lord, it is impossible to persuade the young Prince; he will obtain the Princess, or perish. When I found it was in vain to pretend to convince him of the Danger and Madness of his Attempt, I had the Curiosity to see whether his Obstinacy had no other Foundation than his Love: I asked him several Questions on different Matters, and was surprised to find him so Learned and Knowing. He is a Mussulman, and seems to be well instructed in every thing that regards his Religion. In fine, to speak what I think, I can't help telling your Majesty, that I believe, if any Prince is able to answer the Princess's Questions, this is he.

Ah Doctor, cries the King, how am I transported with what you tell me. Would
Hea-

Heaven that this Prince may be my Son-in-law. As soon as I cast my Eye on him, I took an Affection to him. May he be happier than the rest, that have come to perish in this City. The good King *Altoun-Can* was not contented to put up his Vows to Heaven for *Calaf*; he ordered Publick Prayers and solemn Sacrifices in the Temples; an Ox was by his Command offered to Heaven, a Goat to the Sun, and a Hog to the Moon. He ordered also, that the Fraternities of Artificers in *Paquin* should hold their Festivals in favour of *Calaf*, that he might obtain the Princess he came to demand.

After these Prayers, Sacrifices and Festivals, the *Chinese* Monarch sent his *Colao* to the Prince of the *Nogais*, to give him Notice that he must prepare himself to answer the Princess's Questions the next Day, when he would be sent for to appear before the Divan, who had already received Orders to assemble for that purpose.

The Seventieth Day.

AS much as *Calaf* was resolved to try his Fortune in this Enterprize, he had not a very quiet Night of it. Sometimes he

he trusted to his Genius, and flattered himself with Success; sometimes he lost his Confidence in himself, and imagined what Shame it would be to him, if his Answers did not please the Divan. Nor did he forget to think of *Elmaze* and *Timurtasch*: Ah, said he, if I die, what will become of my poor Father and Mother?

Such were his Reflections when Day broke upon him. He presently heard the jingling of Bells, and the beating of Drums, and guessed it was the Signal for those that were to assist at the Assembly, to give their Attendance. He then addressed himself thus to *Mahomet*; O great Prophet, thou seest my Condition, inspire me on this important Occasion. Shall I go to the Divan; or to the King, and tell him the Danger terrifies me? He had no sooner said these Words, than he felt no more any of those Errors. His Boldness returned. He rose and dressed himself in a Cassetan, and a Cloak of red Silk with Gold Flowers. His Stockings and Shoes were of blue Silk, and all his Apparel a Present from *Altoun-Gan*.

When he was dressed, six *Mandarins* entered his Chamber, arrayed in long Crimson Robes; and having saluted him as they had done

done the Day before, they told him, they came from the King, to conduct him to the Diwan.

He followed them, and was led by them cross a Court, where Soldiers were drawn up on each side. When they came into the first Council Hall, they heard above a thousand Musicians and Singers, who singing and playing on their Instruments made a surprising Noise. From thence they went to the great Council Hall, which had a Communication with the Inner Palace. Here the Assembly were sitting under Pavilions of several Colours, all round the Hall. The most considerable *Mandarins* were ranged on one side, the *Colao* and the Professors of the Royal College, on the other. Several Doctors of known Abilities were in other Places. In the middle were two Thrones of Gold, placed on two Triangular Seats. When the Prince of the *Nogais* entered, the Noble and Learned Assembly saluted him with great Respect, but said not a word; every one expecting the King's coming, kept a profound Silence. 'Twas about Sun-rising; when the first Rays of that bright Star appeared, two Eunuchs opened the two sides of the Curtains before the Gate of the Inner Palace, and

imme-

immediately the King came forth, accompanied with the Princess *Tourandocce*, who wore a long Robe of Gold Tissue, and a Veil of the same. They both ascended their Thrones, by five Steps of Silver. When they had taken their Places, two very beautiful young Women took their Stands, one on the King's side, the other on the Princess's. They were two Slaves of *Altoun-Can's* Seraglio; their Faces and their Breasts were bare; they had large Pearls in their Ears, and held in their Hands Pen and Paper, to write down what the King should bid them. All that were present rose up at the sight of *Altoun-Can*, and kept standing with great Gravity, their Eyes half shut. *Calaf* alone looked round him where he pleased, but he could not take his Eyes off the Princess, nor help admiring her Majestick Mien.

When the mighty Monarch of *China* had given Orders to the *Mandarins* and Doctors to seat themselves; one of the six Lords, who had conducted him to the Hall, and stood by him, fifteen Cubits from the two Thrones, kneeled down, and read a Memorial, containing the Prince's Demand of the Princess *Tourandocce* in Marriage. He then rose, and bid *Calaf* make three

Bows

Bows to the King; which the Prince of the *Nogais* performed with admirable Grace, and *Altoun-Gan* could not help smiling, to let him know he took Pleasure in seeing him.

Then the *Colao* rose from his Seat, and read, with a loud Voice, the fatal Edit, which condemned to Death all those bold Lovers, that did not give right Answers to *Tourandocte's* Questions. At the Close of it, he address himself thus to *Calaf*: You hear, Prince, what are the Conditions on which alone you can obtain the Princess: If the Apprehension of Danger makes any Impression on your Soul, it is now lawful for you to go back. No, no, says the Prince of the *Nogais*; the Prize in Question is too glorious to be renounced out of Fear.

The Seventy first Day.

THE King finding *Calaf* was prepared to answer *Tourandocte's* Questions, turned to the Princess, and said: Daughter, it is now your Time to speak: Propose your Questions to this young Prince; and may all the holy Spirits, to whom we have sacrificed, inspire him to find out the Meaning

Meaning of your Words: *Tourandocte* replied; I call our Prophet *Jacmouny* to witness, it is with Regret I see so many Princesses die: But why are they so obstinately bent upon having me? Why do not they let me live in quiet in my Palace, without coming here to make Attempts on my Liberty? Know then, audacious Youth, added she, addressing her self to *Calaf*; you cannot blame me, but your own Temerity, if like the rest of your Rivals, you suffer a cruel Death: You your self are the only Cause of your Destruction, since I did not oblige you to come and demand me in Marriage.

Fair Princess, says the Prince of the *Nogais*, I know all that can be said to me on this Head: Be pleased to put your Questions to me, and I'll endeavour to give you the Sense of them. Well then, replied *Tourandocte*; What Creature is it who is of all Countries, a Friend to all the World, and has no Likeness to it in the Creation? Madam, says *Calaf*, it is the Sun. He is in the right, cries all the Doctors, it is the Sun. What Mother is it, replied the Princess, who after having brought forth her Children devours them all when they are grown up? The Sea, says the Prince of the *Nogais*,

Nogais, for the Rivers that discharge themselves into it, have their Source from it.

Tourandocte finding the Prince answered her Questions right, was so nettled, that she resolved to do her utmost to destroy him. *What Tree is it*, said she, *whose Leaves are all white on the one side, and black on the other?* She was not satisfied with putting this Question to him. She maliciously threw off her Veil, to dazzle and confound him with the Lustre of her Beauty. Her Despight and Shame had given her a Blush, which added new Charms to it: Her Head was adorned with natural Flowers, placed with infinite Art: And her Eyes shone brighter than the Stars, brighter than the Sun, when he shines in his full Glory, at the opening of a black Cloud. The amorous Son of *Timurtasch*, at the sight of this incomparable Princess, instead of answering the proposed Question, stood mute and immoveable. A mortal Terrour seized the whole Assembly, and the King himself, turning pale, gave the Prince over for lost.

But *Galaf*, recovering himself from his Surprise, occasioned by the sudden View of such amazing Beauty, as was the Princess *Tourandocte's*; recovered also the Divan

out

out of their Fright, by saying, Charming Princess! I beg your Pardon for having appeared in a manner stupified; when, as I thought, I beheld those heavenly Objects, which are the finest Ornament of the Abode that is promised to the Faithful after Death. I could not look on so many Charms without being disturbed. Be pleased to repeat the Question you put to me, for I do not remember it. You made me forget every thing. I demanded, said *Tourandocte*, *What Tree it is whose Leaves are all white on the one side, and black on the other.* That Tree, replied *Calaf*, represents the Year, which is composed of Days and Nights.

This Answer was applauded by all the Divan. The *Mandarins* and Doctors said, it was right, and bestowed a thousand Praises on the young Prince. Then *Altoun-Can* said to *Tourandocte*; Come Daughter, confess thy self conquered, and consent to marry thy Conqueror. The other Pretenders could not answer one of thy Questions, and this Prince, thou seest, explains them all. He has not yet got the Victory, replied the Princess, letting down her Veil to hide her Confusion, and the Tears that trickled down her Cheeks; I have

other

other Questions to ask him, but I will propose them to Morrow. No, no, says the Monarch; as for that, I will not allow that there shall be no End of your Questions: All I shall agree to is, that you may ask him another Question on the Spot. The Princess excused her self, saying, she had only provided her self with those that had been answered; and prayed the King her Father, not to refuse her the Liberty of putting more Interrogatories to the Prince, the next Day.

I cannot allow it, cried the *Chinese* Monarch in a Passion; your Design is to puzzle this young Prince, and mine to disengage my self from the terrible Oath which I was so imprudent as to make: How cruel are you? You breath nothing but Blood, and take Delight in seeing the Death of your Lovers. The Queen, your Mother, was so troubled at the first Miseries you were the Cause of, that she died of Grief, to think she had brought forth so barbarous a Child; and I too, as you know well enough, have been plunged in a Melancholly, which nothing could remove, since I have seen the wretched Consequences of my Complaisance for you. But thanks to the Spirits that rule in Heaven, to the Sun and

and to the Moon, to all those to whom my Sacrifices have been acceptable; there shall be no more such horrible Executions in my Palace, they have already rendered your Name execrable. Since this Prince has answered rightly to what you proposed to him, I demand of all this Assembly, whether it is not just he should be your Husband. The *Mandarins* and Doctors made a general Murmur, and the *Colao* spoke for them all thus: My Lord, your Majesty is not bound by the Oath you took, to execute your rigorous Edict. It is now the Princess's Duty to do her Part; she promis'd her Hand to him that should make right Answers to her Questions. A Prince has now done it, to the Satisfaction of all the Divan: She must either perform her Promise, or expect that those Spirits that have the Charge of Chastising the Perjured, will not fail to punish her.

The Seventy second Day.

Tourandocte kept Silence all this while, holding her Head on her Knees, and seeming overwhelmed with Affliction. *Calaf* observing it, fell prostrate before *Altoun-Can*, and said, Great King, whose Justice

Justice and Goodness have rendered the vast Empire of *China* so flourishing, I beg one Favour of your Majesty: I see plainly the Princess is highly grieved; that I have been so happy as to answer her Questions. She certainly would much rather that I should have deserved Death; she having such an Aversion for Men, that notwithstanding her Promise, she rejects me. On my Part, I am willing to renounce my Right to her, upon Condition, that in her Turn she makes a right Answer to a Question I shall propose to her.

The whole Assembly were surprized at this Discourse of his. This young Prince is mad, said they among themselves, to run the risque of losing, what he has just acquired at the hazard of his Life. Does he think he can find out a Question that will puzzle *Tourandocte*? He must certainly have lost his Senses. *Altoun-Can* was also astonished, at *Calaf's* daring to make such a Demand of him. Prince, says he, have you thought well of what you have been saying? Yes, my Lord, replies the Prince of the *Nogais*, and I beseech you to grant my Request. I do, says the King; but happen what will, I declare I am no longer obliged by the Oath I made, and will not here-
after

after let any Prince be put to Death by Virtue of it. Divine *Tourandocte*, replied the Prince, addressing himself to the Princess, though in the Opinion of this Learned Assembly, my Pretensions to you are Just; tho' by their Judgment you are mine; I quit my Claim, I restore you to your self, I abandon the Possession of the most adorable Beauty upon Earth, I rob my self of so invaluable a Treasure, provided you answer precisely to the Question I shall put to you; but you must then also swear on your Part, that if you do not give a just Answer, you will heartily consent to my Happiness, and will crown my Love. Yes Prince, says *Tourandocte*, I accept of the Condition, I swear by every thing that is Sacred, and call this Assembly to witness to my Oaths.

All the Divan were impatient to know what the Question would be, which *Cataf* would put to the Princess, and there was no Body but blamed him for exposing himself without any Necessity, to the hazard of losing the Daughter of *Altoun-Can*. His Temerity shockt them all. Fair Princess, says he, *What is the Name of that Prince, who after having endured a thousand Fatigues, and begged his Bread, finds himself*
this

this Minute at the height of Glory and Joy?

The Princess considered a little with herself, and then said, 'Tis impossible to answer such a Question presently; but I promise to give you the Name of that Prince to morrow. Madam, cries *Calaf*, I did not mention any Time to reflect upon the Question, neither is it just to allow it you: However, I will still give you this further Satisfaction. I hope, after this, you will have so much Reason to think well of me, that you will make no Difficulty of marrying me.

She must resolve upon it, says *Altoun-Can*; if she does not answer the Question proposed, she must not pretend, by falling Sick, or affecting to be so, to escape her Lover. If I was not engaged by Oath, and he had no Right to her by the Tenour of my Edict, I would rather let her die, than the Prince should go without her. Can she hope ever to meet with a Man more amiable? Having said this, he rose from his Throne, and dismissed the Assembly. He retired into the inner Palace with the Princess, and she thence retired to hers.

As soon as the King had quitted the Divan, the Doctors and *Mandarins* complimented

58 *Persian* TALES.

mented *Calaf* on his Wit. I admire, said one, your ready and easie Conception. There is no Bachelor, Master, nor Doctor, said another, that could have explained the Questions like you. All the Princes that have hitherto offered themselves, had nothing near your Merit, and we rejoice extreamly that you have succeeded in your Enterprize. The Prince of the *Nogais* was not a little taken up, with returning the Compliments of those that addressed them to him on this Occasion. At last, the six *Mandarins*, who had conducted him to the Council, reconducted him to the Palace from whence they brought him; while the rest of the *Mandarins*, and the Doctors, went their way, not a little uneasy about the Answer the Daughter of *Altoun-Can* would give, to the Question that had been put to her.

The Seventy third Day.

THE Princess *Tourandocte* being returned to her Palace, with the two young Slaves that were her Confidants, as soon as she got to her Apartment, she flung aside her Veil, threw her self on a Sofa, and gave a loose to the Transports that her Soul was

was full of. Shame and Grief were painted in her Looks in lively Colours. Her Eyes never ceased flowing with Tears; she tore the Flowers she wore about her Head, and let her fair Hair hang in Disorder. Her two favourite Slaves endeavoured to comfort her; but she bad them both to leave her: Give over your superfluous Cares for me, I will hearken to nothing but my Despair. I will mourn, and be afflicted. What, alas, will be my Confusion to morrow, when in full Council, before all the Doctors of *China*, I own I cannot answer the Question proposed to me? Is this, they'll cry, that witty Princess, who valued her self so much on her Knowledge, and who could unriddle the most difficult Enigma? Ah, continued she, they are all on the side of the young Prince. I saw them look pale, and in a fright, when he seemed to be in some Confusion; and full of Joy, when he found out the Meaning of my Questions. I shall have the cruel Mortification to see them again rejoice at my Trouble, when I shall confess my self vanquished. What Pleasure will they take in that shameful Confession? and what a Torment will it be to me, to be reduced to it?

My Princess, said one of the Slaves, instead of tormenting your self before-hand, instead of representing to your self what a Shame your being overcome will be to you, to Morrow, would it not be better for you to endeavour to prevent it? Is what is proposed to you so difficult, that you can't answer it? Is it too hard for such a Genius and Penetration as yours? Yes, replied *Tourandocle*, it is not to be answered. He demands of me, *The Name of that Prince, who after having endured a thousand Fatigues, and begged his Bread, finds himself this Minute at the height of Glory and Joy.* I see plainly 'tis the Prince himself; but not knowing him, how can I tell his Name? In the meantime, Madam, replied the same Slave, you have promised to Name him to Morrow to the Divan.

When you made that Promise, you doubtless hoped you should be able to keep it. I hoped nothing, said the Princess, and demanded Time only, to kill my self with Sorrow, rather than be obliged to own my Shame, and marry the Prince.

The other Favourite Slave replied, 'Tis a desperate Resolution. I know very well, Madam, there is no Man worthy you; but it must be allowed, that this Prince is a Person

Person of singular Merit, and his Wit ought to speak something to you in his Favour. I do him Justice, says the Princess interrupting her; if there is a Prince in the World that deserves I should look favourably on him, 'tis he. Nay, I confess, that before I put my Questions, I pitied him. I sighed when I saw him, and what never happened to me before, I almost wished he would give right Answers. 'Tis true, I blushed at my Weakness; but my Pride was too hard for it; and his answering my Questions so justly as he did, made me more than ever his Enemy. All the Applauses the Doctors gave him, so mortified me, that as I then hated, so I still hate him. Ah wretched *Tourandocte*, die of Despight and Grief, rather than let a young Man confound thee with Shame, oblige thee to own it, and to become his Wife.

At these Words the Tears gushed out afresh, and she spared neither her Hair nor her Dress, in the violence of her Transports. More than once did she lift her Hands to her fair Cheeks, to tear them, and punish her Charms, as the first Authors of the Confusion she had been in, and was threatned with. Had not her Slaves hindered her, she would in her Fury have spoiled that Face, for whose Image

alone so many Princes had sacrificed their Lives. In vain did her two Attendants endeavour to appease her: They could not calm the Tempest of her Mind. While she was in this terrible Condition, the Prince of the *Nogais* pleased his Imagination, with reflecting on the Judgment of the Divan, and was full of Rapturous Hopes of possessing his Mistress the next Day.

The Seventy fourth Day.

WHEN the King was returned from the Council-Hall to his Apartment, he sent for *Calaf*, to Discourse him in private on what had passed at the Assembly. The Prince of the *Nogais* flew in Obedience to his Majesty's Orders, and that Monarch embracing him with great Tenderness, said, Ah Son, ease me of the Disquiet you have caused in my Mind; I am afraid my Daughter will answer the Question you have proposed to her. Why did you bring your self into Danger of losing the Object of your Love? My Lord, replied *Calaf*, I pray your Majesty to fear nothing. 'Tis impossible for the Princess to Name the Prince, I proposed to her, since I am he,
and

and no body in your Court knows me. What you say, cried the King in a Transport, does encourage me; I confess I was alarmed. *Tourandocte* has a great deal of Penetration, and I trembled for you, when I reflected on the Subtlety of her Wit; but thank Heaven, I am now better satisfied. As easie as it is for her to find out the Meaning of Enigma's, she can never know your Name. I can't now accuse you of Rashness; and I perceive that what I took to be want of Prudence, was an ingenious Turn you made use of, to take away from my Daughter all manner of Pretext to deny you her Hand.

Altoun-Can having pleased himself with *Calaf*, in considering how impossible it was for his Daughter to answer the Question, disposed himself to take the Diversion of Foulting. He was cloathed in a strait Cafetan, and his Beard was tied up in a black Sattin Bag: he ordered the *Mandarins* to prepare to follow him, and caused a Dress for Sport to be given to the Prince of the *Nogais*. When they had made a sort of running Banquet, they all went out of the Palace. The *Mandarins* first, in open Ivory Chairs, wrought with Gold, carried each by six Men, with two marching before it,

64 *Persian* TALES.

holding Whips in their Hands; and two behind with Gold Plates, on which were written in great Characters their several Qualities. The King and *Calaf* came after them, in a Litter made of the richest Wood; it was also open, and several Figures of Animals wrought on it in Silver, the Ground red. It was carried by twenty Military Officers. Two Generals of *Altoun-Can's* Armies marched on each side of the Litter, with each a large Fan in his Hand to keep off the Sun; and three thousand Eunuchs following, closed the Train.

When they came to the Place where the Officers of the Falconry waited for the King with the Birds of Prey, they began the Game, which was a Quail-Chace, that lasted till Sun-set. Then the Monarch and his Court returned to the Palace, in the same Order they went; and within the Gate found several Pavillions of Taffety of various Colours, placed in order, with Tables in them ready furnished, and spread with all sorts of Provisions cut in slices. *Calaf* and the *Mandarins*, following the King's Example, seated themselves each at a little separate Table, near which was another which served for a side-Board. The Entertainment-

ertainment began with several Cups of Rice Wine; they then fell to Eating, and drank no more till they had done; when *Altoun-Can* led the Prince of the *Nogais* to a great Hall, very light, and full of Seats so placed, that any Sight might be commodiously seen by great Numbers of People. The *Mandarins* followed them, and the King himself regulated their Places. He made *G'ala* sit by himself, on an Ebene Throne adorned with Figures of Gold.

As soon as all were seated, the Singers and Musicians came, and performed their Parts with great Dexterity. *Altoun-Can* was charmed with it, and full of the Excellence of the *Chinese* Musick, asked the Son of *Timurtaşch*, every now and then, what he thought of it? The young Prince, out of Complaisance, gave it the Preference of all the Musick in the World. The Consort over, the Musicians and Singers withdrew, to make room for an artificial Elephant, who moving forward by Springs into the middle of the Hall, vomited six Dancers, who fell to capering and playing Fears of Activity. They were almost naked, having nothing on but a kind of Swashes about their Middle, and Brocade Bonnets on their Heads. After

66 *Persian* TALES.

they had shewn their Agility, they got again into the Elephant, and went out as they came in. Then appeared some Actors, who acted an Extempore Piece at the King's Command; himself giving them the Subject. By that time all these Diversions were over, it was late; and *Altoun-Can* and *Calaf* rose to retire to their Apartments, all the *Mandarins* following their Example.

The Seventy fifth Day.

THE young Prince of the *Nogais*, conducted by an Eunuch, who lighted him along with a Flambeaux of Serpent Oil mingled with Wax, and set in Gold, prepared to taste the Sweets of Sleep, as much as his Impatience to meet the Divan again would permit him. Upon entring his Apartment, he found there a young Lady dressed in a red Brocade Robe, with Silver Flowers very full, and upon it another of white Sattin, more streight, embroidered with Gold, and set thick with Rubies and Emeralds: She had on a Bonnet of plain Rose-colour Taffeta, adorned with Pearls, and embroidered with Silver; it covered only the Crown of
her

her Head, leaving her fine Hair, well buckled with Diamonds intermixt with artificial Flowers, exposed to View. As to her Shape and Face, nothing could be finer, nor more perfect, the Princess of *China* excepted. The Son of *Timurtasch* was sufficiently surpris'd, to meet so charming a Lady alone at Midnight in his Apartment. He had not been able to look upon her with so much Insensibility, had he not so lately seen *Tourandocte*. But could a Lover of that Princess have Eyes for any one but her? As soon as the Lady saw *Calaf*, she rose from the Sofa where she sat, on which she had put her Veil; and after having made him a pretty low Bow, she said; Prince, I doubt not you are astonish'd to meet a Woman here! You cannot, doubtless, be ignorant that the Men and Women who dwell in this Seraglio, are forbidden to have any Communication together, under very severe Penalties. But the Importance of what I am going to say to you, made me despise all Peril. I had the Address and good Fortune to get over all Obstacles which obstructed my Design. I gained the Eunuchs that wait upon you. In fine, I made my Way to your Apartment, and have now
nothing

nothing to do, but to tell you what brought me here.

This Introduction to her Discourse awakened *Calaf's* Attention; he doubted not, but a Lady, who had run so much danger to tell it him, must have something very Extraordinary to say. He prayed her to sit down again on the Sofa; he also took a Seat, and then the Lady went on with her Story. It will not be improper, my Lord, to inform you in the first place, that I am the Daughter of a *Can*, Tributary to *Altoun-Can*; my Father some Years ago was so bold as to refuse to pay the usual Tribute, and trusting to a little Experience he had in Military Affairs, he put himself into a Posture of Defence, in Case he was attacked. The King of *China*, provoked at his Boldness, sent one of his best Generals against him, at the Head of a powerful Army. My Father, tho' much weaker, resolv'd to give him Battel; which was fought on the Banks of a River, and the *Chinese* General got the Victory. My Father was killed in the Action; but before he died, commanded that his Wife and Children should be flung into the River, to prevent their falling into Slavery. Those who received this generous, but
 inhu-

inhuman Command, executed it. They threw me into the Water, together with my Mother, Sisters, and two Brothers, whose Childhood kept them still with us. The *Chinese* General happening to come at the Instant when we were flung in, to that very Place of the River's Bank, was moved with Compassion at so sad and horrible a Spectacle. He offered a Reward to any of the Soldiers, that should save any of the Remains of the conquered *Can's* Family. Several *Chinese* Horse-men, notwithstanding the Rapidity of the Flood, plunged into it, and made their Horses swim up and down the River, after our dying Bodies which floated on the Water; none of them had Life in them, when taken up, but mine. And they found I breathed, when I was brought to Shoar. The General took great Care to save me, as if it had been for his Glory to do it, and my Captivity would add a Lustre to his Victory. He brought me with him to this City, and presented me to the King, after he had given him an Account of his Conduct. *Altoun-Can* placed me with his Daughter, who is two or three Years younger than I am.

Tho'

Tho' I was but a Child, I considered with my self that I was a Slave, and ought to behave my self suitable to my Condition. I studied *Tourandocte's* Humour, did my utmost to please her, and succeeded so well in it, that I gained her Friendship. Ever since that, I and another young Person of illustrious Birth, the Misfortunes of whose Family have reduced her also to Slavery, have been her chief Confidants. I hope, my Lord, continued she, you will excuse me for troubling you with a Story, that has no Relation to what I came about. I thought it convenient to let you know I am of Noble Blood, that you might have the greater Confidence in me: For what I am going to tell you is of such a Nature, that you would hardly give Credit to it, from a simple Slave. Nay, I question whether you will believe me, tho' the Daughter of a *Can*. Will a Prince, in Love with *Tourandocte*, give Faith to what I am about to say of her? The Son of *Timurtasch* interrupted here: Say *Canume!* Hold me, I pray, no longer in Suspence, but let me know what it is you have to tell me of the Princess of *China*. My Lord, replied the Lady, The cruel *Tourandocte* has formed a Design to
have

have you assassinated. At these Words *Calaf* fell on the Sofa, like a Man seized at once with Horror and Astonishment.

The Seventy sixth Day.

THE Captive Princess, who foresaw what a Surprise the young Prince would be in, said; I do not wonder that you are so startled at such terrible News; and I find I had Reason to doubt whether you would believe it. Just Heaven, cried *Calaf*, when he came to himself, what have I heard? Can the Princess of *China* be guilty of so black a Design? How could it enter into her Heart? I will tell you, Prince, says the Lady, how she came to take so horrid a Resolution. This Morning when she was at the Divan, where I stood behind her Throne, she was mortally vexed at what happened. She returned to her Apartment full of Hatred and Rage against you. She studied a long time on the Question you had proposed to her, and not being able to think of an Answer to her Mind, she abandoned her self to Despair. Both the other Favourite Slave and my self did all we could, to bring her into Temper. Nay, we left nothing unsaid,
that

that might give her a favourable Opinion of you. We extolled your Mien, your Wit; and represented to her that instead of afflicting herself so immoderately, she ought rather to determine to give you her Hand. But she would not hear us, and fell a railing against Men in such a manner, that she stopped our Mouths on that Head. Handsome, or ugly, 'tis all one to her. They are alike Contemptible, says she, and shall all alike be my eternal Aversion. As to him you speak of, I hate him more than any of the rest; and since I cannot rid my self of him, but by murdering of him, I will have him murdered.

I opposed so detestable a Thing with all my Might, continued the fair Slave; I set the terrible Consequences of it before the Eyes of *Tourandocée*. I represented to her, what an Injury she would do her self by it, and the just Horror Futurity would have of her Memory. The other favourite Slave was not wanting on her Part, to back my Reasons with hers; but all we said signified nothing, we could not divert her from her Barbarous Purpose; she has given some trusty Eunuchs in Charge, to take away your Life to-morrow Morning, as you go from your Palace to the Divan.

Ah,

Ah, inhuman Princess; ah Perfidious *Tourandocte*; cried the Prince of the *Nogais*. Thus is it that you will reward the Passion of the wretched Son of *Timurtasch*? Does *Galaf* then appear so horrible in your Eyes? Would you rather rid your self of him, by a Crime that will dishonour you, than join your Destiny with his? Great God! of what strange Adventures is my Life made up? Sometimes I am so happy, that the happiest may envy my Fortune; and sometimes so miserable, that the most wretched may pity my Misery.

My Lord, says the Beauteous Slave, though Heaven tries you by Misfortunes, it would not have you sink under them; as you may see, by the Warning it gives you of the Danger that threatens you. Yes, Prince, it is without Doubt Heaven that put it into my Thoughts to save you. For I did not only come to tell you the Snare that is laid for you, but also how you may avoid it. By the Means of some Eunuchs, who are entirely in my Interests, I have gained some Soldiers of the Guard, who will facilitate your Escape out of the Seraglio. And because there will certainly be strict Inquisition made after you, and it may be found out that I was the Author of your Flight, I
am

am resolved to go with you, and fly this fatal Court, of which I have more than one Reason to be weary. My Slavery makes me hate it, and your Usage renders it still more odious to me. There are Horses ready for us, in a Suburb of this City. Let us be gone, and take Refuge, if possible, in the Territories of the Tribe of *Berlas*. I am related to *Alinguer*, their Sovereign. He will rejoice extreamly to see his Relation delivered from the Chains of the Proud *Altoun-Can*, and will receive you as my Deliverer.

We shall both of us live more quietly and happily in his Tents, than here. I, freed from my Captivity, shall enjoy those Pleasures which are never to be known in Bondage: and you, my Lord may find out some Princess worthy of your Love, one who far from forming Designs against your Life, to avoid marrying you, will make it her whole Business to please you, if she can contribute to the Happiness of so deserving a Prince as you are. Let us lose no Time, but depart; and by to morrow Morning we shall be far enough from *Pequin*, to prevent being overtaken.

Calaf answered, Fair Princess, I return you a thousand Thanks for your good Intentions

tentions to deliver me from the Danger I am in. Ah that I could out of Gratitude deliver you from your Slavery, and conduct you to the *Horde* of the *Can* of *Berlas*, your Kinsman. What a Pleasure would it be to me, to put you into his Hands. I should, by that, discharge my self of some Obligations I have to him. But tell me, *Canume*; ought I so abruptly to quit the Palace of *Altoun-Can*, who has done me so much Honour? What will he think of me? He will believe I came to his Court, only to carry you away; and at the same Time, that I should fly from it to prevent his Daughter's being guilty of a bloody Crime, he will accuse me of violating the Laws of Hospitality. Besides, I must own to you, as Barbarous as the Princess of *China* is, my Heart is so weak that I cannot hate her. What do I say, hate her? I adore her. I am devoted to her Will; and since she will Sacrifice me, the Victim is ready.

The Captive Princess finding the Prince was resolved to die, rather than depart with her, burst out into Tears, saying, Is it possible, my Lord, that you should prefer Death to your Gratitude to a Princess, whom you may free from her Chains? If *Tourandocke* is fairer than I am, I have at least

76 *Persian* TALES.

least another kind of Heart than she. Ah, how did I tremble for you, when you appeared this Morning before the Divan. I was afraid you would not answer right to the Daughter of *Altoun-Can's* Questions; and when I found you did, a new Trouble arose in my Mind. It was doubtless a Pre-sage of your being Assassinated. Ah, my dear Prince, added she, I beseech you to consider with your self what Peril you are in, and be not hurried away by a Fury, which makes you look on Death without changing Countenance. Do not, through a blind Passion, despise the Danger that alarms me. Give Way to my just Fears for you, and let us both this Moment quit the Seraglio, where every Minute's Stay will be in Torment. To this the Son of *Ti-murtasch* replied: My Princess, whatever Misfortune happens to me, I cannot resolve on so sudden a Flight. I confess you can very well reward your Deliverer, and make him as happy as he need wish of Destiny. But I am not destined to be happy. It is my Fate to love *Tourandocte*, spite of the Horror she has conceived of me. And the Life I should live at a Distance from her, would be worse than Death. Stay then Ingrate, said the Lady,
inter-

interrupting him. Do not leave a Place in which is all your Delight, though you are to sprinkle it with your Blood. I shall press you no more to depart. You do not care to fly in Company of a Slave. If you see the bottom of my Heart, I also see into yours: As great a Passion as you have for the Princess of China, your Aversion for me is as strong as your Love for her. Saying this she put on her Veil, and went out of Calaf's Apartment.

The Seventy seventh Day.

AFTER the Lady was gone, the young Prince sat still on the Sofa, in great Perplexity. Can I believe, said he to himself, what I have heard? Was there ever such Barbarity? But ah, what need have I to doubt it? The Captive Princess detested the cruel Design of *Tourandotte*. She came to give me Warning of it; and the Generosity of her Soul is a sure Sign of her Sincerity. Ah, thou barbarous Daughter of the best of Kings! Is it thus you abuse the Gifts that Heaven has blest you with? Ah ye Powers! how could
you

you give such perfect Beauty to so inhuman a Princess? Why did you bestow so many Charms, where there is also so much Cruelty? Instead of going to sleep, he passed the rest of the Night in such Melancholy Reflections. As soon as Day broke, the Sound of Bells, and the Noise of Drums, gave him Notice of the Divan's Meeting; and not long after the six *Mandarins*, who had waited on him the Day before, came to conduct him to the Assembly. He crossed the Court where the King's Guards were drawn up, and thought that was the Place for his Assassination. Far from thinking of defending himself, he went on as a Man resolved for Death, and seemed even to blame the Slowness of the Assassins. However he past that Court without any ones attacking him, and came to the first Hall of the Divan. Ah, says he to himself, here doubtless is the bloody Orders of the Princess to be executed. He then looked about on all Sides, and every one he saw appeared to him as his Murderer. He went on, and came at last to the Hall where the Assembly was to meet, without receiving the Mortal Blow he expected.

All the Doctors and *Mandarins* were already in their several Pavilions; and *Altoun-Can* himself coming. What does the Princess mean, said the Prince to himself; will she be a Witness of my Death, and have me murdered before her Father's Eyes? Will the King be an Accomplice in the Assassination? Or has she changed her Mind, and repealed her Sanguinary Decree? While he was in this Uncertainty, the Gate of the Inner Palace opened, and the King, accompanied with *Tourandocte*, entered the Hall. They seated themselves on their Thrones, and the Prince of the *Nogais* stood before them at the same Distance as the preceding Day.

When the *Colao* saw the King was seated, he rose and demanded of the young Prince, whether he remembered he had promised to renounce the Princess if she answered right to the Question he had proposed to her. *Calaf* replied, Yes; and protested again, that on that Condition he would no more pretend to the Honour of being the King's Son-in-Law. Then the *Colao* addressed himself to *Tourandocte*; And you, great Princess, says he, you know what Oath you have taken, and to what you are bound, if you do not now
name

name the Prince, as the Question was put to you. The King, satisfied that she could not answer *Calaf's* Question, said to her; Daughter, you have had all the Time you could well desire, to think of what was proposed to you; But if you had had a Year allowed you to study upon it, I believe, notwithstanding your Penetration, you would at last be obliged to confess the Matter was impenetrable to you. Then since you cannot find it out, give your self chearfully to this young Prince, and satisfy the Desire I have to see him your Husband. He is worthy of you, and to Reign with you after me, over the Nations of *China*. My Lord, says *Tourandocte*, why do you imagine that I cannot answer the Prince's Question? 'Tis not so difficult as you think it is. If I had Yesterday the Shame of being Vanquished, I pretend to Day to have my self the Honour of the Victory. I shall presently confound this rash young Man, who has too ill an Opinion of my Understanding. Let him ask me his Question, and I shall answer him.

Madam, says the Prince of the *Nogais*, I demand of you, *What is the Name of the Prince, who after having endured a Thousand*

sand Fatigues, and begged his Bread, finds himself this Moment at the height of Glory and Joy? The Prince's Name, reply'd Tourandocte, is Calaf, and he is the Son of Timurtasch. As soon as Calaf heard her name him, his Colour changed, a Mist gathered over his Eyes, and he fell into a Swoon. The King, and all the Assembly, judging by it, that Tourandocte had named the Name the Prince demanded of her, turned Pale, and remained in a great Consternation.

The Seventy eighth Day.

AFTER Prince Calaf was recovered from his Swoon by the Assistance of the *Mandarins*, and even the King himself, who descended from his Throne to help him, he addressed himself thus to *Tourandocte*, Fair Princess, you are mistaken, if you think you have made a right Answer to my Question. *The Son of Timurtasch is not at the Height of Joy and Glory; he is rather covered with Shame, and overwhelmed with Grief. I agree with you, says the Princess, that you are not now this Moment at the Height of Glory and Joy; but you were so when you put the Que-*
 VOL. II. E tion

sion to me. Wherefore Prince, instead of having Recourse to frivolous Evasions, confess that you have lost all manner of Pretensions to *Tourandocte*. I may then refuse you my Hand, and give you over to Grief for the Loss of it. However, I will keep you no longer in Suspence, but let you, and all this Assembly know, that I am now in another Disposition, with Respect to you. The King my Father's Friendship for you, and your particular Merit, have determin'd me to take you for my Husband.

At this the whole Divan burst out into Acclamations of Joy. The *Mandarins* and Doctors highly applauded the Princess's Discourse. The King went up to her, embraced her, and said, My Child, you could do nothing in the World that would please me more; you will by this efface out of the Minds of my People, the ill Impressions they have received of you, and will give your Father the Satisfaction he has long desired, and despaired of ever receiving. Your Aversion to Mankind, an Aversion so contrary to Nature, deprived me of the dear Hopes of seeing Princes of my Blood born of you. 'Tis a Happiness that your Hatred has now an
End;

End; and what makes it still more so, is, that it is in Favour of a young Hero whom I love. But tell us, continued he, How could you find out the Name of a Prince whom you did not know? What Charm did you make use of to discover it? My Lord, replied *Tourandocte*, it was not by any Enchantment that I knew it, but by an Accident natural enough. One of my Slaves went last Night to Prince *Calaf*, and had the Address to get the Secret out of him. He can do no less than forgive my taking the Advantage of her Treachery, since I do not make an ill Use of it.

Charming *Tourandocte*, cried the Prince of the *Nogais*, is it possible you should think so favourably of me? Out of what terrible an Abyfs have you raised me, to the first Place in the World? Ah, how unjust was I, while you was preparing so much Felicity for me, to think you capable of the foulest of all Perfidies; deceived as I was by a horrible Fable that took from me the Use of my Reason, I returned the most Injurious Suspicions for your Goodness. How impatient am I, to expiate, at your Feet, the Injustice I did you?

The Amorous Son of *Timurtasch* was going on in this fond Manner, when on a sudden he was obliged to stop, by the coming up of a Female Slave, who till then had stood behind the Princess of *China*; and advancing now into the middle of the Assembly, made every one attentive to what she was about to say.

As soon as she lifted up her Veil, *Calaf* knew her to be the same Person, he had seen the Night before in his Apartment. Her Countenance was as pale as Death, her Eyes looked ghastly, and she seemed to be bent on Mischief. The Spectators were amazed; and *Altoun-Can*, as well as the rest, was impatient to know what she had to say. She turned to *Tourandotte*, and spoke thus; Princess, 'tis high time to undeceive you. I did not go to Prince *Calaf*, to get him to discover his Name to me. I did not take that Step to do you a Service. My own Interest alone made me hazard it. My Design was to deliver myself from Slavery, and to rob you of your Lover. I had prepared every thing for our Flight together. He rejected my Proposal, or rather the Ingrate despised my Tenderness. However, I spared for no Pains to disengage him from you. I represented
you

you as one of the proudest and cruellest Creatures in the World. Nay, I told him, you intended to have him assassinated this Day. In vain did I charge you with so black a Design. It had no Influence upon his Constancy. He flew out into Passion a little, and I left him in it, his Eyes being Witnesses of my Spite and Confusion. Jealous and in Despair I returned to your Apartment, and pretended that what I did was all out of pure Affection to you. It was not therefore to deliver you from the Embarrassment you were in, that I told you the Name you wanted to know; he dropped it in one of his Transports, and I doubted not but you were so great an Enemy to Mankind, that you would be glad to send away *Calaf*. In fine, I thought by that to prevent your Marriage with him. But since my Artifice has been ineffectual, and you are determined to marry him, I have nothing now to do but this — At these Words she plucked out a Cangiar she had concealed under her Robe, and plunged it into her Breast.

The Seventy ninth Day.

THE whole Assembly shook with Horror at so terrible an Action, and *Al-soun-Can* as much as any one. *Calaf's* Joy had an Abatement, and *Tourandocte* crying out, descended from her Throne to help the Princess, and save her Life if possible. The other Favourite Slave ran also to her with the same kind Intention, as did the two Ladies that waited with Pen and Paper; but before they came, the Captive Princess, thinking she had not done enough to kill her, struck the Poniard a second time into her Breast; and all the Company about her could do for her, was to receive her dying Body in their Arms. Ah *Adelmule*, says the Princess of *China*, my dear *Adelmule*, what have you done? Would nothing else satisfy you, continued she weeping? Why did you not last Night open your Mind to me? Why did you not tell me it would kill you, if I marry'd Prince *Calaf*? Is there any thing I should not have done for such a Rival as You?

At these Words the Captive Princess opening her dying Eyes, and turning them

lan-

languishingly towards *Tourandocte*, said, 'Tis over, my Princess, I cease to Live, and to Suffer. Do not pity my Fortune, commend rather my generous Resolution. I deliver my self by Death from a double Slavery; from the Chains of *Alroun-Can*, and those of Love, which are more cruel than his. I sucked in with my Milk the Doctrine of *Xaca*, and you need not then wonder I had the Courage to do this. I am returning to my Original Nothing. She then gave a deep Sigh, and expired.

The *Mandarins* and Doctors were mightily afflicted at the sad End of *Adelmule's* Life. *Tourandocte* burst out into a fresh flood of Tears, and *Calaf* also was in great Affliction, looking on himself as the Cause of this tragical Event; nor was the good King of *China* less troubled on his Part. Ah, unhappy Princess, said he, the only and precious Remains of an illustrious House! what Service was it to you now, that you was taken out of the Waters? Ah, you had been Happier if you had died the same Day with the unfortunate *Keycobad*, the *Can* of the *Catalans*, your Father, and the rest of your Family: May you at least, after having passed thro' the nine Hells, be born again Daughter of a-

another Sovereign, at the first Transmigration.

Altoun Chan was not contented with making this mournful Lamentation over the Princess *Adelmule*, he ordered her a Royal Funeral; the Corps was laid in a Palace by it self, it was cloathed in rich Apparel all white; and before it was put into the Coffin, the King with all the Officers of his Household went to do Reverence to it, and present it with Perfumes. It was afterwards put into the Coffin made of black Aloeswood, and placed on a kind of Throne, erected for it in the middle of a great Court, It remained there a whole Week, and the *Mandarins* Ladies, in Mourning from Head to Foot, were obliged to visit it every Day, and each of them to make it four Reverences with all Signs of Sorrow. After this Ceremony, when the Day appointed by the Grand Mathematician for its Interment was come, the Coffin was put on an open Chariot covered with Silver Plates, intermixed with Figures of Animals done in Black. Then a Sacrifice was made to the Genius that guarded the Chariot, that it might be propitious to the Funeral; and the Coffin being sprinkled with sweet Water, the Procession began. It lasted three Days,

Days, on account of several Ceremonies and Pauses, that were to be made before the Chariot could arrive at the Mountain where are the Tombs of the Kings of *China*. For *Altoun-Can* would have the Ashes of the Princess *Adelmule* deposited with those of the Princes of his own House: A Favour *Tourandocte* had desired of the King her Father, for her deceased Favourite Slave.

When the Chariot was come to the Mountain, the Coffin was taken out of it, to be placed on another more rich still than the first. Then the Assistants sacrificed a Bull sprinkled with Aromatick Wine, and several Things were offered to the Earth, to pray it to receive favourably the Corps of the Princess.

The Eightieth Day:

WHEN *Adelmule*'s Funeral was over, a new Face appeared in the Court of *China*. Grief and Mourning were laid aside, and Joy and Splendour succeeded. *Altoun-Can* ordered Preparations to be made for *Calaf*'s Marriage with *Tourandocte*, and while it was doing, he sent Ambassadors to the Tribe of *Berlas*, to inform

the *Can* of the *Nogais*, what had passed in *China*, and to desire him to come thither, with the Princess his Wife.

When every thing was ready, the Marriage was solemnized with a Pomp and Magnificence suitable to the Quality of the Bride and Bridegroom; Masters were not appointed for *Calaf*, as was usual; and the King, to shew his particular Esteem for his Son-in-Law, would in his Favour dispense with the Custom of the Husband's doing daily Reverences for a certain time to the Wife, Daughter of the King of *China*. Nothing was to be seen at Court for a whole Month but Shows and Feasts; and nothing but Rejoicings over the great City of *Pequin*.

The Possession of *Tourandocte* did not at all abate the Heat of *Calaf's* Love; and that Princess, who had till then looked on all Men with Contempt, could not help loving so accomplished a Prince. Some time after the Marriage, the Ambassadors *Altoun-Can* had sent to the Territories of *Berlas*, returned, and a good Company with them. They brought not only the Father and Mother of the King's Son-in-Law, but Prince *Alinguer* himself, who to do Honour to *Elmaze* and *Timurtasch*, accompanied

panied them, attended by the greatest Lords of his Court, to that of *China*.

The young Prince of the *Nogais* having Notice of their coming, did not fail to go and receive them. He met them at the Gate of the Palace. We must imagine his Joy at the sight of his Father and Mother, and their Transports to see him again, for words cannot express it. They all three embraced several times, and their Tears at every Embrace drew them also from the Eyes of the *Chin-se* and *Tartars* that were present.

Calaf then saluted the *Can* of *Berlas*, and made him his Acknowledgments for his Favours to himself and his Parents, especially for accompanying his Father and Mother to the Court of *China*. To which Prince *Alinguer* replied, that having been ignorant of the Quality of *Timurtasch* and *Elmaze*, he had not paid them the Respect that was due to them; and that to make up what had been wanting on that Account, he thought he could do no less than accompany them to the Court of *Altoun-Can*. Upon this, the *Can* of the *Nogais*, and the Princess his Wife, made their Compliments to the Sovereign of *Berlas*; and then they all entered the Palace, to wait on *Altoun-Can*.

Can, That Monarch received them in the Outward Hall. He embraced them all one after another, and then conducted them to his Cabinet; where having let *Timurtasch* know the Pleasure he took in seeing him, and his Concern for his Misfortunes, he assured him, he would employ all his Forces to revenge him on the Sultan of *Carizme*. Nor was what he said a Compliment only, for he immediately sent Orders to the Governors of the Provinces, that the Soldiers of the Cities within their several Jurisdictions should with all possible Diligence march towards the Lake of *Baljonta*, which was appointed to be the Place of Rendezvous for the formidable Army that was to assemble there. The *Can* of *Berlas*, who foresaw this War, and desired to contribute to restore *Timurtasch* to his Territories, when he came from Home, had ordered the first Captain of his Troops to hold them in Readiness to take the Field; and he now commanded him to march also to the Lake of *Baljonta*, without loss of time.

While *Altoun-Can's* Army was marching from all Quarters to the Place of Rendezvous, the King omitted nothing for the Royal and Friendly Entertainment of his Princely

Princely Guests. He ordered to each of them a separate Palace, with a great number of Eunuchs, and a Guard of two thousand Men. Every Day he feasted them, and every Night had new Diversions prepared for them, studying all the ways he could think of to please them. *Calaf*, tho' his Thoughts were taken up with so many other things, did not forget his old Hostess: He with Pleasure called to mind her Concern for him, he caused her to be brought to the Palace, and prayed *Tourandocte* to receive her into her Service.

The Eighty first Day.

THE Hopes *Timurtasch* and the Princess *Elmaze* had conceived, of being reinstated on the Throne of the *Nogais*, *Tartars*, made them insensibly forget their past Misfortunes; and *Tourandocte's* being delivered of a fine Prince, overwhelmed them with Joy. Rejoicings for the Birth of this Prince, who was called the Prince of *China*, were made in all the Cities of that vast Empire. Nor were they over, when Courtiers brought Advice from the Officers, who had received Orders to assemble the Army, that the *Chinese* Troops, and

and those of the Can of *Berlus*, were arrived at the Lake of *Baljoua*. As soon as they had this Intelligence, *Timurtasch*, *Calaf* and *Alinguer* departed, to put themselves at the Head of them; and when they arrived at the Camp, they found seven hundred thousand Men ready to march. They immediately took the Rout to *Colan*; from whence they marched to *Cachgar*, and proceeding thence, entered the Territories of the Sultan of *Carizme*.

That Prince being advertised of their March and Number, by Couriers sent him by the Governors of his Frontier Places; instead of being disheartened by the Approach of so many Enemies, prepared with a great deal of Courage to give them a warm Reception. He did not stand to intrench himself; he was so bold as to march out, and meet them at the Head of four hundred thousand Men, which he had with all Diligence got together. The two Armies met near *Cogende*, and a bloody Battle ensued. On the *Chinese* side, *Timurtasch* commanded the Right Wing, Prince *Alinguer* the Left, and *Calaf* the Center. On the other side, the Sultan gave the Command of his Right Wing to one of his most able Generals; his Center was commanded

ed

ed by his Son, the Prince of *Carizme*; and his Left Wing, wherein was his best Cavalry, he reserved for himself. The *Can* of *Berlas* began the Battle with the Soldiers of his Tribe, who fought like People who were in their Master's Sight, and soon forced the Enemy's Right Wing to give Ground; but the Officer that commanded them recovered it a little. It did not fare so well with *Timurtafch*, the Sultan put him into Disorder at the first Charge, and the *Chinese* had betaken themselves to their Heels, had not *Calaf*, informed of what had passed, left the Care of the Center to an old General, and ran with some chosen Troops to the Assistance of his Father. Things had then another Face in a very little Time. The Left of the *Carizmians* were put into Disorder in their Turn; the Ranks were broken, and the whole Wing routed. The Sultan, who would either conquer, or die, did Wonders to recover the Day; but *Timurtafch* and *Calaf* did not give him time to rally his Soldiers. They surrounded him on all sides; and Prince *Alinguer* having put the Right Wing also to flight, the *Chinese* soon became entire Masters of the Field, and their Enemies.

The

The Sultan of *Carizme* had no way left to escape the *Chinese*, but to fight his way thro' them. He chose rather to die gloriously in the Battle, than to survive with Infamy; so throwing himself into the middle of the most furious of his Enemies, he continued fighting desperately till he fell down dead to the Ground, having receiv'd Wounds in all Parts of his Body. The Prince of *Carizme*, his Son, had the same Fate. Two hundred thousand Men were killed or taken Prisoners; the rest got off by favour of the Night. The *Chinese* lost also abundance of Men; but if it was a bloody Battle, it was also a decisive one. *Timurtasch*, after having rendered Thanks to Heaven for his happy Success, sent an Officer to *Pequin*, to give the King of *Ghina* a particular Account of it, advanced himself into the Territories of *Zagatalay*, and made himself Master of the City of *Carizme*.

The Eighty second Day.

IN the Capital of the *Carizmians* he published a Declaration, that he would invade no Man's Liberty nor Property; that God having given him Possession of the Throne

Throne of his Enemy, he would keep it; and that *Zagalay*, and the other Countries that were subject to the Sultan, should now receive his Son, Prince *Calaf*, for their Sovereign. The *Carizmians*, weary of the Domination of their last Master, and convinced that *Calaf's* would be more mild, cheerfully submitted to him, and proclaimed him their Sultan, having an high Opinion of his Merit. While the new Sultan of *Carizme* was taking his Measures for establishing his Power, *Timurtasch* went with part of the *Chinese* Troops to recover his own Dominions. The *Nogais Tartars* received him like Faithful Subjects, who rejoiced to see their lawful Sovereign again; and *Timurtasch*, not contented with being reinstated on his Throne, declared War with the *Circassians*; to be revenged on them, for their Treasons towards Prince *Calaf* at *Jund*. Instead of endeavouring to appease him by Submissions, the *Circassians* in all haste raised an Army to resist him; he beat them, cut them almost all to Pieces, and caused himself to be declared King of *Circassia*. After that he returned to *Zagalay*, where he met the Princesses *Elmaze* and *Tourandoche*, whom *Altoun-Can* had sent thither under the Conduct of one of his Favourite Generals,

als, with a good Army, and a Royal Train.

Such was the End of Prince *Calaf's* Misfortunes. His Virtues acquired him the Love and Esteem of the *Carizmians*. He reigned over them a long Time in Peace; as much in Love as ever with the charming *Tourandocte*, by whom he had another Son, who was after him Sultan of *Carizme*. As for the Prince of *China*, *Altoun-Can* bred him up, and chose him for his Successor. *Timurtasch*, and the Princess his Wife, passed the rest of their Days at *Astracan*: And the *Can* of *Berlas*, after having received from them, and their Son, those Acknowledgments that were due to his Generosity, returned to his Tribe with the rest of his Troops. The Princess of *Casmire's* Nurse having finished the Story of *Calaf*, demanded of *Farruknaz's* Women what they thought of it. They all said it was very moving, and that *Calaf* appeared to them to be a Virtuous Prince, and a perfect Lover. For my part, said the Princess, I take him to be rather Vain than Amorous; that he ran on without thinking: In a word, that he was what we call a young Man. As to the old King of *Monfel*, the good *Fadlallah*, continued she smiling,

smiling, it must be owned he was a tender and faithful Husband; but instead of dying on the Spot with his dear *Zemroude*, he could make a shift to live Fifty Years afterwards, to mourn for the Loss of her.

Well, my Princess, says the Nurse, since neither *Calaf* nor *Fadlallah* will satisfy your Delicacy; if you will suffer me, I will tell you the Story of the King of *Damascus*, and his Visier; perhaps you will like it better. With all my Heart, replied *Farruk-naz*; my Women are too much delighted with what you tell them, to deny them the Pleasure of hearing you. It is true your Images are agreeable enough; but *Sutlumemé*, my dear *Sutlumemé*, added she, 'tis in vain for you to draw Men in such beautiful Colours; their Faults appear thro' all your Painting.

The History of King Bedreddin Lolo, and his Visier Atalmulc, Sirnamed The Sorrowful Visier.

Bedreddin, King of *Damascus*, replied the Nurse, had a Visier an honest Man, as the History of his Time tells us. This Minister, whose Name was *Atalmulc*,
was

was not unworthily so called, he being a Blessing to the Kingdom. His Zeal for the King's Service was indefatigable; his Vigilance equal to his Zeal; his Genius was penetrating and extensive, and his Disinterest was admired by all People. But he was called *the Sorrowful Visier*, because he always was in a profound Melancholy, always serious whatever happened at Court, Merry or Ridiculous. He never laughed at a Jest, nor put himself out of his grave and solemn Air.

The King, one Day, had some private Discourse with him, and told him very frankly and smiling an Adventure of his. The Visier listened to it very attentively, and with so much Gravity, that *Bedreddin* was surprized at it. *Azalmulc*, says he, you are a Man of a strange Humour; you are always sad and pensive. For these ten Years that you have been near my Person, I have not observed one joyful Look in your Countenance. My Lord, replied the Visier, your Majesty ought not to wonder at it; every one has his Cares and Troubles. There is no Man upon Earth exempt from Sorrow. You have some Reserve, says the King, some secret Grief you will not tell me of; and will you therefore affirm, that

that every Body is, or ought to be as you are? Do you really think as you speak? Yes, my Lord, replied *Atalmulc*; such is the Condition of the Sons of *Adam*. No Man's Mind is ever to be perfectly at ease. Judge of others by your self. Is your Majesty, Sir, in full Content? Pugh, cried *Bedreddin*, I cannot be so; I have Enemies upon my Hands, and the weight of an Empire. A thousand Cares distract me, and disturb the Quiet of my Life. But I am satisfied there is an infinite Number of private Persons in the World, whose Pleasures have no such mixture of Sorrow, and whose Joy is uninterrupted with any such Disquiet.

The Eighty third Day.

THE Visier *Atalmulc* persisted still in what he had asserted; and the King seeing him so positive, said, If no body is free from Vexation, every one at least is not alike always so afflicted. I own to you, you have excited in me an extraordinary Curiosity, to know what makes you so sad and thoughtful. Tell me why you are so insensible of Mirth and Laughter, the sweetest Charms of Society. I will obey you,

you, my Lord, replied the Visier; and discover to you the Cause of my several Grievs, by telling you the Story of my Life.

*The History of Atalmulc, Sirnamed
The Sorrowful Visier, and of
the Princess Zelica Beyume.*

I Was the only Son of a rich Jeweller of Bagdad; my Father's Name was Coaja Abdallah, and he spared no Cost in my Education. While I was yet a Child, he put Masters over me, to teach me several Sciences, as Philosophy, Law, Divinity, and especially all the Languages that are spoke in *Asia*; that they might be useful to me, if I should travel into other *Asian* Countries. I naturally loved Pleasure and Expence. My Father observed it with great Grief: He endeavoured by good Counsel to master that Inclination of mine; but how little do the wise Discourses of a Father prevail over a Debauched Son! I never minded what *Abdallah* said to me, imputing all to the Peevishness of Age. As I was once walking with him in our Garden; and he, as it was usual with him, was blaming my Conduct, he said, I see, Son, all my Reprimands are grievous to you; but

but you will soon get rid of so troublesome a Counsellor. The Angel of Death is not far off of me. I am now going to launch into Eternity, and to leave you possessed of great Wealth. Have a Care how you make an ill Use of it; at least, if you are so unhappy as to squander it away idly, be sure have recourse to the Tree you see in the middle of this Garden. Tie the fatal Rope to one of the Branches, and by that prevent the Miseries that attend Poverty.

As he said, he died soon after. I buried him with great Splendor, and then took Possession of all his Estate: I found it so great, that I thought I might safely give a loose to my extravagant Humour. I increased the number of my Domesticks. I got all the young Fellows of the City about me. I kept open House, and was guilty of all kind of Debauchery; so that I insensibly lavished away all that was left me. My Friends soon abandoned me, and all my Domesticks, one after another, quitted my Service. What a Change was this! I had not Courage to bear it. I then, too late, remembred my Father's last Words. How do I deserve, said I, to be in the Misery to which I am reduced? Why did I not hearken to *Abdallab's* Counsel? He had reason

to advise me to be a good Husband. Is there any Condition of Life so insupportable, as Want after Abundance? Ah, let me at least do for once as he bid me. I don't forget that he advised me to put an end to my Life, if I should become Poor. Poor I am, I will follow his Counsel; which is in this as judicious, as it was in what related to OEconomy. For, in short, when I have sold my House, the only thing that is left me, and which will at best but maintain me a few Years, what shall I do then? I shall be forced to beg my Bread, or to Starve. What a Choice is that? I had better presently hang my self. I cannot too soon drive these dreadful Thoughts out of my Head. In this Fit of Despair I went and bought a Rope. I ran to the Tree in my Garden, which my Father had spoken to me of. It seemed to me to be very proper for my Design. I put two great Stones to the feet of it; I got upon them, and lifting up my Arms, tied one end of the Rope to a great Branch; I made a running Knot at the other end, and put it about my Neck; after which I leaped off the two Stones. The Knot, which I had tied very well for the Purpose, had almost strangled me; when
the

the Branch of the Tree, to which it was tied, broke down, and I fell with it. I was at first very much mortified, that the Pains I had taken to hang my self were so ineffectual; but looking round about me, and surveying the Branch of the Tree more narrowly, I was surprized to see some Diamonds that had fallen out of the Hole in which the Branch had been fixed, and several Diamonds also that had come out of it; for it was hollow. I imagined the Tree might be so too, ran for an Ax, and cut through it. As I imagined, so I found it; and within side were an infinite Number of Rubies, Emeralds, and all sorts of precious Stones. I immediately took off the Rope from about my Neck, and fell from the Despair in which I had put it on, into as violent a Fit of Joy.

The Eighty fourth Day.

BEING convinced of my Father's Tenderness and Prudence by this Adventure, I resolved at last to pursue the same Course of Life he had done; and instead of giving my self up to Pleasure, to follow his Profession. I was well enough versed in it, and from my Skill

in Stones had no need to fear of miscar-
 rying. I entered into Partnership with
 two Jewellers of *Bagdad*, who had been
 my Father's Friends, and were going to
 Trade at *Ormuz*. We all Three went to
Basra, freighted a Ship, and embarked on
 the Gulph which goes by that Name.
 We lived lovingly together, and had a
 good Voyage. We made merry aboard,
 and were almost at the End of our Navi-
 gation, when I perceived that my Partners
 were not so honest as they should be. We
 were almost at the Point of the Gulph,
 and preparing to go ashore; which added
 very much to our Mirth. In this Hu-
 mour there was no want of Wine; we
 had laid in a good Stock of the most Excel-
 lent. After having drank heartily, I fell
 asleep about Midnight, in my Cloaths, on
 a Sofa. While I was asleep, my Partners
 took me and threw me into the Sea, out
 of a Window. I awoke while I was in
 their Hands; but was in the Water before
 I knew what they were about to do with
 me. It is a Wonder I had not perished,
 and gone to the Bottom: It was foul Wea-
 ther; but the Waves bore me up, as if by
 the particular Command of Heaven, and
 landed me at the Foot of a Mountain,
 near

near the Point of the Gulph. When I came ashore, I found my self pretty well as to Health, and spent the rest of the Night in thanking God for my Deliverance.

As soon as Day appeared, I climbed up the Mountain: I had much ado to get to the Top of it, it was so steep. I there met some Peasants of the Neighbourhood, whose Employment it was to gather Chrystal, and carry it to sell at *Ormus*. I told them what Danger I had been in, and they as well as my self looked on my escaping it as a Miracle. The good People took Pity on me; they gave me some of their Provisions, which consisted chiefly in Rice, and conducted me to the great City of *Ormus*, when they had got their Loadings of Chrystal. I went to lodge at a Caravan-serail, and the first Man I met with there was one of my hopeful Partners.

He seem'd in an extream Surprise at the Sight of me, not doubting but before that time some Sea Monster or other had devoured me. He ran to find out his Comrade, to tell him of my Arrival, and consult what Reception they should give me. They were not long studying about it; a Moment after I saw both of them en-

ter the Caravanferail. They passed by me in the Court-yard, without seeming to have any manner of Knowledge of me. Ah! ye Rogues, says I, Heaven has rendered your Treachery useless; and spite of your Barbarity, I am still alive. Restore immediately all my Jewels to me; I will not have any thing to do with such Rascals. At this Discourse, which one would think was enough to confound them, they had the Impudence to cry out, Ah, ye Thief! ye Villain! What Trick is it you would put upon us? What Jewels, what Goods have we of yours? They then fell upon me with their Sticks, and beat me, both of them. I threatened to make my Complaint to the Cady. They were before-hand with me; and being got to the Judge's House before I could, they made him several low Bows, pulled out some Jewels, which very probably were my own, and making a Present of them to the Cady, addressed themselves to him thus; O thou Mirrour of Justice; thou Sun of Right and Equity, that dissipatest the Clouds of Villany; succour us, we beseech thee. We are poor helpless Strangers, who are come from the furthestmost Parts of the Earth to Trade here: Is it fair that we should be
insulted

insulted by a Robber? Shall he be suffered to take from us by a Cheat, what we have got by a thousand Pains and Perils? Who is it you complain of, says the Judge. My Lord, replied they, we don't know him, we never saw him in our Lives before. Just as they said so, I came my self to the Cady; and as soon as they saw me, they cry'd out, This, my Lord, is the Rogue, the Thief; he has the Boldness to come into your Presence, which ought to terrifie the Guilty. Protect us, great Judge, from this Impostor.

I drew near the Cady, to speak to him in my Turn; but having nothing to present him with, it was impossible for me to be heard by him. The composed Look, which was a Token of my Innocence, so prejudiced was he against me, seemed to him to be a Sign of my Impudence. He immediately ordered his *Osa's* to carry me to Prison; which they did very exactly; and while I was loading with Irons, my Partners returned in Triumph, well satisfied that I should stand in need of another Miracle, to get out of the Hands of the Cady.

The Eighty fifth Day.

I Should not perhaps have got clear of him, so well as I did of the Waves in the Gulph, without an Accident, which could be nothing but the immediate Hand of Heaven. The Peasants who brought me to *Ormuz*, understanding I was thrown into Jail, went out of Pity to the Cady, and told him the Circumstances of their meeting with me, and all that I had told them on the Mountain. The Judge upon this began to think he was in the wrong, was sorry that he had not given me a Hearing, and resolved to dive into the Bottom of the Matter. He sent to the Caravanserail for the two Jewellers: But the Birds were flown. They had made the best of their way to their Ship, and put to Sea: For though the Judge had been on their Side, they were afraid of standing by it. The Cady was now satisfied that I was unjustly used, and ordered me to be set at Liberty. Such was the End of my Partnership with these two honest Jewellers.

Being thus delivered from the Sea, and the Judge, I ought to have looked upon my self as a Man who had no small Thanks

to

Persian TALES. III

to tender to Heaven for his Preservation : but I was not in such a happy Condition as to esteem it a very great Blessing. I had neither Money, Friends, nor Credit ; I was reduced to live upon Charity, or die of Hunger. I departed from *Ormus*, not knowing whither to go. I went towards the Plain of *Lar*, between the Mountains and the *Persian Gulph*. When I came there, I overtook a Caravan of Merchants of *Indostan*, who were travelling to *Chirros*. I accompanied them, and by my Readiness to do them any little Services, I fared pretty well among them. I staid at *Chiras* with them, at what Time King *Shad Tabmaspe* kept his Court there.

As I was one Day coming from the Grand Mosque, to the Caravanferail where I lodged, I spied one of the King of *Persia's* Officers. He was richly dressed, and very handsome. He looked attentively upon me, came up to me, and said, Young Man, what Countryman are you ? I see you are a Stranger here, and in no very good Circumstances, I replied, I was a Native of *Bagdad*. and that at that Time it was not as it had been with me. I then told him my Story. He seemed to hearken to it very attentively, and to pity my

Condition. How old are you, says he? In my nineteenth Year, replied I. Upon which he ordered me to follow him, which I did, to the King's Palace, and entered it with him. He carried me to a fine Apartment, and asked me what my Name was. I told him *Hasan*. He asked me several other Questions, to which I gave him as Pertinent Answers as I could. *Hasan*, replied he, I am very sorry for thy Misfortunes, and will be a Father to thee. Know then, that I am the King of *Persia's* *Capi-Aga*. There is a Page's Place vacant in the *Casoda*; I will give it to thee. Thou art Young and Handsome. I cannot make a better Choice; and do not know a Youth among the *Casodali*, that will make a better Figure.

I thanked the *Capi-Aga*, with all possible Respect and Submission, for his Favour. He took me into his Protection, and had me dressed like a Page. I was instructed in all the Duties of my Place, and began to discharge them in such a Manner, as quickly gained me the Esteem of our *Zulusis*, and did Honour to my Patron.

All the Pages of the Twelve Chambers, as well as all the Officers of the Palace, and the Soldiers of the Guard, were forbidden,

Persian TALES. 113

bidden, on Pain of Death, to stay in the Gardens of the Seraglio, after such an Hour in the Night, because the Women then walked there. I was one Evening there all alone, musing on my Misfortunes. My Head was so full of them, that I insensibly let the Time slip, at which I should have retired. I recollected my self, and judging it was late, made what Haste I could to return into the Palace, when a Lady of a sudden stopt me at the end of an Alley, saying, You are in great Haste, sure; what makes you run so fast? Notwithstanding it was Night, I could perceive she was Young and Beautiful, and replied, I have Reasons for it; and if, as I doubt not, you belong to the Palace, you cannot be ignorant of them. You know that all Men are forbidden to stay in these Gardens after such an Hour; and that it is as much as a Man's Life is worth, to be found here when it is past. You have thought of it a little too late then, said the Lady; it is past already, and you may thank your Stars for their kind Aspect. If you had not met me, you had been a dead Man. I was in such an Amazement, that I minded nothing but the Danger my Life was in; and cried, How unhappy am I, to let

114 *Persian* TALES.

the Hour slip? Do not trouble your self, says the Lady; your Affliction will be mine, and I think you ought not to look on your self as unhappy. I want neither Beauty nor Youth, and flatter my self there are not many Faces in this Seraglio that can be thought more agreeable. Fair Lady, said I, though the Night deprives me of the Happiness of seeing your Charms to Advantage, I behold more than enough to enchant me; but put your self in my Case, and you will agree, that it is not a very pleasant one. It is true, replied she, there is not much Pleasantry in it. However your Destruction is not so sure as you imagine. The King is a good Prince, and may pardon you; What are you? A *Casodali*, Madam, said I. The Truth is, replied she, you are very considerate for a Page. The *Atemadoulet* could not be more. Come, be ruled by me. Do not think to-day, of what shall happen to-morrow. You know it not. Heaven keeps it to it self; and perhaps has already prepared a Way for you, to get out of this Difficulty. Leave that to the future, and mind nothing now but the present. If you knew who I am, and the Honour this Adventure does you, instead of wast-
ing

ing these happy Moments in melancholy Reflections, you would esteem them the most fortunate of your Life, and your self the happiest of Mortals. At this I began to forget the Peril I was in; the Image of the Punishment insensibly vanished out of my Mind, and the most transporting Ideas succeeded. I did not stay long to consider, but resolved to improve the Occasion. I took the Lady in my Arms; but she was so far from yielding to my Caresses, that she cried out, and I was immediately surrounded by ten or twelve Women, who had concealed themselves to hearken to our Conversation.

The Eighty sixth Day.

IT was no hard Matter for me then to perceive, that the Lady was on a Frolick, and had all the while bantered me. I thought it might be some Slave of the Princess of *Persia*, who had done it for her Diversion. The other Women came immediately to her Assistance. They laugh at what had passed; and though she was all in a Fright, one of them cried laughing, *Cale Cairi*, are you for such another Frolick? No indeed, replied *Cale Cairi*, I will do so no more. I have paid for my Curiosi-

Curiosity. The Slaves upon this came about me, and rallied me. This Page is a forward Youth, says one of them. A rare Man for Adventures. I would not desire to meet a better, cried another, if I were to walk alone. He is for the present Minute, I see. They laughed at every Word they said: And as much a Page as I was, their Laughter put me quite out of Countenance. If I had rejected the Opportunity, their Raillery could not have been more Picquant, nor could I have been more confounded.

They did not fail to put me in Mind of my slipping the Time for getting out of the Garden. It is Pity, said they, he should die for it; he deserves to be spared, purely for being so devoted to the Service of the Ladies. Then she who I had heard Name *Cale Cairi*, addressing her self to another, said, It is you, my Princess, that are to determine his Fate; will you have us give him over as a lost Man, or shall we help him out in his Distress? I think, replied the Princess, he must be delivered out of this Danger. Let him not die this Time. I agree to it. Nay, that he may remember this Adventure the longer, we must make it a little more pleasant to him. Let

us carry him to my Apartment, which as yet no Man can boast the Sight of. At these Words, one of the Slaves fetched me a Woman's Dress; I put it on, and making one of the Princess's Train, accompanied her to her Apartment, which shone with an infinite Number of perfumed Lamps, whose Odour was very agreeable. The Apartment seemed to be as rich as the King's. Nothing was to be seen on all Sides, but Gold and Silver.

When I entered the Chamber of *Zelica Beghume*, (for that was the Name of the Princess of *Persia*) I observed there were about Fifteen or Twenty Brocard Stools, on a Tapestry Carpet: All the Ladies placed themselves on the Stools in a Circle, and they made me sit down also. After this *Zelica* called for Refreshments. At the Instant six old Slaves, not so richly dressed as those that sat down, brought in and distributed among us *Mahramas*; and then served about in a great Basen of *Martabam*, a Sallet made of Herbs of various Kinds, Citron Juice, and the Pith of Cucumbers. They served it first to the Princess in a Cynos's-Beak; she took a Beak of the Sallet, eat it, and gave another to the next Slave that sat by her on her

VI 8 *Persian* TALES.

her Right Hand; which Slave did the same as her Mistress had done; So the whole Company went round, till there was nothing left in the Bason. This done, the six old Slaves before-mentioned, brought us very fair Water in Chrystal Cups.

When the Collation was over, the Conversation grew as sprightly as if we had drank Date Brandy; *Cale Cairi*, who by Chance, or otherwise, sat over against me, sometimes looked upon me, and smiled, seeming to tell me by her Eyes, that she was not angry at me for my being so brisk with her in the Garden. I could not help ogling her too; but looked down upon the Ground, when I saw she perceived it. All the Company saw plainly that I was still very much Embarrassed, notwithstanding I did what I could to shew a little Assurance. The Princess and her Women seeing it, endeavoured on their Side to give me more Boldness. *Zelica* asked me my Name, and how long I had been a Page in the *Casoda*. When I had answered her, she said, Well *Hasan*, though you know this Apartment is for no Men, and that I am *Zelica*, yet forget where you are, and what I am. Be free, and as easie as if you were among the Citizens Wives of
Chi-

Chiras; look upon all these young Women here, examine them with Attention, and tell us frankly which of them pleases you most.

The Eighty seventh Day.

THE Princess of *Persia*, instead of emboldening me, as she thought, by this Discourse, encreased my Trouble and Confusion. I see *Hasan*, says she, that what I require of you, puts you to more Pain than you were in before. You are afraid without Doubt, that if you declare for one, you will displease all the rest. But do not let any such Fear hinder you. My Women agree so well together, that you cannot make a Breach among them; look upon us then, and tell us which you would chuse for a Mistress, if it was permitted you to make a Choice. Tho' *Zelica*'s Slaves were all very handsome, and the Princess her self as handsome as any of them, yet in my Mind I presently gave the Preference to the Charms of *Cale Cairi*: but I hid my Sentiments, for fear of affronting *Zelica*; telling her, she ought not to put her self on the same Foot, or dispute a Lover with her Slaves;
since

since such was her Beauty, that where-ever she appeared, nothing besides her self could be esteemed beautiful. Saying this, I could not help looking on *Cale Cairi*, in a manner which let her see, what I said was out of Flattery. *Zelica* also perceived it, and said, You are too much a Flatterer, *Hasan*; I must have you be more sincere. Give me the Satisfaction I desire of you, speak what you think; all my Women beg it of you, you cannot please us more. Indeed the Slaves were very pressing with me, especially *Cale Cairi*: She was more earnest than any of the rest, as if she guessed that she was more concerned in it.

In fine, I yielded to their Entreaties; I put a bold Face upon it, and addressing my self to *Zelica*, said, I will obey you, great Princess. It would be very difficult to decide which Lady is handsomest, the Beauty of each is so charming; but the amiable *Cale Cairi* is she, for whom I find I have most Inclination. I had no sooner done speaking, but all the Slaves burst out a laughing, without shewing the least Sign of Despight. I could however perceive they had not quite thrown off the Sex, out of Delicacy. *Zelica*, instead of being of-
fended

fended at my Frankness, said, I am glad, *Hasan*, that you have given the Preference to *Cale Cairi*. She is my Favourite, which is a Proof of your having no ill Taste. You do not know the Worth of the Person you have made Choice of. As well as we all look, we have all of us Sincerity enough to acknowledge she has the Advantage of us. Then the Princess and the Slaves raillied *Cale Cairi* upon the Triumph of her Charms, and she returned it with a great deal of Wit. After which, *Zelica* caused a Lute to be brought, and giving it to *Cale Cairi*; Shew your Lover, said she, what you can do. The Favourite Slave tuned the Instrument, and played upon it so finely, that I was transported. She accompanied it with her Voice, and sung a Song, the Sense of which was, that *When one has made Choice of a lovely Object, one ought to love it all ones Life-time*. As she sung, she every now and then turned her Eyes to me, and with so much Tendernefs, that forgetting in whose Presence I was, I threw my self at her Feet in a Rapture of Love and Pleasure. At this they all fell a laughing more than ever, and continued it till an old Slave came to give them Notice that Day was breaking,

breaking, and if I was to go out of the Womens Apartment it was high time. Upon which, *Zelica* and her Women bad me follow the old Woman, who led me thro' several Galleries, and by a thousand Turnings and Windings brought me to a little Gate, of which she had the Key. I went out at it, and perceived as soon as it was Day that I was got out of the Palace.

The Eighty ninth Day.

THUS was I delivered from the new Peril into which I had imprudently fallen. I went to my Fellow Pages some Hours after, and the *Oda Bachi* demanded why I lay out of the Palace; I answered, that a Friend of mine, a Merchant of *Chiras*, being about to depart for *Basra* with all his Family had kept me at his House, and that we had spent the Night in Drinking. He believed what I said, and having chid me a little left me.

I was too much charmed with my late Adventure, not to have it always in my Thoughts. I called often to my Mind every the least Circumstance of it, and particularly those that most flattered my Vanity;

nity; which were such, as gave me Reason to believe the Princess's Favourite Slave had not looked upon me with Indifference. Eight Days after an Eunuch came to the Door of the King's Chamber, and said he wanted to speak with me. I went to him, and asked his Business. Is not your Name *Hafan*? says he: I replied, Yes. He then gave me a Billet, and vanished in an Instant. It was said in it, that if I was disposed to be the next Night in the Garden of the Seraglio, after the Hour of retiring, and at the same Place where I had been met, I should find a Person who was very sensible of the Preference I had given her to all the Princess's Women.

Tho' I suspected that *Cale Cairi* had taken a Liking to me, I did not expect to receive a Letter from her. And being perfectly giddy with my good Fortune, I asked Leave of the *Oda Bachi*, to see a *Derwis*, my Countryman, lately arrived from *Mecca*. He gave me leave; I ran, I flew to the Gardens of the Seraglio, as soon as it was Night. If I was surprised by the Time, when I was last there; in return, it now seemed long: so impatient was I to meet my charming *Cale Cairi*, I thought the Hour of retiring would never come.

How-

However it came; and a little after, I saw a Lady, whom by her Shape and Air I knew to be the same, for whose coming I waited. I went up to her, transported with Pleasure and Joy; and throwing my self at her Feet, had so far lost my self in the Transport, that I could not say a Word to her. Rise, *Hasan*, said she; I would fain know if you love me: I must have other Proofs than this tender and passionate Silence, to convince me of it; speak sincerely, is it possible that you could think me handsomer than all my Companions, and than even the Princess *Zelica* her self? May I believe your Eyes were more favourable to me, than to them? Doubt it not, replied I, oh too lovely *Cale Cairi*; my Heart had declared for you a long time, before the Princess and her Women forced my Lips to pronounce the Decision between you and them. Your Image has not been out of my Mind a Moment since that Night, and you will always be present there, though you never should think kindly of me.

I am pleased, says she, that you are in these Sentiments, since I own I could not help having a Friendship for you. Your Youth, your Person, your Wit, and above
all,

all, the Preference you gave me to all those fair Ladies, has rendered you amiable in my Eyes; what I am now doing, is a sufficient Proof of it. But ah, my dear *Hasan*, added she, smiling; I know not whether I ought to rejoice at the Conquest I have made, or to look on it as a thing that will make my Life miserable. Ah, Madam, said I, why do you give way to such a Thought, amidst the Transports that your Presence causes in me? It is not, replied she, a groundless Fear that intrudes upon our Pleasures; my Alarms are too well founded, and you know not what it is that troubles me. The Princess *Zelica* loves you, and descending from all her Pride, she will soon let you know your Happiness, when she confesses that you have found the way to please her. How will you receive so glorious a Confession! Will your Love of me hold out against the Honour of having the first Princess in the World for your Mistress? I here interrupted her; Yes, my charming *Cale Cairi*, not *Zelica* her self shall have a place in my Heart. And would to Heaven you could have a Rival still more formidable, you should see that nothing can shake the Constancy of my Passion for you. Though
Schah

Shad Tahmaspe had no Son to succeed him, though he would strip himself of the Kingdom of *Persia* to give it to his Son-in-Law, and it depended on me to be so, to you would I sacrifice so high a Fortune. Ah unhappy *Hasan*, cried the Lady, whither does your Love carry you? what a fatal Assurance do you give me of your Fidelity? You forget that I am a Slave to the Princess of *Persia*. If you make her ungrateful Returns for her Goodness, you will pull her Wrath upon our Heads, and we shall both perish. It is better that I yield you up to so powerful a Rival; there is no other means to preserve you. No, no, replied I with the same Earnestness, there is another Way that my Despair will rather make use of, which is to banish my self the Court. My Retirement will defend you from *Zelica's* Vengeance, restore your Tranquility, and while by little and little you forget the unfortunate *Hasan*, he will fly to the Desarts, and there seek an End to his Misfortunes. I was so full of what I said, that the Lady gave Way to my Grief, and replied, Cease, *Hasan*, cease to afflict your self thus, when there is no Occasion. You are in an Error, and you shew your self worthy of being undeceived.

deceived. I am not a Slave to the Princess *Zelica*, I am *Zelica* her self. The Night you came to my Apartment I passed for *Cale Cairi*, and you took *Cale Cairi* for me. At these Words she called one of her Women, who had hid her self among some Cypress Trees, and who running to her when she heard her Voice, I found it was the Lady I took for the Princess of *Persia*.

The Ninetieth Day.

YOU see, *Hasan*, says *Zelica*, you see the true *Cale Cairi*; I give her her Name again, and resume my own. I was not willing to conceal my self any longer from you, nor the Importance of the Conquest you have made; know therefore all the Glory of your Triumph. Though you have more Love than Ambition, I am satisfied that you cannot know without a new Pleasure, that it is a Princess who loves you. I failed not to tell *Zelica*, that the Excess of my Happiness was past my Conception. Neither could I conceive how, from the height of her Grandeur, she could deign to look on me; and from my humble State, to raise me to

a Fortune, which the greatest Kings in the World might envy. In fine, charmed beyond Expression by the Princess's Favour, I was going about to enlarge upon my Gratitude and Acknowledgment; but she interrupted me, saying, *Hasan*, give over wondering at what I have done for you. Pride has little Empire over Women that are locked up in Apartments. We follow without Resistance the Motions of our Hearts. You are amiable, you please me, and that's enough for you to deserve my Favour.

We spent the whole Night in walking, and discoursing; and Day had doubtless overtaken us in the Gardens, if *Cale Cairi*, who was with us, had not taken Care to give us Notice to retire in Time. As loath as we were, we must part: But before I left *Zelica*, she said to me, Adieu, *Hasan*, think always of me; we shall see one another again; and I promise you, that in a little while you shall know how dear you are to me. I threw my self at her Feet, to thank her for her Goodness: After which *Cale Cairi* conducted me by the same Turnings and Windings, through which I had passed before, quite out of the Palace.

Thus

Thus beloved by the August Princess I adored, and representing to my Mind a Charming Image of what she had promised me ; the next Day, and the following Days, I gave my self over to the most agreeable Ideas, that can present themselves to the Mind of Man. It was then that there might be said to be a Man upon Earth truly happy, if my Impatience to see *Zelica* again, was not an Objection to it. In a Word, I was now in that Condition wherein the greatest Pleasure of Lovers consists ; that is, near the Moment in which I was to arrive at the Height of my Wishes ; when an unforeseen Event robbed me at once of all my proud Hopes. I heard the Princess *Zelica* was fallen ill ; and Two Days after, it was reported about the Palace that she was dead. I would not at first believe that dreadful News. The Preparations for her Funeral, at last convinced me of the Truth of it ; and my Eyes were the sad Witnesses of the Grief of the *Persians*, and the Honours that were paid to the deceased Princess. All the Pages of the Chambers marched first, naked from the Head to the Middle. Some scratched their Arms, to shew their Zeal and their Grief : others made Marks on their Flesh ; and I

my self, taking hold of so fair an Opportunity, to shew the Despair that had seized me, tore my Flesh, and wounded my self in many Places. Our Officers followed us, with a solemn Pace, and grave Air: They had long Rolls of *China* Paper fastened to their Turbans; on which were written several Passages of the Alcoran, together with Verses in Praise of *Zelica*, which they sung with an Air as sorrowful as respectful. After them came the Corpse, in a Cedar Coffin, covered with Plates of Silver, placed on a Bier of Ivory, carried by Twelve Men of Quality; and Twenty Princes related to *Schah Tabmaspe*, held each in their Hands the End of a Ruban, which was fastened to the Coffin. All the Women of the Palace followed afterwards making dreadful Howlings; and when the Corpse was come to the Place of its Sepulchre, every body cried out *Laylah Illal-lah*. I did not see the rest of the Ceremony, because the Excess of my Grief, and the Blood I had lost, threw me into a Swoon, which lasted a long Time. One of our Officers ordered me presently to be carried to our Chamber; where great Care was taken of me. They rubbed me all over with an excellent Balm, insomuch that in

Two

Two Days I found my self pretty well recovered. But the Remembrance of the Princess put me almost out of my Senses. Ah, *Zelica*! said I to my self every Moment, is it thus you discharge the Promise you made me, when you left me? Is this the Token of Tenderneſs which you were to give me? I could not be at reſt, and my Stay at *Chiras* in that inconſolable Condition became inſupportable: So I quitted the Court and City, three Days after the Princess's Funeral.

The Ninety firſt Day.

I Travelled all Night, ſo full of Trouble, that I knew not where I went, nor where I would go. The next Day I ſtopped a little, to reſoſe my ſelf on the Ground, and there paſſed by me a young Man whoſe Dreſs was very extraordinary; he came up to me, ſaluted me, preſented me with a green Bough he had in his Hand, and having obliged me to accept it, he repeated ſome *Persian* Verſes, to engage me to give him Alms. As I had nothing my ſelf, nothing could I give him. He thought I did not underſtand the *Persian* Language, and repeated ſome *Arabian* Verſes; but

finding he succeeded no better one way than the other, and that I did not do what he desired, he said, Brother, I cannot think you want Charity; I rather believe you have not wherewithal to exercise it. You are very much in the right, replied I; I have not a single Asper, and cannot tell where to put my Head. Ah, what a sad Condition art thou in, cried he; I pity, and will relieve thee.

I was surprized to hear a Man talk so, who had been just begging my Charity; and thought the Relief he offered me, was nothing but Prayers and Vows: when pursuing his Discourse, he said, I am one of those holy Children who are called *Faquirs*. Tho' we live on Charity, we however live plentifully; knowing how to move Mens Pity by an Air of Mortification and Penance, which we always put on. Indeed there are some *Faquirs*, that are Fools enough to be what they appear; who lead an austere Life, and sometimes will take no Nourishment for Ten Days together. We are not so streight laced as they are: We don't value our selves on having really their Virtues; but on having the Appearances of them. Will you be one of our Brethren? I am going to Two of them at

Boft.

Bost. If you will make the fourth, come along with me. I replied, Not being used to the Practice of your Devotion, I am afraid I shall not acquit my self as I ought to do. Pugh, said he, interrupting me, don't trouble your self about the Practice: I say again, we are not some of the rigid *Faquirs*. In a Word, we are *Faquirs* in nothing but the Habit.

Tho' by this the *Faquir* gave me to understand, that he and his Two Brethren were mere Libertines, I did not refuse his Offer; but resolved to make One amongst them. Besides that I was in a miserable Condition, I had not learned among the Pages to live very abstemiously and religiously. As soon as I told the *Faquir* that I agreed to joyn with them, he conducted me to *Bost*. We lived all the Way on Dates, Rice, and other Provisions, which were given us in the Towns and Villages through which we passed. As soon as the good Musselmen heard his Cry, they ran to him with their good Things; of which he had such a Store, that he could hardly carry it.

Travelling in this Manner, we arrived at last at *Bost*. We entered a little House in the Suburbs, where the Two other *Faquirs* lived: They received us with open

Arms, and seemed to be wonderfully pleased with the Resolution I had taken, to be one of them. They soon initiated me into their Mysteries; that is, they taught me all their Grimaces. When I was well instructed in the Art of cheating People, they dressed me like themselves, and obliged me to go about the City with them, to present Flowers or Boughs to Gentlemen, and repeat Verses. I returned every Night to my Lodging with some Pieces of Silver in my Pocket, which served to make merrry with. I was then too young, and was naturally too much given to Pleasure, to resist the ill Example of these *Faquirs*. I fell into all sorts of Debauchery, and by that insensibly lost the Remembrance of the Princess of *Persia*. Not but that she would ever now and then come into my Mind, and draw some Sighs from me. But instead of nourishing the weak Remains of my Grief, I did what I could to root it out, and would often say, Why do I think of *Zelica*, since *Zelica* is no more? If I cried my Eyes out, if I wept all my Life time, what would my Weeping signifie?

The Ninety second Day.

I Lived with these *Faquirs* near two Years; and should have staid longer, had not he who engaged me in their Company, and whom I loved better than the other two, perswaded me to Travel. *Hasan*, said he to me one Day, I begin to be tired of this City; I have a Mind to see the Country, and have heard Wonders of the City of *Candabar*; if you will go along with me, we will see whether what has been told me of it be true. With all my Heart, cried I; for I had as great an Itch to see strange Places, I should rather say, I was directed by that Superior Power that makes us all its necessary Agents. We two departed from *Bost*, and having passed thro' several Cities of *Segestan*, without making any stay, we arrived at the fair City of *Candabar*, which appeared to us to be very strong. We went and lodged at a Caravanserail, where we were received very civilly for the sake of the Habit we wore, which was indeed the best Recommendation we had. There was a great bustle in the Town, the Inhabitants being prepared to celebrate the Feast of the *Ginlaus* the next Day: We

understood they were busie at Court; every one being Ambitious of shewing their Zeal for King *Firouzbah*, who made himself beloved by the Good for his Justice, and as much feared by the Bad for his Severity to them. The *Inquirs* having Admittance every where, no body daring to stop them for their Habits sake; we went next Day to Court, to see the Festival, in which there was nothing extraordinary to a Man who had seen the King of *Persia's* *Giulous*. While we were looking very attentively on what passed, I felt some body pull me by my Arm; I turned my Head about, and perceived near me the Eunuch of *Schah Tahmaspe's* Palace, who brought me the Letter from *Cale Cairi*, or rather from *Zelica*.

My Lord *Hasan*, said he, I knew you, notwithstanding the strange Dress you are in. Tho' I thought I could not be in an Error, yet I durst hardly trust my Eyes. Is it possible that I should meet you again? I replied, And what brings you to *Candabar*? Why did you quit the Court of *Persia*? Was the Death of the Princess *Zelica* your Reason, as well as mine? I cannot tell you at present, said he; but I will fully satisfy your Curiosity, if you will come hither alone

lone to-morrow at the same Hour, I will tell you Things that will amaze you; I shall only add now, that they concern you too.

I promised him to come by my self the next Day to the same Place, and I punctually kept my Promise. The Eunuch came thither at the Time appointed, and drawing near, said, Let's go out of the Palace, and seek for some more convenient Place to discourse in. We went into the City, crossed several Streets, and came at last to the Gate of a pretty large House, of which he had the Key. We entered it. I found the Apartments were well furnished. Fine Carpets on the Floors, rich Sofa's, and adjoining to it a Garden well cultivated, in the middle of which was a Jasper Basen full of fine Water.

My Lord *Hasan*, says the Eunuch, is not this a pleasant House? Very pleasant, replied I. I am glad you like it, says he, for I hired it Yesterday for you. You must also have some Slaves to wait on you. I will go and buy them, while you bath your self. Saying this, he conducted me to a Chamber, where he had prepared Baths. In the Name of God, said I, tell me why you bring me here, and what it is you have to say

to me. You will hear, replied he, in proper Time and Place. Let it suffice at present, that your Condition is finely altered since I met you, and that I have Orders to do thus by you. At the same time he helped to undress me, which was presently done. I went into the Bath, and the Eunuch left me there, praying me not to be impatient.

This Mystery occasioned in me many Reflections; but it was in vain for me to think of it, I could not guess what was the meaning of it. *Chapour* was a long while coming to me again, and I began to lose all manner of Patience; at last he returned with four Slaves, two of whom were laden with Linnen and Cloaths, and the other two with Provisions. I beg your Pardon, my Lord, says he, I am very sorry for having made you wait so. Then the Slaves put the Bundles on the Sofa's, and were very officious to serve me. They rubbed me with fine new Linnen. They put on me a rich Vest, with a stately Robe and Turbant. Where will be the end of all this, said I to my self? By whose Order does the Eunuch treat me thus? My Impatience to know it was beyond measure.

The

The Ninety third Day.

CHapour observed it. I am troubled, says he, to see you so uneasy, but I cannot help you. If it was not expressly forbidden me to speak to you; if I did not betray my Trust in telling you what I conceal from you, I should not make you the more easie. Other Desires still more violent, would succeed to those that now disturb you. It must be Night, before you will be informed of what you are so eager to know.

Tho' I had all the Reason in the World to believe there was nothing ill in this Adventure, from what the Eunuch said to me, yet I could not help being strangely disquieted all that Day. Night came, and Lamps were lighted up every where, especially in the finest Apartment of the House, which was extraordinarily illuminated. Chapour stayed with me, and every now and then would say to me, Have a little Patience, they will come presently. At last we heard a knocking at the Door; the Eunuch went himself to open it, and returned with a Lady, who no sooner lifted up her Veil, than I knew her to be *Cale Cairi*. I was

was extremely surprized at the sight of her; for I thought she had been at *Chiras*. My Lord *Hasan*, said she, as much as you are astonished to see me, you will be more when you hear what I am about to tell you. At these Words *Chapour* and the Slaves withdrew, and left us together. We both sat down on the same Sofa, and she continued her Discourse in this manner: You very well remember, my Lord *Hasan*, that the Night *Zelica* made choice of to discover her self to you, she made you a Promise, when you parted, which ought never to be out of your Memory. The next Day I asked her what she resolved upon, and how she meant to shew you the Passion she had for you. She answered, she intended to make you happy, and to have often Private Meetings with you, whatever Danger there was in it. I must own to you, I could by no means approve of her Resolution, and did what I could to bring her off from it. I represented to her, what a Madness it was for a Princess of her Rank to think of you, and run the Hazard of her Life for the sake of a Page. In a word, I used my utmost Endeavour to dissuade her from doing for you what she intended; and you ought to pardon me, since

since all my Arguments served only to confirm her in her Intention. When I found I could not prevail over her, Madam, said I, I cannot without trembling represent to my self the Peril you are running into; and since nothing can take you from your Lover, we must contrive some Means for you to see him, without hazarding your own Life, or his. I know one that I doubt not would please you, but I dare not propose it, it is so very extraordinary.

Tell me what it is, *Cale Cairi*, said the Princess; what Means have you thought of? do not hide it from me. If you make Use of it, replied I, you must resolve to quit the Court, and live as if you had been Born of the most vulgar Parents. You must renounce all the Honours due to your Dignity. Do you love *Hasan* enough, to make him such a Sacrifice? Do I love him? replied she, with a deep Sigh; yes, the most obscure Condition would please me better with him, than all the Pomp and Splendor with which I am now surrounded. Say, how can I see him without Constraint? I will do it immediately. Well then, said I, I will tell you a Method I have thought of, since I find there is no beating you off of your Purpose. I know
an

an Herb that has a very particular Quality; If you put a Leaf of it only in your Ear, you will an Hour after fall into a profound Lethargy, and may very well pass for Dead; your Funeral will be Solemnized, and in the Night I will take you out of your Tomb. At these Words I interrupted *Cale Cairi*; Oh Heaven! Can it be possible that the Princess *Zelica* is not Dead? What is become of her? My Lord, says *Cale Cairi*, she is still Living; but I pray you to hear me, you will know every thing presently. My Mistress, continued she, embraced me with Joy, so well did she like the Project. But then, representing to her self how difficult it would be to put it in Execution, on Account of the Funeral Ceremonies, she told me her Objections; which I easily removed, and so we went on with our great Enterprize.

Zelica complained of a Pain in her Head, and took her Bed. The next Day I gave out that she was dangerously ill; the King's Physician came, was imposed upon by us, and ordered Physick, of which we made no Use. The next Day the Distemper increased, and when I thought it Time for the Princess to expire, I put a Leaf of the before-

men-

mentioned Herb into her Ear. I ran immediately to tell *Schab Tahmaſſe* that *Zelica* was dying, and deſired to ſpeak to him; he came preſently, and obſerving as the Herb worked, that her Countenance changed every Moment, he burſt out into Tears. My Lord, ſays his Daughter, I Conjure you, by the Tenderneſs you have always had for me, to order that my laſt Requeſt be exactly fulfilled. I deſire that after I am dead, no Woman but *Cale Chiri* may waſh my Body, and rub it with Perfumes. I will not have my other Slaves ſhare that Honour with her. I deſire alſo that ſhe only may watch me the firſt Night; and that no Body but ſhe be ſuffered to mourn over my Tomb. I will alſo, that ſhe only, my moſt Faithful Slave, ſhall pray the Prophet, to aſſiſt me againſt the Affaults of wicked Angels.

The Ninety fourth Day.

Schab Tahmaſſe promiſed, that every thing ſhould be done as his Daughter deſired it might be, and that no Body but I ſhould pay her the laſt ſad Offices. That is not all, my Lord, ſays the Princeſs; I make it my further Requeſt, that *Cale Cairi* be ſet free as ſoon as I am Dead; and that

with

with her Liberty, you will make her Presents worthy of your self, and the Fidelity with which she has always served me. Daughter, says *Schab Tabmapse*, be assured, that whatever you have requested of me shall be done. If I have the Misfortune to lose you, I swear to you that your Favourite shall go where she pleases, and have as much Treasure as her Heart can wish.

He had scarce said these Words, when the Herb produced the Effect it was used for. *Zelica* died away in Appearance; and her Father believing her to be dead, retir'd all in Tears to his Apartment. He ordered that none but I should wash the Body, and perfume it; which I did. I then wrapt it up in white Linnen, and put it in a Coffin; after which it was carried to the Place of its Sepulture; where, by the King's Order, I was left alone with it the first Night. I looked about every where, to see if no Body was hid to observe me; and finding the Coast was clear, I took my Mistress out of the Coffin as soon as her Lethargy was over; which, as had been contrived, was two or three Hours after the Assistants at the Funeral were withdrawn. I put on her a Robe which I had

under

under mine; I had also provided a Veil for her, and we went to the Place where *Ghapour* waited expecting us. That faithful Eunuch carried the Princess to a little House he had hired; and I returned to the Tomb, to pass the rest of the Night there.

I made up a Bundle to look like a Corpse, covered it with the Linnen Cloth *Zelica* was wrapt up in, and put it into the Coffin.

The next Morning the Princess's other Slaves came to supply my Place, which I did not leave, without making those Grimaces that generally accompany affected Grief. The King had an Account given him of what Tokens of Affection I had shewn, which would have been enough for him to have made considerable Presents, had he not before promised to do it. He ordered me ten thousand Sequins, and permitted me to depart with the Eunuch *Ghapour*. After which I went to my Mistress, to rejoice with her, on the happy Success of our Stratagem. The next Day we sent the Eunuch to the King's Chamber with a Billet, in which I prayed you to come to us, but one of your *Zuliflis* said you were indisposed, and could not be spoken with.

We

We sent him again three Days after, when he was informed you had quitted the Seraglio, and no Body knew what was become of you.

I here interrupted *Cale Cairi*. Ah why, said I, did you not acquaint me with your Project? Why did you not send *Chapour* to me to tell me? What a World of Troubles would one Word have saved me? Would to Heaven, said *Cale Cairi* interrupting me, we had not kept it from you; *Zelica* might now have lived happily with you, in some Country or other. It was not my Fault, that you have not both enjoyed the Felicity you desired. We had scarce formed our Design, but I was for giving you Notice of it; but my Mistress would not let me. No, no, said she, we must let him know what it is to lose me; he will be the more overjoyed to find me again; and his Surprize will be the more pleasant to him, the more the Thought of my Death shall torment him.

I did not like her fond Way of arguing. I was doubtful of the ill Consequences that our keeping the Secret from you might occasion; and *Zelica* has heartily repented it. I cannot express to you how much
she

she was afflicted at your leaving *Chiras*. Ah, What a Wretch am I, would she cry every Minute? What am I the better for having sacrificed every thing to Love, if I for ever must be deprived of *Hasan*? We had Search made for you all over the City; *Chapour* omitted nothing to find you; and when we lost all manner of Hopes of it, we departed from *Chiras*. We took our Way towards the *Indus*, imagining you might perhaps have taken that Course your self. We stopped in all the Cities on that River, searching every where for you, but to no Purpose. As we were one Day travelling from one City to another, though we were with a Caravan, we were surrounded by a numerous Band of Robbers, who beat the Merchants, and plundered them of their Merchandise; they also robbed us of our Gold and Jewels, carried us to *Candahar*, and sold us to a Slave-Merchant of their Acquaintance.

The Merchant had no sooner got *Zelica* into his Hands, than he resolved to shew her to the King of *Candahar*. *Firouzebah* was charmed at the Sight of her; he asked her of what Country she was; she said of *Ormus*. The same invented Answers she returned to all his Questions. He bought
us,

us, placed us in the Palace of his Women ;
and allotted us the finest Apartment.

The Ninety fifth Day.

HERE *Cale Cairi* left off speaking, or rather I interrupted her, crying out, Oh Heaven! ought I to rejoice at my meeting with *Zelica* again? What do I say? Is it to find her again, to hear a mighty King has shut her up in his Seraglio? If she does not comply with *Firouzchah's* Passion, and leads a miserable Life there, what an Affliction will it be to see her suffer? If she should be contented with her Condition, can I be so with mine? I am glad, says *Cale Cairi*, that your Sentiments are so delicate: The Princess deserves your Delicacy. Tho' the King of *Candahar* passionately loves her, she has not been able to forget you; and never could any one rejoice more than she did Yesterday, when *Chapour* told her he had met with you. She was almost out of her Senses the rest of the Day. She ordered the Eunuch immediately to hire a House ready furnished, and to see you wanted for nothing. I am now come from her, to inform you of every thing, and prepare you for your Meeting. To Mor-

row

row Night we shall come out of the Palace, to this House; and enter by a little Door in the Garden, to which we have got a Key made, to use upon Occasion. At these Words, the Favourite Slave of the Princess of *Persia* rose, and accompanied by *Chapour*, returned to her Mistress.

I did nothing all Night, but think of *Zelica*. My Love revived with as great Violence as ever. I could not sleep a Wink; and the next Day seemed an Age to me. At last, having passed it in the utmost Impatience, I hear a knocking at my Gate. My Slaves opened it; and soon after I saw my Princess enter my Apartment. What Emotion, what Transports did the Sight of her cause in me! And what Joy was it to her to see me? I threw myself at her Feet; I embraced her Knees a long time, without being able to speak a Word to her. She obliged me to rise, and to sit down by her on a Sofa. *Hafan*, said she, I thank Heaven we are met again. Let us hope that its Goodness will not stop here; and that it will remove the new Obstacle that hinders our being together. In Expectation of that happy Time, you shall live here quietly and plentifully. If we have not the Pleasure of conversing with one another as freely

as

as we would, we shall at least have the Satisfaction of hearing from each other every Day; and sometimes to see one another in private. *Cale Cairi* has told you my Adventures, continued she; do you now tell me yours. I then set forth the Trouble I had been in, imagining she was dead, in the most lively Colours, telling her, my Grief was such, that I enter'd my self among the *Faquirs*. Ah, my dear *Hasan*, cries *Zelica*, have you for my Sake lived so long with People of so much Austerity! Alas! I have been the Cause of your having endured a great deal. If she had known what a Life I lead under that religious Habit, she would not have pitied me so much. I took Care to let her know nothing of the Matter; and talked to her as passionately as I could. How fast did the Moments of our Conversation fly? Though it lasted three Hours, we were vexed at *Chapour* and *Cale Cairi*, when they came to give us Notice that we must part. Ah how troublesome, said we, are People who are not in Love; we have not been above a Moment together: Let us stay a little longer. However, as short as our Conference was, if it had continued but a few other Moments, the Day would have surprized us; for it

ap-

Persian TALES. 151

appeared presently after the Princess was withdrawn.

As pleasantly as my Thoughts were taken up, I did not forget the *Faquir*, with whom I came to *Candabar*; and not doubting but he would be very uneasy to know what was become of me, I went out of my House the next Day, to see for him. I met him by Chance in the Street; we embraced each other. My Friend, said I, I was coming to your Caravanferail, to tell you what has happened to me, and set your Mind at Ease on that Score: I doubt not you have been under some Concern. Yes, says he, I have been in Pain for you: But what a Change is here? How finely you are set off: You look as if you had met with some good Fortune. While I have been afflicting my self for fear of what was become of you, I perceive you have been passing your time very agreeably. I have so, my dear Friend, replied I; and I own to thee, I am still ten thousand times happier than thou canst imagine. I will have thee be a Witness of my Happiness, and thou shalt thy self be the better for it. Leave thy Caravanferail, and come and lodge with me. Having said this, I conducted him to my House: I shewed him all the Apartments.

He

He said they were fine, and well furnished; crying out every Moment, Good, Good, what has *Hasan* done, more than others, that you should shower down so many Benefits upon him? What, *Faqir*, are you sorry, said I, to see me in such a Condition? You seem troubled at my Prosperity. No, replied he, I on the contrary rejoice very much at it. I am so far from envying the Felicity of my Friends, I am overjoyed when I see them flourish. Saying this, he embraced me, to shew that he spoke his Mind. I thought him sincere, and that he acted honestly: I had no Distrust of him; and thus put my self into the Power of one of the most envious and perfidious Rascals upon Earth. Come, said I, we must be merry together to Day: So taking him by the Hand, I led him into a Hall, where my Slaves had spread a Table for us;

The Ninety sixth Day.

WE both sat down to it: Several Plates of Rice of different Colours were brought us, with Dates preserved in Syrup. We had other Dishes; and then I sent one of my Slaves to a Place in the City, where I knew they sold Wine privately. He brought me some that was excel-

lent; and we drank of it so freely, we durst not appear in publick; if we had, we should not have come off with Impunity.

When we began to grow a little warm, the *Faquir* said to me, Tell me, *Hasan*, all thy Adventure; discover to me the whole Mystery of it: Thou art safe in me, I can keep a Secret; and besides, I love thee too well to do thee a Mischief by revealing it. Thou canst not have any Diffidence in me, without doing me an Injury. Come, unbosom thy self to me: Inform me of all the good Fortune that has happened to thee, that we may rejoyce over it together. Thou knowest I can give thee good Advice; and that a Friend that can advise well, is of great Use sometimes.

The Wine being got into my Head, and tempted by his Professions of Friendship, I yielded to his Importunity; and said, I am perswaded thou art not capable of abusing the Confidence I have in thee: So I will hide nothing from thee. Thou mayest remember, when thou met'st me first, I was very melancholy. I had just then lost a Lady at *Chiras*, whom I loved, and by whom I was beloved. I thought her dead, and she has been alive all the while. I have found her again at *Candabar*; and to tell

thee the whole Truth, she is a Favourite of King *Firouzchah*.

The *Faquir* seemed to be astonished at what I said. *Hafan*, replied he, thou givest me a charming Idea of that Lady: She must needs be a wonderful Beauty, since the King of *Candahar* is so charmed with her. Yes, said I, she is more lovely than a Lover himself can paint to thee. Love cannot flatter her in her Picture. She will be sure to be here presently: Thou shalt see her: Thy own Eyes shall judge of her Charms. At these Words, the *Faquir* embraced me with Transport, saying, I should do him the greatest Pleasure in the World, if I performed my Promise. I repeated the Assurances I had given him. We then rose from Table, to take our Rest; one of my Slaves conducting my Friend to a Chamber that had been prepared for him.

The next Morning *Chapour* brought me a Billet from *Zelica*; in which she said, She would come the following Night to have a merry Meeting with me. I showed the *Faquir* the Letter, with which he appeared to be infinitely pleased. He did nothing all Day but talk to me of the Lady, whose Beauty I had bragged so much of; and was impatient till Night came; as if he had had
the

the same Reasons as I to desire it. In the mean time, I prepared every thing for the Reception of *Zelica*. I sent about the City to buy the best Meats, and the most excellent Wines; and got a Store of that particularly, which had so pleased us the Day before. When the Time was drawing near, I told the *Faquir*, That it was not proper he should be seen in my Apartment when the Lady came; she might perhaps take it ill; but that he should leave it to me to get her Permission, that he might, as my Friend, be one of the Company. I am sure, said I, I shall obtain it. Soon after we heard a knocking at the Door. I supposed it was the Princess. The *Faquir* hid himself in a Closet. I went to wait upon *Zelica*: She gave me her Hand; and having led her to my Apartment, I said, My Princess, I have a Favour to beg of you: The *Faquir* who came with me to *Candahar*, lodges in my House; I have given him an Apartment in it. He is my Friend; will you permit him to be of our Company? *Hasan*, replied she, you don't consider what you ask of me. Instead of exposing me to the Sight of Men, you should conceal me as much as possible. Madam, says I, he is a discreet Lad; and I know he is my Friend.

I will answer for it; you shall have no Reason to repent that you complied with my Request in this. I can refuse you nothing, replied *Zelica*; but my Mind misgives me, that we shall both be sorry for it. Never fear it, my Princess, said I, take my Word, and do not let any Concern on that Account disturb the Pleasure I have in seeing you. I then went and called the *Faquir*, and presented him to *Zelica*. To please me, she was very civil to him; and after Compliments on both sides, we all Three sat down to Table together, with *Cale Cairi*. My Comrade was about Thirty Years old: He had a great deal of Wit. He soon gave the Ladies to understand, by his Sallies and Jest, that he was no Enemy to Pleasure; or rather, that he was a Scandal to his Habit. When we had eat as much as we thought fit, we called for Wine. The Slaves served it to us in Agate Cups. The *Faquir* did not let his stand empty long: He every Minute called for it, and drank himself into a fine Pickle. He naturally was not over Modest: The Wine enflamed his Brains, and his Tongue. He observed no Measures of Decency: He was not content to affront the Ladies by impudent Talk; he flung his Arms about the Princess

of

of Persia's Neck, and insolently took a Kiss.

The Ninety seventh Day.

ZELICA was highly offended at his Boldness; and her Anger gave her Strength enough to push him from her. Hold there, Sirrah, says she, and don't abuse the Kindness that is shewn you, in suffering you to be here. Thou deservest that I should order some of the Slaves in this House to chastise thee; but I forbear it, out of Respect to thy Friend. Having said this, she took up her Veil, put it over her Face, and went out of my Apartment. I ran after, to beg her Pardon for what had happened. I endeavoured in vain to appease her: She was too much irritated. You see now, said she to me, whether or no you were in the Right, in bringing the *Faquir* among us. It was not without Reason that I was against it. I will not set Foot in your House, as long as he lodges here. At these Words she went away; and whatever I could say, it could not stop her.

I returned to my Friend in my Apartment, Ah, said I, what have you done? Ought you to have shewn no more Re-

spect to the Favourite of *Pirouzchah*! you have by your Indiscretion made her hate you; and perhaps she will never forgive me, that I pressed her to admit you into our Company. Don't trouble your self, replied he; you don't know what Creatures Women are, if you really believe this Woman was angry. I'll warrant you, she was at the bottom rather pleased. There are no Ladies who are offended at such Indiscretions. Her pretended Wrath was all affected. Why do you think she seemed to be displeased with my Boldness? It was because you were by; if I had been alone with her, I doubt not, I should have found her more gentle.

I saw by his Talk that the Wine was in his Head still, and it was to no purpose to word it with him. I hoped the next Day he would be in a better Disposition, and acknowledge his Fault. I ordered one of my Slaves to carry him to his Apartment, and stayed my self in my own, reflecting, not much to my Ease, on what had passed. I did not sleep much that Night; and the next Day, the *Faquir* seemed to change his Tone. He expressed himself to be very sorry for having put me so out of Humour, and to punish himself for his Indiscretion,

he

he resolved to go far from *Candabar*. He spoke with so much Concern, that it touched me. I wrote immediately to the Princess, that our *Faquir* was mightily troubled at his Rudeness, and that we both most humbly begged she would forgive the Wine, that had been the occasion of it.

As I had done writing, *Chapour* came in. He told me, his Mistress was still very much irritated. I gave him my Letter; he carried it immediately, and returned some Hours after with an Answer. *Zelica* wrote me, that she was very willing to excuse the *Faquir*; since I assured her of his Repentance; but it must be upon Condition that he staid no longer at my House, and left *Candabar* in four and twenty Hours. I shewed the Favourite of *Firouzchah's* Billet to my Friend; who told me before *Chapour*, that his Sentiments were exactly the same with the Lady's; that he durst not look her in the Face, after the rude Action he had been guilty of, and would that Hour leave *Candabar*. The Eunuch returned to the Palace, to give *Zelica* an Account of the *Faquir's* Disposition to obey her.

I rejoiced that a Calm was likely to soon to succeed the Storm, that had so

frighted me; yet I must own, I was sorry to lose my Friend. I would needs keep him that Day. You shall stay, says I, till to-morrow; I will spend this Day with you, as merrily as we have done others: It may be, we may never see one another more. Since we must part, let us awhile put off the sad Moment of our Separation. The better to take my Farewel of him, I ordered a great Supper; when it was ready, we sat down to Table. We had eat pretty well when *Chapour* entered with a Golden Plate, in which there was a Ragout: My Lord *Hasan*, says he, I bring you a Ragout that has been just served up to the King's Table; his Majesty thought it so delicious, that he sent it immediately to his Favourite, who sends it to you. We eat up the Ragout, and found it to be indeed Excellent. The *Haquir*, while we were at Supper, never gave over admiring my Happiness; and cried out twenty times, Ah young Man, how charming is thy Fortune!

We drank all Night, and as soon as Day broke, my Friend said, It is now time to leave you. I then fetched a Purse full of Sequins, which *Chapour* had brought me the Day before from his Mistress. I

gave

gave it to the *Faquir*, saying, Take it, it will be serviceable to you upon Occasion. He thanked me, we embraced, and he departed. I was very much troubled at his going; Ah, my too imprudent Friend said I, it was thy own Fault that we were forced to part. Thou oughtest to have been contented with seeing *Zelica*, and to have rejoiced at the sight of so much Beauty.

Being tired with sitting up, I lay down on a Sofa, and fell asleep. Some Hours after I waked, at a great Noise which I heard in my House. I rose to see what was the Matter, and to my great Terror, perceived it was some Soldiers of *Firouz-shah's* Guard. Follow me, said the Officer who commanded them, we have Orders to conduct you to the Palace. I replied, What Crime have I committed? What am I accused of? We do not know that, says the Officer, we are only ordered to bring you before the King; we are ignorant of the Cause; but for your Encouragement can tell you, that if you are Innocent, you have no Reason to fear. You have to do with a very just Prince, who does not lightly condemn Persons accused of having committed a Crime.

There must be convincing Proofs, before he will pronounce the fatal Sentence. Indeed he punishes the Guilty severely! If you are so, I pity you.

I followed the Officer to the Seraglio, saying to my self, Without doubt *Firouzbah* has discovered my corresponding with *Zelica*; but how could he learn it? When we came to the Court of the Palace, I observed there were four Gibbets set up; I imagined I was concerned in the Matter, and that that kind of Death was the least Punishment I could expect from *Firouzbah's* Resentment. I lifted up my Eyes to Heaven, and prayed, that it would at least save the Princess of *Persia*.

The Ninety eighth Day.

WE entered the Seraglio. The Officer who conducted me, carried me to the King's Apartment; where was that Prince, with his Great Visier only and the *Faquir*, whom I took to be far off from *Candabar* by that time. As soon as I saw that traiterous Friend of mine, I doubted no more of his Treason. Is it thou then, says *Firouzbah* to me, who hast had the Boldness to have private Meetings with my

my Favourite? Thou must be a rare Rogue to have the Impudence to make me thy Contempt. Speak, and answer precisely to what I am about to ask thee. When thou camest to *Candahar*, wert not thou told that I punish Criminals severely? I answered, Yes. Since therefore, replied he, thou hadst Warning of my just Severity, why hast thou committed the greatest of all Crimes? Sir, said I, may your Majesty's Life continue to the end of Time : But you know that Love makes even the Dove bold. A Man whom a violent Passion has enchanted, is afraid of nothing; I am ready to be the Victim of your just Wrath, I shall not complain of the Cruelty of the Torments you put me to, if you will spare your Favourite Slave. Alas ! She lived quietly in your Seraglio before my Arrival, and contented with making a great King happy. She began to forget a miserable Lover, whom she thought she should see no more ; she understood that I was in this City, her first Fires rekindled ; it is I that came to disturb your Passion, it is only I that you ought to punish.

While I was talking thus, *Zelica*, whom the King had sent for, came in ; followed by

by *Chapour* and *Cale Cairi*. Having heard my last Words, she ran and threw her self at *Fironzchah's* Feet; Pardon, my Lord, says she, this young Man; it is on the guilty Slave, who has betrayed you, that your Wrath ought to fall. Ah Traytors, cried the King, expect no Favour either of you, you shall perish; Ah ye Ingrate! She begs Mercy only for the Wretch that has offended me, and he seems concerned for nothing but the Loss of what he loves: Dare they shew amorous Rage before me? what Insolence is this! Visier, said he, turning to his Minister, see them carried to Execution. Let them be tied to the Gibbets, and become when they are dead a Prey to Dogs and Birds.

Hold Sir, cried I; take care how you treat a King's Daughter with so much Ignominy, and let your furious Jealousie respect the august Blood that flows in her Veins. At these Words *Fironzchah* seemed astonished. To what Prince, says he to *Zelica*, do you owe your Birth? The Princess looked on me very fiercely, saying, Indiscreet *Hasan*, why have you discovered what I would have hid even to myself? My Comfort was, that when I had died; they should not know the Rank of which

I was born. By revealing it, you cover me with Shame. Well, *Finouzabab*, continued she, addressing her self to the King of *Candabar*, know then who I am. The Slave whom thou condemnest to an infamous Death, is the Daughter of *Schab Tahmaspe*. After that she told him her whole Story, not forgetting the least Circumstance.

After she had done telling him her Adventures, at which the King was still more astonished : Thus, my Lord, have you come at the Knowledge of a Secret which I did not intend to reveal to you, but was forced to do it by the Indiscretion of my Lover only. Having confessed so much to you, I pray you to order that I may be immediately put to Death; it is all the Favour I beg of your Majesty.

Madam, says the King, I repeal the Sentence of your Death; I am too just not to forgive your Infidelity. What you have told me, makes me look upon it with another Eye; I complain of you no longer, and even restore you to your Liberty. Live you for *Hasan*, and may the happy *Hasan* live for you. I also give Life and Liberty to *Chapour* and your Confident. Go perfect Lovers, go, pass the rest of your Lives toge-

together; and may nothing stop the Course of your Pleasures. As for thou Traytor, continued he, turning to the *Faquir*, thou shalt be punished for thy Treason. Base and Envious Soul! Thou couldst not endure the Happiness of thy Friend, and art come here to deliver thy self up to my Vengeance. Ah Wretch, it is thou that shalt be the Victim to my Jealousie. At these Words he ordered the Grand Vilier to carry the *Faquir*, and put him into the Hands of the Hangman.

While that Rogue was led to Execution, *Zelica* and I threw our selves at the King of *Candabar's* Feet; we moistened them with Tears, in the Transports of Gratitude and Joy, with which we were then animated. In fine, we assured him, that sensible of his generous Goodness, we should keep an eternal Remembrance of it in our Minds. We then went out of his Apartment, with *Chapour* and *Cale Cairi*; we repaired to the House that had been hired for me, but we found it levelled with the Ground. The King had commanded it to be razed, and the Soldiers who had received that Command, executed it so readily, that it was demolished, and the Materials removed when we returned to it. There was not
one

one Stone left standing upon another. The Croud lent a helping Hand, and the Moveables were all plundered.

The Ninety ninth Day.

THough the Princess and I rejoiced to find our selves together, though we loved one another entirely, yet we could not help being startled at that Sighr. The House, it is true, was a hired one, ready furnished, and the Furniture consequently did not belong to us; but *Zelica* had by *Chapour* sent abundance of rich Goods there, that had not been spared. We had little Money, and held Counsel with the Eunuch, and *Cale Cairi*, what we should do. After a long Deliberation, we came to a Resolution to take up our Lodgings in a Caravanferail.

Just as we were going there, an Officer of the King's Household came to us, and told us, the King his Master had sent him to offer us a Lodging; that the Grand Visier had a House without one of the City Gates, much better than that which had been razed; that we should be more commodiously lodged there, and he would, if we pleased, conduct us. We followed him,

him, and he led us to a House that looked very fine, and was perfectly well built. The Inside answered the Outside; every thing was Magnificent. There were twenty Slaves, who told us their Master had ordered them to supply us with every thing we wanted, and to serve us as long as we staid there.

Two Days after we were visited by the Grand Visier, who brought us a Present from the King of several Packs of Silk and Linnen, with Twenty Purfes, in each of which was a thousand Sequins of Gold. However, thinking our selves under a sort of Confinement in a borrowed House; and the King's Presents having enabled us to settle our selves elsewhere, we joined a great Caravan of *Candabar*, who were bound for *Bagdad*, and arrived there happily with them.

We took up our Lodgings at my House, where we spent some time in resting our selves, after the Fatigue of so long a Journey. After that I appeared in the City, and looked out my Friends; they were amazed to see me again. Is it possible that you should be still alive, said they: your Partners are returned, and assured us you were dead. As soon as I understood my Jewel-

lers

ters were in *Bagdad*, I ran to the Grand Vifier, threw myself at his Feet, and told him how I had been served by them. He presently ordered them both to be taken into Custody, and commanded me to examine them in his Presence. Is it not true, said I, that I awoke while you had me in your Arms, that I asked you what you were doing; and without saying a word, you threw me into the Sea, through one of the Ship's Port-holes? They replied I dreamt it, and that I myself fell into the Sea in my Sleep.

Well, Sirs, says the Vifier, how came it that you seemed not to know him at *Ormuz*? They answered, they never saw me at *Ormuz*. What is that you say, replied he, looking on them with a threatening Countenance; I'll shew a Certificate of the *Cady* of *Ormuz*, that shall prove the contrary. At these Words which the Vifier said to frighten them, my two Partners trembled, and turned pale. You change Colour, said he; come, come, confess the Crime, and do not force me to compel you to do it by the Rack.

They then confessed all; and upon their Confession were imprisoned, till the Calif, who they said would take Cognizance of this

this Affair himself, should order what Death they should be put to; but they found means to deceive their Keepers, or rather to corrupt them; they made their Escape out of Prison, and concealed themselves so well at *Bagdad*, that whatever search the Grand Visier could make for them, there was no discovering them. In the mean time all their Goods were seized, and the Calif took Possession of them, except a small part which was given me, to make me amends for the Damages I had suffered by their robbing me. After that I thought of nothing but leading a quiet Life with my Princess. We lived very lovingly and happily, and all my Prayers to Heaven were, that I might live as I then did all the rest of my Life. Vain Wishes! Can Mankind be a long time happy? Will not Sorrows and Cares incessantly disturb their Repose? One Evening as I returned from diverting my self with some of my Friends, I knocked at my Gate a long while, and no body answered. I was surprized at it, and, I knew not why, began to have some foreboding Thoughts of Mischief. I knocked again and again; not a Slave was stirring. My Astonishment encreased; what can I think of this, said I to my self; there certainly has hap-

happened some new Misfortune to me. The Neighbours hearing such a Noise, came out, and were as much astonished as my self, that my Servants did not answer. They helped me to break open the Gate. We went in, and found all my Slaves with their Throats cut in the Court, and the outward Hall. We went to Zelica's Apartment; and, O dreadful Sight, saw Chapour and Calé Cairi lie dead, and weltring in their Blood. I called my Princess, she made me no Reply. I searched all the House over, and could see no body. Not able to bear my Misfortune, I fell into a Swoon in my Neighbours Arms. Happy had I been, if the Angel of Death had took me that Moment; but no, it was the Will of Heaven, that I should live to see all the Horror of my Destiny.

The Hundredth Day.

WHEN my Neighbours had brought me to Life again by their cruel Kindness, I asked how it was possible such a great Slaughter should be made in my House, without their hearing the least Noise. They told me they heard nothing, and were as much surprized as I. I ran presently

sently to the *Cady*, who sent the *Nayb* and his *Asas* back with me; but all their Search was to no purpose, and every one made his own Conjectures on this tragical Event.

As for my part, I thought, and so did a great many more, that my Partners might be the Authors of it; and was so afflicted at it, that I fell Sick. I was ill several Months; and in a languishing Condition: At last I sold my House at *Bagdad*, and went with what I had left to live at *Mouffel*. I removed thither, because I had a Relation there, whom I loved very well, and who was very great with the King of *Mouffel's* Grand Visier. My Kinsman received me very kindly; and in a little time I became acquainted with that Minister, who observing that I had a Genius for Business, found me Employment. I did my utmost to discharge my self well in whatever he put me upon, and had the good Fortune to succeed. He grew every Day more and more to have an Opinion of me. I by degrees gained his Confidence, and insensibly came to have a part in the most secret Affairs of State. I soon helped to ease him of the burthen of them. Some Years after this, that Minister died; and the King per-

perhaps too much prejudiced in Favour of me, gave me his Place. I supplied it for two Years, to the Content both of the King and his People; insomuch that that Monarch, to shew how well satisfied he was with my Ministry, gave me the Name of *Atalmulc*. Soon after Envy rose up against me; some great Lords became my secret Enemies, and resolved to ruin me. The better to come at their Ends, they rendered me suspected to the Prince of *Moussel*; who, influenced by their Misrepresentations of me, demanded my Deposition of his Father. The King, at first, would not Consent to it; but in the end, he could not resist the pressing Instances of his Son. I left *Moussel*, and came to *Damascus*, where I had soon the Honour to be presented to your Majesty.

This, Sir, is the History of my Life; and the Cause of that profound Sorrow, with which I always appear over-whelmed. The Loss of *Zelica* is still present to my Mind, and renders me insensible of Joy. If I were certain that Princess were dead, I might perhaps lose the Remembrance of her, as I did before, but the Uncertainty I am in as to her Fate, ever brings her fresh into my Memory, and nourishes my Grief.

The

*The Continuation of the History of
King Bedreddin Lolo.*

WHEN the Visier *Atalmulc* had done telling his Adventures, the King said, I am not surpriz'd that you are so Sorrowful: You have just Grounds for it. But every body has not like you lost a Princess; and you are in the wrong to think, that among all Mankind there is not one who is perfectly contented. You are in a great Error, and without mentioning others, I am satisfied, Prince *Seyfel Mulouk*, my Favourite, thinks himself entirely happy. I cannot tell, my Lord, replied *Atalmulc*; tho' he appears to be happy, I dare not affirm that he is really so. Well, says the King, I shall convince you of that presently; he then called the Captain of his Guards, and ordered him to seek for the Prince *Seyfel Mulouk*.

The Captain of the Guards did as he was ordered; the Favourite came to the King his Master's Apartment, who said to him, Prince, I would know whether you are contented with your Destiny. Ah, my Lord, replied the Favourite, can your Majesty put that Question to me? Though I am

a Stranger, I am respected in the City of *Damascus*. The great Lords make their Court to me; I am the Channel through which all Favours pass; in a Word, you love me. How can I fail of being happy? It imports me, replies the King, that you tell me the Truth. *Atalmulc* maintains, that there is no Man happy. I think, on the contrary, that you are so. Tell me if I am deceived, and if any hidden Sorrow spoils the Pleasure of the Fortune that I have made you. Speak your Mind. My Lord, replied *Seyfel Mulouk*, since your Majesty commands me to do it, I must tell you, that notwithstanding all your Goodness to me, notwithstanding the Pleasures that I am surrounded with, of which your Court is always full, I have a secret Disquiet which disturbs the Repose of my Life. I have a Worm in my Breast, that incessantly gnaws it; and what adds still to my Misery, it is without Remedy.

The King of *Damascus* was surprised to hear his Favourite talk so, and thought that he had also had some Princess taken from him. Tell me, says he, your Story: I doubt not there is some Lady in the Case, and am very much deceived if your Chagrin is not of the same Kind with *Atalmulc's*.

mulc's. Then *Bedreddin's* Favourite gave him the following Account of his Adventures.

*The History of Prince Seyfel
Mulouk.*

I Have already had the Honour to tell your Majesty I am the Son of *Asem Ben Se-fouan*, Sultan of *Egypt*, and the Brother of that Prince that succeeded him. When I was in my Sixteenth Year, I by Chance found the Door of my Father's Treasury open. I entered it, and looked about me very attentively on those Things that seemed rare to me; I particularly was mightily taken with a little Cedar Chest set with Pearls, Diamonds, Emeralds, and Topazes; it opened with a little Gold Key that was in the Lock. I opened it, and perceived a Ring of wonderful Beauty, with a little Gold Box, in which was a Woman's Picture.

The Features of it were so regular, the Eyes so lively, the Air so charming, that I thought at first it was a Picture drawn for Pleasure only. The Works of Nature, cried I, are not so perfect. What Honour does

does this do to the Pencil that drew it. I admire the Painter's Fancy, and an Imagination that could form so fine an Idea.

The Hundred and first Day.

I Could not take my Eyes off from this Picture; and what is more strange than all the rest, is, that I fell in Love with it. I thought it might perhaps be the Portrait of some living Princess; and the more I grew in Love with it, the more did I flatter my self it was so. I shut the Box, and put it in my Pocket, with the Ring, which I had a Mind also to steal. I then went out of the Treasury.

I had a Confident, called *Saed*. He was the Son of a great Lord of *Cairo*. I loved him. He was a few Years older than I. I told him my Adventure; he asked to see the Picture; I gave it him. He took it out of the Box, to see whether there was not something written on the back of it, that might inform us what I longed so much to know, I mean the Name of the Person who was painted there. We perceived in the Inside of the Box these Words, in *Arabic* Characters done round it, *Bedi al Jemal*, Daughter of King *Chabbal*.

I was charmed with this Discovery, and transported that I did not love an imaginary Object. I desired my Confident to inquire out this King *Chabbal*, and where he Reigned. *Saed* had Recourse to the most cunning Men of *Cairo*, but no body could tell him. So that I resolved to travel over all the World, but I would find him out; and never see *Egypt* again, till I had seen *Bedi al Jemal*. I prayed the Sultan, my Father, to let me go to the Court of the *Calaf* of *Bagdad*, to have a Sight of the Wonders to be seen there, which I heard much Talk of. He consented to it; and as I intended to travel *Incognito*, I did not take a great Train with me; I had no body but *Saed*, and some Slaves whose Zeal I had made Proof of.

I soon put the fine Ring I had taken out of the Box, on my Finger; and did nothing all the way, but talk with my Confident of the Princess *Bedi al Jemal*, whose Picture was never out of my Hands. When I arrived at *Bagdad*, and had seen all the Curiosities in that City, I demanded of the Learned; whether they could not tell me in what Part of the World one might find the Territories of King *Chabbal*; they replied they could not, but if it was
of

of Importance to me to know it, I need only be at the Trouble to go to *Basra*, where lived an old Man of an Hundred Three-score and Ten Years of Age, called *Padmanaba*, who was ignorant of nothing, and without doubt could satisfy my Curiosity.

I did not stay long after that at *Bagdad*. I went to *Basra*, and found out the old Man; who, as old as he was, had still a great deal of Vigour. My Son, said he smiling, what Service can I do you? Father, replied I, I would know where King *Chabbal* Reigns; it is of the last Consequence to me. I consulted some Learned Men at *Bagdad*, and they could give me no manner of Light in the Matter; they told me however, I might inform my self by you, both of that King, and his Kingdom. The old Man answered, Son, the Learned Men to which you applied your self, take me to be less ignorant than I am. I do not know exactly whereabout King *Chabbal's* Territories lie; I only remember to have heard some Travellers speak of him. If I am not mistaken, King *Chabbal* Reigned in an Island near that of *Serendib*; but it is a Conjecture only, and I may be mistaken.

I thanked *Padmanaba*, for having at least fixed a Place where I hoped I might know more of the Business I went about. I then resolved to go to *Serendib*. I embarked for that Island with *Saed* and my Slaves, on the Gulph of *Basra*, in a Merchant-ship bound for *Surat*. From *Surat* we went to *Goa*, where we heard there was a Ship bound for the Isle of *Serendib*, which was to sail in a few Days. We embarked upon that Ship, and set sail from *Goa* with so fair a Wind, that we made a great deal of Way the first Day. The second the Wind changed, and there rose a violent Storm; the Mariners gave us over for lost, and abandoned the Ship to the Wind and the Sea. Sometimes the Waves opened to swallow us up, and disclosed such a dreadful Abyfs, that we were almost dead of Fear; sometimes they lifted us to the Clouds. We were thus driven about by them several Days. But that which surprized us all, and was looked upon by us as a Miracle, was that we were not Shipwrecked. We at last cast Anchor at an Isle near the *Maldives*.

It was not very large, and seemed to be Desert. We prepared to go ashore to a thick Wood, which appeared to us to stand
in

in the middle of it; when an old Seaman, who knew very well the Coasts of *India*, told us, the Isle was inhabited by Negroes, who were Idolaters; and worshipped a Serpent, to whom they gave all Strangers that fell into their Hands, to be devoured; that instead of Landing there, we must put to Sea again, and gain the *Maldives* if possible. The Captain, who depended very much on this Sailor's Experience, doubted not of the Truth of what he said; and it was resolved that we should weigh Anchor the next Morning, as soon as it was Day, to get as far off as we could from so dangerous a Place.

This Resolution was wise enough, if we could have put it in Execution; but we had better have gone away immediately, and abandoned our selves to the Sea again. For in the middle of the Night we were on a sudden assaulted by a great Number of Negroes, who entered our Ship, loaded us with Irons, and carried us to their Habitations.

The Hundred and second Day.

DAY began to break, when after having crossed the Wood we saw the Day before, we came to the Horde of the Negroes. It consisted of a great many little Cabins made of Wood and Earth, in the middle of which was raised a great Pavilion of the same Materials, and this they called the King's Palace; we were led to it, and saw the King seated on a Throne made of Cockle-shells. He was a Negro of Gygantick Form, so ugly and frightful, that he looked rather like a Devil than a Man. The Princess, his Daughter, sat by him; she was about Thirty Years old, and was somewhat like her Father, both in Size and Visage.

One of the Principal Negroes that had taken us, made us do most profound Reverences to the black Monarch and his Daughter. He then gave an Account of his happy Expedition. The King having heard him with Pleasure, shewed he was very well satisfied with what he and his Companions had done. Then pointing to us with his Finger, he said to his Visier, Go, conduct those Prisoners to a Tent by themselves,

selves, and let one of them be every Day Sacrificed to the God we adore. The Viceroy obeyed him; we were led by him to a separate Tent, where we had some Rice, and other Provisions, brought us by his Order, that the Victims might be the fatter. The next Day two Negroes fetched one of our Companions, to deliver him to the Serpent. The Day after he did the same by another; and thus every Morning one of our Comrades was devoured by that Monster, till my Slaves, the Captain, the Pilot, and the Mariners, were all Sacrificed.

There remained only *Saed* and me; we were ready to submit to the same Fate, and expected that the Negroes would the next Morning part us for ever. Ah, my dear Prince, said my Confident, since we must both be Victims, pray Heaven at least that I may die before you, and may it not suffer me to see you led from me to Death: I could not bear it. Ah *Saed*, replied I, why wast thou the Companion of my Misfortunes? When infatuated with a senseless Passion, I left *Cairo* to search every where for an Object which I cannot perhaps meet with; or if I meet with, cannot obtain? why didst not thou leave me to perish alone? Thou wert against my

I 4

Senti-

Sentiments; I rejected thy wife Counsels. Is it just that thou shouldest die with a Man that would not hearken to thee? While we were spending our selves in these vain Complaints, the Negroes came, and addressing themselves to me, said, Follow us. At these Words I trembled, and turning to *Saed*, bade him Adieu for ever. We had not Strength to speak to one another, we were so seized with Fear and Grief. We were contented to express our selves by our Looks, which sufficiently shewed the Emotions of our Souls.

The Negroes led me to a huge Tent, where I thought I was to be sacrificed; but a Black Woman came up to me as soon as I entered it, saying, Take Courage young Man, you will not have the same Fate with your Companions; the Princess *Husnara*, my Mistress, has prepared a sweeter Destiny for you; I will tell you no more, for she herself is about to let you know your good Fortune. I am her Favourite Slave, and have Orders to introduce you into the most secret Place of this Pavillion, where she waits for you with Impatience. At these Words the two Negroes that had accompanied me, withdrew; and *Husnara's* Favourite Slave taking

taking me by the Hand, conducted me to a little Room where her Mistress was alone, sitting on a sort of Sofa, covered with the Skins of wild Beasts.

Her Complexion was of the Olive Kind; her Eyes lively, and very little; her Nose flat, her Mouth wide, her Lips very big, and her Teeth of an Amber Colour; her Hair short, very much frizzed, and blacker than Ebene. Instead of a Coif, she wore on her Head a plain Bonnet of Yellow Stuff, with a red Border, on which was a Plume of Feathers of several Colours; she had on her Neck a Collar of great Grains of *Talagaija*, Blue and Yellow; Her Robe was long, made of Tyger Skins, and reached from her Shoulders to her Feet. This Object was not likely to put *Bedi al Femal* out of my Head.

Come hither young Man, said she, as soon as she saw me; come, sit by me, I have something to tell you, that will comfort you for falling into the Hands of the King my Father. At this Discourse, continued she after I was sat down, thou oughtest to be impatient to know what I have to say to thee; it is excusable if thou art, because the Thing is the most important and most agreeable that could hap-

pen to thee. I took a Liking to thee the first Minute I saw thee, and will not only save thy Life, but make Choice of thee for a Lover. I will prefer thee to the greatest Lords of the Court, who are all charmed with my Beauty. Though I needed not have been surprized at this Confession of hers, since her Favourite Slave had sufficiently prepared me for it, yet I could not help being shocked at it. I abhorred the Thoughts of making her such an Answer as she desired, but was so afraid of exposing my self to her Rage, that I durst not speak my Mind freely. When she saw I made her no Reply, and was in Confusion, she said, Young Man, I do not wonder at thy Silence and Disorder; thou didst not expect that a young and handsome Princess should so demean her self, as to make thee Advances; and the Surprise that so much good Fortune must put thee into, ties up thy Tongue; but instead of being offended at thy Confusion, I am charmed with it. It is a kind Omen to my Love; and thy Silence, which without Doubt is a Token of the Excess of thy Joy, is more a Pleasure to me, than all the Acknowledgments thou couldst make me by Words. Saying this, she gave me one of her Hands

to kiss, as a Taste of further Pleasures which she kept in Store for me. She was so perswaded that no body could see her without loving her, that she took the Signs of Disgust which appeared in my Looks and Actions, for Tokens of Love. In the mean time, two Black Slaves came and spread Skins upon the Ground, upon which others presently laid Plates of Rice, and several kinds of Conserves of Honey. The Princess ordered me to lie down on the Skins, as she did, and to eat of her Provisions.

The Hundred and third Day.

I Did very little Honour to her Entertainment. She mightily importuned me to eat. What is the Matter, young Man, said she; have you no Stomach? how does it please me to see it. You have doubtless the more Love for it. You are so charmed with the Expectation of what I am willing you should hope for, that you think every Moment lost, and have not Patience to eat. However, continued she, as violent as your Desires may be, I cannot raise you to the highest Pitch of your Happiness till Night. I am going to the
King

King my Father, to pray him to spare your and your Comerade's Life, because *Mibra-fya*, my Favourite Slave, has taken a Liking to him.

She then rose, called for a Veil, and while she was preparing to appear before her Father, said, Young Man return to thy Tent; go to thy Companion, tell him he shall have the Happiness to possess my Favourite Slave; carry him that agreeable News; rejoyce both of you, and give Thanks to Fortune, which at the same Time that it saves you from the Misfortune of all your Fellows, procures you a delicious Life in the very same Place, where they suffered Death. As soon as it is Night I will send for thee to Sup with me, and we will be merry together.

I thanked the Princess *Husnara* for her Goodness to me, though I resolved rather to die, than to make any Use of it. A Negro was called to be my Conductor, and he carried me back to my Tent. One cannot express the Joy of *Saed* at the Sight of me again; it could not have been greater, had he at once found himself delivered out of the cruel Hands of the Negroes, and transported safely to *Egypt*. Ah, cried he, are you there, my dear Prince? I despaired

spaired of ever seeing my Master again; I thought the *Barbarians* had sacrificed you; and the fatal Serpent, to whom Error has here erected Altars, had devoured you. Is it possible that you are restored to me, and are come to dry up the Tears that I have been spilling for you?

Yes, *Saed*, said I; and am to tell you too, that my Safety depends on my self. I can, if I please, escape the Fate of all our Companions. Ah, my Lord, replied *Saed* interrupting me, may I give Faith to it? Shall I believe that you can avoid the Death that threatens us? What happy Tidings do you bring me? I tell you nothing but Truth, replied I; but you do not know at what Price I can save my Life; when you do, you will not be so transported with Joy; you will perhaps think me more to be pitied, than if I had already lost my Life. I then told him what had passed between me and the King of the Negroes Daughter.

I agree, said my Confident when he had heard me out, that it is not very pleasant to see ones self in the Arms of such a Lover. It is not without Reason that you are set against her; I am of your Opinion. But Life is a fine Thing. Consider, it is

a very Melancholy Business to be a Sacrifice at your Age. Put a Force upon your self, my Prince; give Way to Necessity. At this I cried out, O *Saed*, what Counsel is it you give me? Let us see if you are capable of following it your self. For I must tell you, you are in the same Case; The Princess's Favourite Slave has cast her Eyes upon you, and requires that you should love her; she is not handsomer than her Mistress. Do you find your self in any Disposition to make her the Returns she expects, for the Favour she intends you this Night?

Saed changed Colour at this Discourse; Heavens, what have I heard, cried he? Will the Favourite Slave save my Life, for me to devote it to her? Rather let the Negroes come and lead me to their Pagod. A thousand times let the Serpent devour me, before I answer her Caresses. So, so, *Saed*, replied I; you shew a great deal of Repugnance to a Lady who has a Kindness for you. You forget that Life is a fine Thing. As soon as you are to be compelled to love an horrible Object, Death loses all its Terrors with you; and yet you would have me be afraid of it. Confess now, it is not easie to master ones

Incli-

Inclinations, nor to shew Love to a Person, who has nothing about her but what is shocking: An Effort above the Strength of the most impetuous Youth. We had better both perish, than so debase our selves, to pretend Love for two Women, whom we cannot but hate and detest. My Confident's Sentiments being the same with mine, we thought of nothing but Death. We impatiently waited for Night, not for any Pleasure we promised our selves then, but to affront our Mistresses, and let them know with what Horror we thought of them. This was a new Thing for Lovers. We hoped by this Means to raise their Choler against us, and oblige them to put us to Death. We imagined, that if a Beautiful Woman who is slighted is carried to the greatest Extremities, we should not with Impunity offend two of the ugliest and cruellest Creatures in the World.

Night being come, a Negro Officer belonging to the Princess *Husnara* came to us, and said, Happy Slaves, prepare your selves to enjoy the sweetest of all Pleasures. Two tender Lovers wait your coming. Bless the Day, when the Fury of the Sea and the Winds threw you on these

these Coasts. We followed the Negro, without making him any Answer; but he might have seen by our Silence, that the Ladies who expected us, were not like to be very well pleased with us. Grief, or rather Despair, was painted in our Eyes. He conducted us to the Princess *Husnara's* Pavilion, where we were introduced to her. She was at Table with her Favourite Slave, both of them lying along on the Ground upon Skins. Come and sit by me, says *Husnara* to me, and let thy Companion place himself by *Mibrasfya*. There were several Dishes, of which they obliged us to eat, and Black Slaves served us plentifully with a Drink made of Corn, in Earthen Cups painted.

The Hundred and fourth Day.

THE Princess, to please me, was very free on her Part; and the same was *Mibrasfya* on hers, to please *Saed* also. This Freedom insensibly increased upon them so far, that we could not help letting them know they lost their Time. I said a thousand offensive things to *Husnara*, and my Confident had not more Gallantry than I.

Our

Our Discourse had a quick Effect. Our Ladies changed Countenance immediately; they looked furiously upon us, and the King of the Negro's Daughter cried, Ah Wretches, is this the Return you make me for my Favours? Do you forget how dangerous it is for you to provoke my Wrath? Ingrate, continued she, addressing her self to me, Canst thou with Indifference receive all these Marks of my Friendship? But why do I say with Indifference? Thou seemest to look on *Husnara* with Horror. What dost thou see in my Person, which begets thy Aversion? What Fault dost thou find with me?

Saying this, she turned to her Favourite. Tell me *Mihrafya*, do not flatter me, am I ugly, or ill-shaped? What irregular Features have I? In a Word, do I deserve to be despised by this young Stranger? Ah, my Princess, replied the Favourite Slave, there is not a Lady upon Earth, that is fit to be compared to you. Nothing is so perfect as your Beauty, nothing more free and more regular, than your Shape. This young Man must surely have lost his Senses, since he does not do Justice to your Charms. If you meet with an ungrateful Man, why should I wonder this other Stranger

ger has no more Liking to me. I cannot imagine how a Man can look on you without adoring you. Can this Youth behold you with Indifference? He ought to die of Love, or run mad at the Sight of you. That is true, replies the Princess. You are also very amiable your self, and your Favours not to be despised. I obtained their Reprieve of the King my Father, but they are unworthy of the Life I would have given them. They shall die. Call some of my Officers. Let them carry the Strangers to the Pagod, and deliver them to the Divinity we adore. *Mibrasya* undertook to call the Officers her self. She went for them, and returned in a little while, accompanied with two Negroes. Draw near, says the Princess; take these young Prisoners, and carry them to the Pagod. The Negroes were about to seize us, when in the very Instant she cried, Hold! I know not what Emotion agitates my Soul, and opposes the Death of these two Criminals. It is doubtless my Hatred, which is not satisfied with so light a Punishment. A quick Death is too great a Blessing for such Wretches. Let them both live, but let it be in Torment. Send them to the *Nab*, and let them grind Night and

and Day; such a painful Life will revenge me, better than their Death.

She then ordered the Negroes to conduct us to a Place in the Isle, where there were Hand-Mills, to set us to work, and never let us rest a Moment; which Orders were presently executed. We were carried to the Mills, and as if grinding all Day was not Work hard enough for us; they made us fetch such heavy Burthens of Wood, that we could scarce move under them, not being used to such hard Labour. The Negroes, who saw how we were spent by it, maliciously asked us if we had no Mind to grow amorous. This Question bringing into our Memories the Image of our Ladies, inspired us with fresh Vigour. We had rather stay at the Mill, than again have the Sight of them.

One Day these Negroes left us a great Quantity of Corn to grind, saying, We are going to the *Horde*, see that it be ground by that Time we return. When my Confident and I were by our selves, *Saed*, said I, now that our Enemies are gone, let us improve the Opportunity; let us get to the Sea-Side, perhaps we may find some Bark in which we may make our Escape, or may

see

196 *Persian* TALES.

see some Ship to take us Aboard, upon our making a Signal. I agree to it, my Prince, replied *Saed*; let us do what we can to get out of this fatal Isle. If Heaven does not help us so far, as to present us with some fair Occasion to fly from this Island, we will throw our selves into the Sea; and I believe it will be more pleasant to perish in the Waves, than to continue thus grinding at the Mill.

I was in the same Mind with my Confident. We got to the Sea-Side, which was not far off, and found there a Boat fastened to a Pole; it was a Negro Fisherman's, whose Dwelling was not far off. We immediately untied the Boat, and put to Sea, abandoning our selves to the Mercy of the Winds and the Waves.

The Hundred and fifth Day.

WE had scarce got our Oars in Hand, and were clear of the Shore, when we spied the Negro to whom the Boat belonged. He made a dreadful bellowing after us, when he found we were going off with it. He threatned us, but his Menaces and Howlings were all to no Purpose. We were got out to Sea, and lost Sight

Sight of the Island before Night. We thanked Heaven for our Deliverance, and were as glad as if we were arrived at some safe Port: Though we were upon the main Ocean, without Provisions, and the weak Vessel that carried us, was every Moment in Danger of sinking, yet we thought of nothing but our having escaped out of the Hands of the Negroes. We were not so much afraid of perishing by the Waters, as of being devoured by a Serpent.

After having sailed all Night at Random, we perceived next Morning, as soon as it was Day, a little Island. We made to it. The first thing we saw were several Trees loaden with fair Fruit, which bore the Branches to the Ground. It was the more welcome Sight, for that we began to have very good Stomachs. We gathered of them, eat them, and found they were excellent. Upon this a perfect Joy succeeded to the Terror the Negroes had put us into; and laughing at the very Things that had most terrified us, we fell a rallying each other on the Amours we had disdained. When we had refreshed our selves a little we tied our Boat to a Stake, and went up into the Isle. I never saw a more agreeable Place. It was full of Aloes Trees,
and

and other fine Wood, of all sorts of Fruit-Trees, of Springs, and beauteous Flowers.

What we were most surprized at was, that though this Isle was so commodious and pleasant, yet it appeared to be deserted. What means it, said I to *Saed*, that this Island is not inhabited? We are not, sure, the first that ever came hither. Others must have discovered it before us. Why is it abandoned? My Confident replied, Since no Body lives here, my dear Prince, it is a certain Sign that no Body can live here. There is something or other so inconvenient in it, that it is not to be inhabited. Ah, poor *Saed*, he little thought when he said it, that he was speaking so much Truth.

We spent the Day in rejoicing that we had got safe thither, and in walking up and down. When Night came, we reposed our selves on the Grass, which was enameled with a thousand Flowers of the finest Odour. We slept deliciously, but when I awoke, to my great Astonishment, I found my self alone. I called again and again upon *Saed*, but he made me no Answer. I arose to seek for him, and having gone over a good Part of the Isle, I returned

turned to the Place where we slept, imagining I might find him there. I in vain waited for him all that Day, and the following Night, and then despaired to see him any more. I made the Air resound with my Moans and Wailings. Ah my dear *Saed*, cried I, what is become of thee? while I had thee with me, thou helpedst me to bear the Burden of my ill Fortune. Thou didst sooth my Pains, by dividing them with me. By what ill hap, by what Incantment, am I robbed of thee? What Power, more cruel than the Negroes, has parted us? I had better have died with thee, than live here alone.

I could not comfort my self for the Loss of my Confident, and was puzzled to comprehend what could have befallen him. I grew desperate with my Grief, and resolved also to destroy my self in that Isle. I will go all over it, said I; I will find out *Saed*, or die. I then went to a Wood I had spied at some Distance, and coming to it, found in the middle of it a Castle, very well built, encompassed with broad and deep Ditches full of Water, with a Draw-bridge, which was down. I entered into a large Court, paved with white Marble, and advanced

vanced to the Gate of a very fine Building of Albes Wood. Several Birds were wrought upon it in *Basso Relievo*; and on the Gate was a great Brazen Lock, made in the Shape of a Lion, a Key was hanging to it by a Chain of Brass also; I put it into the Lock, and the latter broke like Glass. The Gate opened rather of its self, than by my unlocking it, at which I was extreemly surprized. I came within it to a Stair-Case of Black Marble, I mounted it, and first entered a great Hall, whose Furniture were Hangings of Silk, and Gold Tapisstry, and Brocade Sofas. Thence I went into a Chamber which was richly Furnished; but I did not mind that so much, as a young Lady whom I saw there. She was perfectly Beautiful, and her Beauty drew all my Attention. She lay on a great Sofa; her Head reclined on a Cushion. She was gorgeously Dressed, and near her stood a Table of Black Jasper; her Eyes were closed, and I had Reason to doubt whether she was living or not. I went up to her as softly as I could, and perceived that she breathed.

The

The Hundred and sixth Day.

I Stood some time looking upon her. She appeared to be as worthy of Love as any Lady I had ever seen; and I should have fallen in Love with her, had not *Bedi al Femal* ran still in my Mind. I longed mightily to know how I came to meet with a Lady alone in a Castle, in a Desert Isle, where I saw no Body. I heartily wished she would awake; but she slept so soundly, that I was loath to break her Rest. I left the Castle, with a Resolution to return to it some Hours after.

I walked up and down in the Island, and met a great Number of Animals, something like Tygers, but more hideous and fierce; I should have taken them for wild Beasts of Prey, had they not fled at the Sight of me. I met also with other wild Beasts who seemed to respect me, though they otherwise looked so fiercely, that one could not see them without being frightened. After having eat some Fruit, whose Beauty charmed me as much as their Taste, and taken a long Walk, I returned to the Castle where the Lady was still asleep. I could no longer forbear gratifying the De-

fire I had to speak to her; I made a Noise in the Chamber, and affected to Cough aloud, on Purpose to awake her; however, she did not stir; upon which I went up to her, took her by the Arm, and shook her enough to do what I intended, had there not been something extraordinary in the Matter. There must be some Enchantment in this, said I to my self; some Talisman keeps this Lady sleeping, and if it is so, it is impossible to awake her out of it. Despairing of effecting it, I was about to search the Castle all over, when I spied on the Marble-Table abovementioned certain Marks, which I took to be a *Talismanick* Scheme, and resolved to take away the Table; but I had scarce touched it, before the Lady gave a great Sigh, and awoke.

She was as much surprized to see me there, as I had been to see her. Ah young Man, says she, how could you get into this Castle? What did you do to overcome all the Obstacles that hinder Entrance into it, and are above Human Power to surmount them? I cannot think you are a Man; you are without doubt the Prophet *Elias*. No, Madam, said I, I am but a meer Man, and can assure you I was at no
 Trouble

Trouble to come hither. I found no manner of Difficulty in it; the Gate of the Castle opened as soon as I touched it. I got into this Apartment without any one opposing me. All the Trouble I have met with, was to awake you, which I could not easily accomplish.

I cannot give Credit to what you tell me, replied the Lady; I am so well satisfied, that it is impossible for Men to do what you have done, that I cannot believe, say what you will, that you are a meer Man. Madam, said I, I am perhaps something more than an ordinary Man. I had a King to my Father, yet still am but a Man. I have more Reason to think you your self are of some Species superior to mine. No, replies she, I am as well as you, of the Race of *Adam*. But I intreat you to tell me why you left your Father's Court, and how you came to this Island.

I did as she desired me; and told her plainly I was fallen in Love with *Bedi al Femal*, Daughter of King *Chabbal*, by looking upon her Picture; which, together with my Ring, I had concealed so well, that the Negroes never found them out. The Lady took the Picture, looked very attentively upon it, and said, I have

heard Talk of this King *Chabbal*. He Reigns in an Isle near *Serendib*. If his Daughter is as beautiful as her Picture, she deserves that you should love her with so much Passion. But one cannot depend upon the Portraits of Princesses. They are all generally painted as Beauties. Pray, continues she, finish your Story; which I did, and gave her a long Detail of all my Adventures. After which I entreated her to tell me hers, and she recited them to me as follows.

I am the only Daughter of the King of *Serendib*. As I was one Day with my Women in a Castle, which my Father has in the Neighbourhood of the City of *Serendib*, I took a Fancy to bath my self, in a white Marble Bason which was in the Garden. I undressed my self, and went into the Bason with my Favourite Slave. We were scarce in the Water, before there arose a great Wind. A Cloud of Dust gathered over our Heads, and out of the Cloud came on a sudden a huge Bird, that took me up in his Talons, and carried me away with him into this Castle; where changing immediately his Form, he appeared in that of a young *Genie*; Princess, says he, I am one of the most considerable *Genies* in the World.

World. As to Day I passed by the Isle of *Serendib*, I saw your Bathing, and was charmed at the Sight of you. Ah, what a lovely Princess is that, said I; it would be great Pity, that a Son of *Adam* should ever be happy in her. She deserves to be possessed by a *Genie*. Let me take her up and transport her into a Desert Isle. Therefore, Princess, forget the King your Father, and comply with my Desires. You shall want nothing in this Castle. I will take Care to provide for you every Thing you have Occasion for.

The Hundred and seventh Day.

WHILE the *Genie* was talking thus to me, I wept bitterly, and thus bemoaned myself: Ah, unhappy *Malika*! Is this the Fate that was reserved for thee? Has the King, thy Father, bred thee up with so much Care, to have the Affliction of losing thee in so cruel a Manner! Ah, he knows not what is become of thee; and his Grief will doubtless put an End to his Days. No, no, says the *Genie*, your Father will bear his Misfortune more patiently; And as for you, my Princess, I hope you will crown my Wishes, and yield to

the Tokens of my Love; of which I shall give you so many Proofs. Do not flatter your self, said I, with any such Hopes. I shall all my Life long have a mortal Aversion for my Ravisher. You will be of another Mind, replied he. You will accustom your self to see and converse with me. Time will have this Effect upon you. It will not, said I, do such a Miracle: It will rather increase my Hatred for you. Instead of appearing angry at what I said, the *Genie* smiled; and, satisfied that I should really accustom my self by little and little to hearken to him, he spared for nothing to please me. He went, I do not know where, to fetch some sumptuous Habits, which he gave me. He did his utmost to make me like him. But perceiving I was so far from thinking more kindly of him, that he became every Day more and more odious to me, he lost all Patience at last, and resolved to be avenged of me for despising him. He threw me by his Magical Power into that profound Sleep, in which you found me; and laid me along on the Sofa, in the same Posture as you saw, placing a Marble Table, on which there are *Talismanick* Characters, drawn out by himself, to keep me thus asleep, till the

End

End of Ages. He made Two more *Talisman*s, One to render this Castle invisible, and the Other to hinder the opening of the Gate. After which he left me in this Apartment, and went his Way. He returns from Time to Time, wakes me, and asks me whether I will at last become sensible of his Passion; and as I always persist in treating him roughly, he flings me again into the same profound Sleep, invented by him for a Torment to me.

In the mean while, my Lord, continued the Daughter of the King of *Serendib*, you have awoken me; you have opened the Gate of the Castle, which was not invisible to you. Have not I Reason to doubt whether or no you are a Mortal? I must tell you, it is a Wonder you are your self alive. I have heard the *Genie* say, there are wild Beasts in this Island, that devour all that come hither; which is the Reason it is uninhabited.

While the Princess *Malika* was talking thus, we heard a great Noise in the Castle. She listned to it, and we were both soon frighted with most terrible Outcries. Oh Heaven, says the Princess, we are lost for ever; it is the *Genie*, I know him by his Voice: You will be destroyed; nothing

can save you from his Fury. Ah unhappy Prince! what ill Fortune conducted you to this Castle? If you escaped the Cruelty of the *Negroes*, you can never, alas, escape the Barbarity of my Ravisher! I expected nothing but Death. Indeed what better Treatment could I look for? The *Genie* entered the Chamber all in a Rage. He carried an Iron Bar in his Hand; and his Body was of a prodigious Size. He trembled at the Sight of me: But instead of knocking me on the Head, or assuming a threatening Tone, he drew near, threw himself at my Feet, and spoke in these Terms: O Prince, Son of the King, command what you please, I am ready to obey you. I was surprized at this Discourse. I could not imagine why this *Genie* was so humble before me, and talked to me as if he was my Slave. He put an End to my Astonishment, by saying further, The Ring you have on your Finger, is the Seal of *Solomon*: Whoever is in Possession of it, cannot perish by Accident; he may cross the wide Ocean in the most stormy Weather, and need not to fear Winds or Waves: The wildest Beast of Prey cannot hurt him; and his Power over *Genies* is Sovereign. *Talismans*, and all sorts of Schemes

Schemes and Charms give Way to this wonderful Seal.

It is then, said I to the *Genie*, by virtue of this Ring, that I was not Shipwrecked. Yes, my Lord, replied he, it was that which saved you from the Beasts in this Isle. Tell me, if you know it, says I, what is become of my Companion, who came hither with me. I know the present and the past, replied the *Genie*, and must inform you, that your Companion was eaten by wild Beasts, who devoured him in the Night, as he lay by your Side. These Beasts of Prey are in great Numbers here, and render this Isle uninhabitable. However, they cannot hinder the Neighbouring People, and especially the Inhabitants of the *Maldives*, from coming every Year hither to cut Aloes, and other Wood; which they do thus: They come to this Island in Summer, and bring with them the swiftest Horses they have: They Land them, mount them, and ride about in all Places where the Wood they come for grows; when they spy any of these Beasts coming towards them, they throw great Pieces of Flesh to them, which they bring with them on Purpose; and while those Animals are employed in eating that Flesh, they mark the Trees that

are fit to be cut, and return Home. In Winter they come again, and cut down those Trees, not fearing the wild Beasts in that Season, when they never appear.

My Sorrow revived at hearing the sad Fate of *Saed*. I then demanded of the *Genie* where the Kingdom of King *Chabbal* lay, and if the Princess *Bedi al Femal* was living still. My Lord, replied he, there is in these Seas an Isle, where a King reigns, whose Name is *Chabbal*; but he has no Daughter. The Princess *Bedi al Femal* you speak of, was in Effect Daughter of a King called *Chabbal*, who lived in the Time of *Solomon*. Ah, cried I, is not *Bedi al Femal* then in the Land of the Living? No certainly, replies he, she was one of that great Prophet's Mistresses.

The Hundred and eighth Day.

Greatly was I mortified, when I heard that I loved a Princess who had been dead so many Ages. Mad that I was, cried I, why did I not ask the Sultan, my Father, whose Picture it was that I took out of his Treasury: He would have told me, what I now hear. What Trouble, what Fears had I avoided? Ought not I to have
stified

stified my Love in its Birth? Had I resisted it, never could it have gained such a Power over me: I had never left *Cairo*. *Sued* had been still alive. His Death was the Fruit of my Chimerical Notions. All my Comfort, Fair Princess, continued I, turning to *Malika*, is, that I can be useful to you. Thanks to my Ring, I am in a Condition to restore you to the King your Father.

At the same time I addressed my self thus to the *Genie*; Since I am so happy, as to be in Possession of the Seal of *Solomon*; since I have a Right to command *Genies*, Obey me: I order thee immediately to transport me and the Princess *Malika* to the Kingdom of *Serendib*, and set us down at the Gates of the Capitol. I obey you, my Lord, replied the *Genie*, as grievous as it is to me to part with the Princess. It is well for thee, says I, that I am contented with this Service only from thee. Thou dost deserve, for the Rape of *Malika*, that I should make use of all the Power the Seal of the Prophet gives me over *Rebellious Genies*, to chastise thee.

The *Genie* made no Answer to this. He disposed himself presently to do that I ordered him. He took the Princess and me
up

up in his Arms, and in a Moment transported us to the Gates of the City of *Serendib*. Is this all, said the *Genie* to me, you desire I should do for you? Have you nothing more to command me? I replied, No; and he vanished.

We went and lodged at the first Caravanserail we came to in the City. We consulted there whether we should write to Court, or I should go myself to acquaint the King of the Princess's Arrival. This last Method of informing him, was thought best: So I went to the Palace. It was built after a singular Manner, on Sixteen Marble Pillars, and one went up to it by a Stair-case of three hundred Steps of very fine Stone. I entred the first Hall, where the Guard was, and an Officer perceiving I was a Stranger, came up to me, demanding if I had any Business at Court, or came thither only out of Curiosity. I told him, I desired to speak with the King, about an Affair of very great Importance. The Officer carried me to the Grand Vifier, and he presented me to the King his Master.

Young Man, says the King, of what Country are you, and what brings you to *Serendib*? Sir, replied I, I was born in
Egypt;

Egypt; I have been absent from my Father these three Years; and have gone thro' many Misfortunes. I had scarce done speaking, but the King, who was a good-natured Man, burst out into Tears. Alas, said he, I am not a happier Man myself; I have lost my only Daughter; and after such a Manner, that it aggravates my Grief. My Lord, says I, my Business here was to bring you News of this Princess. What News, cried he, can you bring me? Can it be any other than that she is dead? You were doubtless the Witness of her deplorable End. No, no, replied I, she is still living; and this very Day shall you see her. Hah! where did you meet with her, says the King? Where was she hidden?

I then told him all my Adventures. I enlarged particularly on that of the Castle, and the *Genie*. He heard me hereon with the more Attention, the more he was interested in it. As soon as I had finished my Discourse, he embraced me. Prince, says he, (for I had discovered my Birth to him) how much am I indebted to you? I tenderly love my Daughter: You have restored her to me. What Amends can I make you! Let us go together, continues he, let us go to the Caravanserail, where
you

you left her. I dye of Impatience, to have my dear *Malika* in my Arms. Saying this, he ordered his Visier to cause his Litter to be got ready; which was done immediately. The King made me go into it with him; and attended by some Officers on Horseback, we both went to the Caravan-serail, where *Malika* impatiently waited for me. It is impossible to express their mutual Joy at the Sight of each other. After the King of *Serendib's* and the Princess his Daughter's first Transports were over, the Monarch desired *Malika* to give him a particular Account, how she was carried away, and afterwards of her Deliverance; which she did so handsomely, that her Father was extreamly pleased with it. She gave him to understand, that she had happily saved her Virtue from the Insolence of the Ravisher; and had not carried her Gratitude to her Deliverer too far. The King expressed himself very sensible of my Moderation and Generosity.

We returned all to the Palace; where a Magnificent Apartment was allotted me. The King ordered Publick Prayers, to give Thanks to Heaven for the Return of the Princess. The Thanksgiving Day was celebrated with great Rejoicings. There
was

was a Sumptuous Feast at Court. All the Nobility of the Island were invited to it. There was Abundance of good Cheer, and the King was very prodigal of his *Azeka*.

The Hundred and ninth Day.

THE King of *Serendib* caressed me in an extraordinary Manner. He took me to hunt with him. I was always made One in his Diversions. He insensibly took such a Liking to me, that he said to me one Day, My Son, it is Time to discover to you a Design I have in my Head. You have restored my Daughter to me. You have brought Comfort to an afflicted Father. I would discharge my self of my Obligations to you. Be my Son-in-Law, and the Heir to my Crown. I thanked the King for his Favour, and begged him not to take it ill, that I refused the Honour he intended me. I told him the Reason that made me leave *Cairo*. I confessed I could not help being still in Love with the Image of *Bedi al Femal*, tho' it was to no Purpose. Would you, added I, dispose of your Daughter to a Man who has no Heart to give her? Ah, my Lord, the Princess *Malika* deserves a better Fate. How then, replied he, can I
make

make you Amends for the Service you have done me? Sir, says I, I am sufficiently paid. Your Majesty's kind Reception of me, and the Pleasure I take in delivering the Princess of *Serendib* out of the Hands of the *Genie*, is Recompence enough for me. All the Return I desire of your Majesty is, a Ship to transport me to *Basra*.

The King granted my Request. A Ship was presently fitted out, and loaden with all Sorts of Provision for my Use, with Orders to sail when I thought fit. However, he detained me some time at his Court, and told me every Day he was sorry I would not stay at *Serendib*. I took Leave of the King, and the Princess, who gave me a thousand Marks of Esteem and Friendship, and embarked for *Basra*. We met with several Storms in the Voyage, which put us in Danger of our Lives. But the Virtue of my Ring preserved us. We at last arrived at our wished-for Port: From whence I proceeded to *Cairo*, with a Caravan of *Egyptian* Merchants.

I found great Alterations at Court. My Father was dead, and my Brother upon the Throne. The new Sultan received me at first like a Man that had a Brotherly Affection for me. He assured me, he was
very

very glad to see me; telling me, that a few Days after my Departure, my Father being in his Treasury, had by Chance opened the little Chest, in which was the Seal of Solomon, and the Picture of *Bedi al Jemal*; but finding they were gone, he suspected I had carried them off with me. I confessed the whole Truth to my Brother, and restored the Ring to him.

He seemed to be mightily concerned for my Misfortune, and admired the Oddness of my Destiny. He pitied me; and his Compassion soothed my Griefs. But all his Pity was affected. The very first Day of my Arrival, he caused me to be shut up in a Tower; whither at Night he sent an Officer, who had Orders to take away my Life. But that Officer had more Mercy than his Master, and said, Prince, the Sultan your Brother has commanded me to murder you. He is afraid that you may grow in Love with Empire, and raise Commotions in his Territories. His cruel Prudence would sacrifice you to his Safety. It is well for you, he applied himself to me. He imagined I would execute his barbarous Orders; and expects me to return to him covered with your Blood. Ah, let my Hand rather spill my own. Fly, Prince,

Prince; your Prison-Door is open: Take Advantage of the Darkness of the Night. Fly from *Cairo*, and do not stop till you are in a Place of Safety.

After having returned that generous Officer the Thanks that were due to him, I fled, and abandoned myself to Providence. I hastened as fast as I could out of my Brother's Territories; and was so happy as to arrive safe in yours, my Lord, where in your Court I found the *Asylum* I sought.

*A Continuation of the History of
Bedreddin Lolo and his Visier.*

PRINCE *Seyfel Muluk* having finished the History of his Adventures, addressed himself thus to the King of *Damascus*; This, my Lord, is what your Majesty desired to know of me. I leave it to you to judge whether I am perfectly happy. My Head is fuller than ever of *Bedi al Femal*. I in vain represent to myself every Moment the Extravagance of being in Love with a Lady that is not in being; but I cannot overcome the Power her Picture has over me. She reigns still in my Heart. *Bedreddin* had no Notion of so singular a Passion. He asked his Favourite, if he had

Bedi

Bedi al Jemal's Picture still by him. Yes, my Lord, replied *Seyfel Mulouk*, I always carry it about me. Saying this, he pulled it out of his Pocket, and shewed it to the King. That Monarch mightily admired it. The Daughter of King *Chabbal*, says he, was a Charming Princess. I approve very much of the Passion *Solomon* had for her: But your Love is very Extravagant. Sir, says the Sorrowful Visier, your Majesty may see by Prince *Seyfel Mulouk's* Story, that all Men have their Troubles; and none are born to be perfectly happy in this World. I am not of your Mind, replied the King; I have a better Opinion of Humane Nature; and am satisfied there are Persons whose Rest is never disturbed by Cares.

The Hundred and tenth Day.

THE King of *Damascus* would needs convince his Visier, that there were some Men very well contented with their Fate; and said to his Favourite, Go you into the City, look into the Tradesmens Shops, and bring me him who seems to you to be most gay. *Seyfel Mulouk* obeyed, and returned to *Bedreddin* some Hours after.

after. Well, says that Monarch, have you done what I ordered you? Yes, replied the Favourite; I passed by several Shops, I found all sorts of Artificers singing over their Work, and they appeared to me to be fully satisfied with their Condition. Among others, I took notice of a young Weaver, called *Malek*, who laughed aloud with some of his Neighbours. I stepped and said to him, Friend, you seem to be very Gay. It is my Humour, replied he; I do not give way to Melancholy. I asked his Neighbours if he was really always of such a pleasant Temper. They all assured me, he never left off laughing from Morning to Night. I then bid him follow me, and I have brought him to the Palace; he is in your Apartment, will you have me introduce him into your Closet; Bring him in, says the King, I must talk to him here.

Seyfel Mulouk fetched him immediately. He was a jolly handsome Man; and as soon as he saw the King, he fell at his Feet. Rise, *Malek*, says that Monarch, and tell me truly if you are really as contented as you appear to be? They say, you never leave off laughing from Morning to Night, and are always singing at your Work. You
pass

pass for the happiest of all my Subjects, and we have reason to think you are so. Inform me, if we judge wrong of you, and whether you are indeed satisfied with your Condition: It is a thing that I want to know, and require of you to speak freely without any manner of Disguise.

Great King, replied the Weaver, may the Days of your Majesty last as long as the World, and may you enjoy a thousand Pleasures without any mixture of Sorrow. Excuse your Slave to satisfy your Curiosity. If we are forbidden to lie before Kings, it must also be owned, that there are certain Truths which ought not to be revealed. I can only tell you, that the World is mistaken in me. Notwithstanding my Laughter, and my Songs, I am perhaps the most miserable of all Men. Be pleased, Sir, not to require me to explain my self further, nor to enter into the Detail of my Misfortunes. Why, replied *Bedreddin*, are you afraid to acquaint me with your Adventures? Are they a Dishonour to you? No, Sir, says the Weaver; they would be an Honour to the greatest Prince; but I have resolved to keep them secret. *Malek*, says the King, you provoke my Curiosity, and I command you
to

to satisfy it. The Weaver had nothing to say to excuse himself after this, and began the History of his Life as follows.

The History of Malek, and the Princess Schirine.

I Am the only Son of a rich Merchant of *Surat*. A little after his Death, I consumed the best Part of the Estate he left me; and the Remainder was almost gone, when a Stranger, who as he said was going to the Isle of *Serendib*, by Chance came one Day to dine with me. The Conversation turned upon Travels: Some talked of their Usefulness, others of their Pleasures, and others also of their Perils. Some of the Company who had travelled gave us an Account of their Voyages, and the curious Things they had seen. This secretly excited in me a Desire to travel; and the Dangers they said there were in Voyages, did not hinder my resolving upon it. After having heard them all, One cannot, said I, hear talk of the Pleasure there is in travelling over the World, without longing to put it in Experiment. But the Perils to which a Traveller is exposed, make me that I do not much care to see Foreign

reign Countries. If, added I smiling, one could go from one end of the World to the other, without meeting any Disasters by the way, I would leave *Surat* to Morrow. At these Words, which made all the Company laugh, the Stranger said, My Lord *Malek*, if you have a mind to travel, and are only hindred by the Fear of meeting Robbers on the Road, I will put you in a Way how to go safely from one Country to another. I thought he jested; but when we had dined, he took me aside, and told me he would come to me next Morning, and would shew me something that was very singular. He was as good as his Word. He came the next Day; I will perform my Promise, said he to me, but it will take up two or three Days. What I am to shew you, is a Work that cannot be done presently; send one of your Slaves for a Joyner, and let them bring with them two Planks; which was done immediately.

The Hundred and eleventh Day.

WHEN the Joyner and the Slave were come to us, the Stranger bid the former make a Chest of six Foot long
and

and four broad. The Joyner presently went to Work. The Stranger on his Part was not Idle: He made himself several Parts of the Machine, as Screws, and Springs. They both laboured at it all Day, and then the Joyner was dismissed. The next Day the Stranger put the disjointed Pieces in order, placed the Screws and Springs; and the third Day he perfected the Work. He covered the Chest with *Persian* Tapestry, and had it carried into the Country; whither I went with him. Send your Slaves back, says he, and let you and I stay here by our selves; I do not care to let any one but your self see what I am going to do. I had my Slaves return Home, and remained alone with the Stranger: I was impatient to know what he would do with the Machine. He got into it. As soon as he was in it, the Chest flew up into the Air with incredible Swiftneſs. He was out of Sight in a Moment, and a Moment after descended at my Feet.

I cannot expreſs how this Prodigy ſurprized me. You ſee, ſays the Stranger coming forth of the Machine, an eaſy way of travelling; and you may be ſure, that if you travel after that rate, you will not

be

be robbed by the way. This is the Method I had to shew you, for your Travel-ling with Safety. I make you a Present of this Chest, and if ever you have a Mind to see strange Countries, you may use it. Do not think, continued he, there is any Conjuring in what you see. It is not done by the Virtue of Cabalistic Words, or Talismanick Schemes, that the Chest flew in the Air. Its Motion is produced by that ingenious Art, which teaches the Power of Motion. I am Master of Mechanicks, and can make Machines still more surprizing than this.

I thanked the Stranger for so rare a Present, and in Return gave him a Purse full of Sequins. Teach me, said I, what is to be done to put this Chest in Motion. You will learn that immediately. At these Words he made me enter the Chest with him. He then touched one of the Springs, and we presently flew up into the Air. He then shewed me how to guide it. When you turn this Screw, says he, you go to the Right; when you turn that, to the Left. Touch this Spring, and you mount; touch that, and you descend. I made a Tryal of it my self. I turned the Screws, and touched the Springs. In effect, the Chest

VOL. II. L obeyed

obeyed my Hand, and went as I pleased, faster or slower. After having made several Caracols in the Air, we turned our Machine towards my House, and descended in my Garden; which we did with Ease, having taken off the Tapestry Cover; and we knew the way by the Holes that were in the Chest, as well to let in the Air, as for to look about. We were at my House before my Slaves, who were amazed to see us returned. I caused the Chest to be locked up in my Apartment as carefully as might be, and the Stranger left me, as well pleased with me, as I was with him. I continued spending my Estate with my Friends, till it was all gone. I then borrowed, and in a very little while found my self so burthened with Debts, that I could not stand it. As soon as it was known in *Surat* that I had spent my Fortune, I lost all my Credit. Nobody would lend me, and my Creditors were very pressing to have their Mony. Finding there was no other way left for me to rid my self of them, I had recourse to my Chest; I drew it one Night out of my Apartment into my Court-yard; I put some Provisions into it, together with a little Mony; got into it my self, touched the Spring

Spring that made the Machine mount, turned one of the Screws, and in a Moment was far enough from *Surat*, and my Creditors; out of Sight, and out of Fear of them or their Serjeants.

I made the Chest go all Night as fast as I could, and thought I outstripped the Winds. At Day-break I looked out of a Hole, to see whereabouts I was. I saw nothing but Mountains, Precipices, a barren Country, and a frightful Desert. Look where I would, I could see no Appearance of an Habitation. I went on in my airy Flight all Day, and the following Night. The next Day I found my self over a Wood, near which was a pretty good City, situated in a very large Plain. I stopped to take a view of the City, and a Palace that stood at the Extremity of the Plain. I passionately desired to know where I was, and considered which way I might satisfy my Curiosity. At last I spied a Peasant a digging. I descended into the Wood. I left my Chest there, and went up to the Labourer, of whom I asked what was the Name of the City. Young Man, says he, one may know you are a Stranger, since you cannot tell that this is the City of *Gazna*, where dwells the just and valiant

228 *Persian* TALES.

King *Babaman*. And who lives, says I, in the Palace at the Extremity of the Plain? The King of *Gazna*, replied he, built it to enclose the Princess *Schirine* his Daughter, who is threatned by her Horoscope to be betrayed by a Man. *Babaman*, to frustrate this Prediction, has erected that Royal Mansion of Marble, encompassed with deep Ditches full of Water. The Gate is of *China* Steel; and besides that, the King keeps the Key; there is a numerous Guard watching Night and Day, to defend the Entrance to Men. The King goes to see his Daughter once a Week; he then returns to *Gazna*. All *Schirine's* Company in that Palace, is a Governante with some Maiden Slaves.

The Hundred and twelfth Day.

I Thanked the Peasant for the Information he had given me, and directed my Steps towards the City. When I was just come to it, I heard a great Noise, and soon after saw several Horsemen richly dressed, all mounted on very fine Horses with very rich Caparisons. In the middle of this stately Cavalcade, was a tall Man with a Crown on his Head, his Vest all over set with

with Diamonds; which made me conclude he was the King of *Gazna*, going to see the Princess his Daughter; and when I came into the City, I found I was not out in my Conjecture.

After I had been all over the Town, and satisfied my Curiosity there, I remembered my Chest; and tho' I had left it in a safe Place, could not be easie for it. I went out of the City, and was impatient till I saw it remained in the same Place where I got out of it. That gave me Ease again. I eat some of my Provisions with a good Appetite, and Night coming on, resolved to pass it in the Wood. I did not question but I should sleep soundly there, for I was not much troubled, either about my Creditors, or my present Circumstances. But for all that I could not close my Eyes. What the Peasant told me of the Princess *Schirine* ran still in my Mind. Is it possible, said I, that *Bahaman* should be afraid of a foolish Prediction? Was it necessary to build a Palace, to shut up his Daughter? Was she not safe enough in his own? If the Astrologers, on the other Hand, can indeed look into Futurity; if they read what shall come to pass in the Stars; it is in vain for him to think of e-

cluding their Predictions. They must necessarily be accomplished. All the Precautions that Prudence can take, cannot divert the Blow that Heaven has destined for us. Since the Princess of *Gazna* is to fall in Love with a Man, it is in vain to pretend to guard her against it.

Thus did I argue with my self, representing *Schirine* to my Mind, fairer than all the Ladies I had ever seen at *Surat* and *Goa*; where, however, I had seen a great Number of very Fair Ones, who had not a little contributed to my Ruin. I therefore resolved to tempt my Fortune. Let me, said I to my self, transport my Chest and me to the Princess's Palace, and endeavour to get into her Apartment. Perhaps I may have the good Fortune to please her. Perhaps I am the Mortal whom the Astrologers have foretold shall be so happy, as to obtain the Favour of *Schirine*.

I was young, and consequently inconsiderate. I wanted not Courage. I suddenly formed this rash Design, and as suddenly executed it. I flew up into the Air, and guided my Chest towards the Palace. The Night was as dark as I could wish. I passed over the Soldiers Heads, without being perceived by the Guard who were posted round

round the Ditch. I descended on the top of the Palace, at a Place where I saw Light. I got out of my Chest, and slipped in at a Window, opened to let in the Air. It belonged to an Apartment richly furnished, where the Princess *Schirine* rested on a Brocade Sofa. She appeared to me to be wonderfully charming. I thought her much beyond the Idea I had conceived of her. I approached her, to contemplate her Beauty, and could not look on her without Rapture. I kneeled down by her, and kissed one of her fair Hands. She waked at the Touch, and seeing a Man by her in that Posture, she cried out; upon which the Governante, who lay in the next Chamber, ran in. *Mahpeiker*, says she, come and help me. Here is a Man; how came he into my Apartment? Or rather, are not you an Accomplice in his Crime? Who I! said the Governante. How do you wrong me with this Suspicion? I am not less amazed than your self at the Rashness of this Youth! Besides, grant that I was a Confederate of his, how could I deceive the Vigilance of the Guard about the Palace? You know also there are twenty Gates of Steel to be opened, before he comes here: That the Royal Seal is on

every Lock, and that the King your Father keeps the Keys. I cannot comprehend how this young Man could surmount all these Difficulties.

While the Governante was talking thus, I studied what I should say; and it came into my Head, to perswade them I was the Prophet *Mahomet*. Fair Princess, said I to *Schirine*, be neither you nor *Mahpeiker* surprized at my appearing here. I am not one of those Lovers who are prodigal of their Gold, and make Use of all sorts of Artifices to come at the Enjoyment of their Wishes. I have no Desire, that ought to alarm your Virtue. Far from any Criminal Thought, I am the Prophet *Mahomet*. I could not without Pity see you condemned to pass all your Life in a Prison, and am come to give you my Promise, that I will defend you from the Effects of the Prediction, of which your Father *Babaman* is afraid. Be both of you hereafter assured, that your Fate will be full of Glory and Happiness, since you shall be Wife of *Mahomet*. As soon as your Marriage is known in the World, all the Kings of it shall fear the Father-in-Law of the great Prophet, and all the Princesses envy your Destiny.

The Hundred and thirteenth Day.

*S*Chirine and the Governante looked on one another, while I was speaking, as if to consult what they should think of it; I own I had Reason to fear they would give no Credit to me. But Women are apt to give into any Thing that is wonderful. *Mahpeker* and her Mistress believed what I said. They took me to be *Mahomet*, and I imposed upon their Credulity. After having passed the best Part of the Night with the Princess of *Gazna*, I left her Apartment before Day, not without promising to return the next. I got into my Machine again as soon as possible, and flew very high into the Air, that I might not be perceiv'd by the Soldiers. I descended into the Wood, left my Chest there, and went into the City to buy Provisions for eight Days together; with some fine Cloaths, a rich Turbant, an embroidered Girdle, Essences and Perfumes. I laid out all my Money in these Purchases, not troubling my self for the future. I could not imagine I should ever want, after such a pleasant and glorious Adventure.

I stayed all Day in the Wood, very busie in dressing my self out, and perfuming my self. As soon as it was Night I entered my Chest, directed it to the Princess's Apartment; and descending at the same Place I did before, I got into it as I did then. She gave me to understand she expected me with a great deal of Impatience. Oh, great Prophet, said she, I began to be in Pain, and was afraid you had already forgot your Spouse. Ah, my dear Princess, replied I, could you suffer any such Fear to possess you? Since I have given you my Promise, ought not you to be satisfied that I shall love you for ever? But tell me, says she, how comes it you have so young a Look? I always took the Prophet *Mahomet* to be a venerable old Man. You are in the right, replied I; that's the Idea People should have of me; and if I should appear before you, as I sometimes appear to the Faithful, whom I condescend to do that Honour to, you would see me with a long Beard, and bald Head. But I thought you would like a Figure not so superannuated, wherefore I assumed the Form of a young Man. The Governante, to have a Share of the Conversation, said I had done well; and that when

a Person would act the Part of a Husband, he cannot be too agreeable.

I left the Palace before Day, for fear it might be discovered that I was a false Prophet. I returned the next Day, and managed my self always so dexterously, that *Schirine* and *Mahpeker* did not so much as mistrust there was any Deceit in it. It is true, the Princess by Degrees became so favourable to me, that it contributed very much to make her believe whatever I said to her. For when one is prepossessed with a good Opinion of a Person, one does not easily suspect his Sincerity.

Some Days after the King of *Gazna*, attended by his Officers, came to the Princess his Daughter's Palace; and finding the Gates very fast, and his Seal on the Locks, he said to his Visers who accompanied him, Every Thing is as it should be; while the Gates of this Palace are in this State, I shall not be much afraid of the Mischief with which my Daughter is threatened. He went alone to *Schirine's* Apartment. His Daughter was sorry he was come; he perceived it, and would know the Cause of it. His Curiosity increased the Princess's Trouble, and finding her self obliged to satisfy him, she told him
all

all that had passed. Your Majesty, Sir, will imagine the Surprize King *Bahaman* was in, to hear he was the Father-in-Law of *Mahomet*, without knowing any Thing of the Matter. Ah, what an Absurdity is here, cried he? How credulous you are, Daughter! Oh Heaven, I now see it is to no Purpose to strive to avoid the Evils thou hast in Store for us. *Schirine's* Horoscope is fulfilled; a Traytor has seduced her. Saying this, he flung out of the Princess's Apartment, and searched the Palace all over from top to bottom. But he searched every where in vain: He could see no Footsteps of the Seducer. His Amazement redoubled upon it; Which way, said he, could the audacious Man enter the Castle? I cannot conceive how he could do it. He then called his Visers and Confidants; they ran at his Call, and were frighted to see how he was disturbed. What is the Matter, Sir, says his Prime Minister, you seem thus discomposed? What Misfortune is the Occasion of the Trouble which appears in your Looks? The King told them what he had learned, and asked their Advice upon it. The Grand Visier spoke first, saying, the pretended Marriage might be true, though
it

it had all the Appearance of Fable. That there had been mighty Houses in the World, who made no Scruple of attributing their Origin to such like Events; and for his Part, he looked on the Commerce the Princess said she had had with *Mahomet*, as a Thing very possible.

The other Vifiers, out of Complaisance perhaps to him who said this, were all of the same Opinion; except one, who spoke thus against it. I am surprised to hear Men of Sense give Credit to so senseless a Report, to a Thing so incredible. Can wise Men think our great Prophet would seek a Wife upon Earth, when he is in Paradise, surrounded with the most beautiful *Houris*. It is not to be believed; and instead of hearkening to such a ridiculous Story, if I were to advise his Majesty, it should be to look to the bottom of this Affair. I am satisfied, if he did, he would soon find out the Cheat, who under a Sacred Name has the Impudence to seduce the Princess.

Though *Bahaman* was naturally credulous enough, though he looked upon his Prime Minister as a Man of great Judgment, though he saw his other Vifiers did give into the Opinion of their Chief; yet he

he resolved to do as he who spoke last had advised him, to find out the Truth; but to do it prudently, and endeavour himself to discourse the pretended Prophet, without Witnesses. He therefore ordered his Courtiers to return to *Gazna*; Go, said he, I will stay by my self this Night in the Castle with my Daughter; go you back, and come again to me here to Morrow. They all obeyed the King's Order. They returned to the City, and *Bahaman* examined his Daughter over and over about this Business, waiting till it was Night. He asked if I eat with her. No, my Lord, said his Daughter. I in vain offered him Meat and Drink. He would touch nothing every Time he came here. Tell this Adventure again, replied he, and do not conceal any Particular. *Schirine* gave him a new Detail of it, and the King weighed all the Circumstances as she told it him.

The Hundred and fourteenth Day.

AS soon as it was Night, *Bahaman* sat down on a Sofa, and ordered Tapers to be lighted, and set before him on a Marble Table. He drew his Sabre, to make Use of it, if it was necessary; and to wash off
the

the Stain done his Honour, with my Blood. He waited impatiently for my Coming, and I doubt not he was very uneasie till I came.

It happened that Night that it Lightened very much. A Flash broke upon the King, and made his Eyes dazzle. He went to the Window where *Schirine* said I was to enter, and perceiving the Sky to be as it were all on Fire, he was mightily disturbed at it. Though what he saw was very Natural, he did not look on those Meteors as the Effects of some Exhalations which enflamed the Air; he thought these Flashes denounced the Descent of *Mahomet*, and that the Sky was so Luminous, by opening its Gates to let out the Prophet.

In this Disposition of the King I might very safely venture my self before him. Instead of being in a Rage when I appear'd at the Window, he was seized with Awe and Fear. He let his Sabre fall; he fell prostrate at my Feet, kissed them, and said, Oh great Prophet, what am I, and what have I done, to deserve the Honour of being your Father-in-Law? I judged by this, the Princess had told the King all that had passed, and found that the good

Baba-

Babaman was as easily to be imposed upon as his Daughter.

I was glad I had not to do with one of those cunning Men, who might by their subtle Questions have embarrassed the Prophet; and taking Advantage of his Meekness, said, Oh King, you are of all the *Musulman* Princes the most zealous for my Sect, and consequently he whom I most like. It was written on the fatal Table, that your Daughter should be seduced by a Man; which your Astrologers very well discovered by the Lights of Astrology. But I prayed the most High to spare you that mortal Displeasure, and take off that Misfortune from the Predestination of Humans; which he was willing to do for my Sake, on Condition *Schirine* became one of my Wives; to which I consented, to recompence the good Deeds you have been doing all your Life-time.

The King of *Gazna* was so prepossessed in my Favour, that the weak Prince believed every Word I said to him; and charmed with the Thought of being allied to the Prophet, he threw himself a second Time at my Feet, to shew the Sense he had of my Goodness. He could not in his Opinion find out Terms strong enough

to express his Gratitude. I raised him as I had done before; and the good King thinking it was decent for him to leave me alone with his Daughter, withdrew into another Chamber.

I stayed some Hours with *Schirine*; but whatever Pleasure I took in her Conversation, I minded too how the Time passed. I was afraid of being surprized by Day-light, and that my Chest would be perceived on the top of the House; wherefore I went away a little before it was Morning, and returned to the Wood.

Early the next Day, the Visier and Courtiers came to the Princess's Palace. They asked the King, whether he had received any further Satisfaction in the Matter. Yes, says he, all I could desire. I have seen and spoke to the great Prophet my self. He is my Daughter's Husband. Nothing is more certain. At these Words the Visier and Courtiers turned towards him, who had declared against the Possibility of this Marriage, and condemned him for his Incredulity; but he was still of the same Mind. He persisted in it with Obstinacy, whatever the King could say to perswade him that *Mahomet* had married *Schirine*. *Bahaman* had much ado to keep himself from falling

ling into a Passion with this incredulous Courtier, who became the Jest of the Council.

A new Incident happened the same Day, which confirmed the other Vissiers in their Opinion. As they were returning to the City with their Master, they were overtaken by a Storm in the Plain. It thundered and lightened in an extraordinary Manner, and it chanced that the incredulous Courtier's Horse threw him, he was so frightened. He broke his Leg in the Fall. This Accident was looked upon as the Effect of the Wrath of Heaven. Ah Wretch, cried the King, see what thy Obstinacy comes to; thou wouldest not believe me, and the Prophet has punished thee.

The wounded Man was carried Home; and no sooner was *Bahaman* returned to his Palace, than he caused Proclamation to be made at *Gazna*, that he would have Festivals celebrated in Honour of *Schirino's* Marriage with *Mahomet*. I went that Day to the City, where I was told this News, and the Accident of the Courtier's falling off his Horse. It is not to be imagined how Credulous and Superstitious the People were. Publick Rejoycings were made, and nothing heard but Acclamations of
Long

Long live *Bahaman*, Father-in-Law of the Prophet.

As soon as it was dark, I returned to the Wood, and conveyed myself as usual to the Princess *Schirine's* Palace. Fair Princess, said I, when I entered her Apartment, you don't know what happened in the Plain to Day. A Courtier who made a Question whether *Mahomet* was your Husband, has paid for it severely: I raised a Storm, which frightened his Horse. The Courtier fell, and broke his Leg. I did not think fit to carry my Vengeance farther: But I swear by my Tomb which is at *Medina*, that if any one hereafter shall presume to make a Doubt of your Happiness, it shall cost him his Life. After having spent some Hours with the Princess, I retired.

The next Day the King assembled his Vissiers and Courtiers; Let us go, said he to them, and beg Pardon of *Mahomet*, for the Wretch that refused to believe me, and has received the Punishment of his Incredulity. The King mounted on Horseback, and went to the Princess's Palace. He was attended by his Courtiers and Vissiers; and himself opened the Gates, which he had the Day before sealed up with his own Seal.

Seal. He went directly to his Daughter *Schirine's* Apartment, and said to her, *Schirine*, we are come to pray you to interceed with the Prophet, for a Man that has drawn down his Wrath upon him. I know it, my Lord, very well, replied the Princess; *Mahomet* has acquainted me with it. Then she repeated what I had told her the Night before; and informed them, that I had sworn to extirminate all those that doubted of her Marriage with the Prophet.

The Hundred and fifteenth Day.

WHEN the good King *Babaman* heard this Discourse, he turned to his Vassals and Courtiers, saying, If we had not already given Credit to what we have seen and heard, could we now any longer question whether *Mahomet* is my Son-in-Law. You see he has himself told my Daughter, that he raised the Storm, to punish an incredulous Man. All the Ministers and others, were satisfied she was the Prophet's Wife. They fell down on their Faces before her, and humbly prayed her to mediate with me for the wounded Courtier; which she promised to do.

In

In the mean while, I had eat up all my Provisions, and spent all my Money. The Prophet *Mahomet* was reduced to as low a State of Want, as ever Man was, that had asked Aims. To relieve me, I thought of this Expedient; My Princess, said I one Night to *Schirine*, we have forgotten one Formality in our Marriage; you have given me no Dower; and that Omission is an Uneasiness to me. Ah, my dear Husband, replied she, I will speak to my Father of it to Morrow; and he will without Doubt send me all his Riches. No, no, said I; there is no need of speaking to him: I do not mind Wealth. Riches are of no Use to me. It is sufficient if you give me some of your Jewels. *Schirine* would have given me all she had, to render the Dower the more Honourable; but I contented my self with taking two large Diamonds; which I sold the next Day, to a Jeweller of *Gazna*. By this Means I put my self into a Condition to act on the Part of *Mahomet*.

I had passed for the Prophet about a Month, and led a most pleasant Life of it, when an Ambassador arrived at the City of *Gazna*, from a Neighbouring King, to demand the Princess. *Schirine* in Marriage.
He

He had present Audience; and having told the Subject of his Embassy, *Bahaman* said to him, I am sorry I cannot give my Daughter to the King your Master; I have already given her in Marriage to the Prophet *Mahomet*. The Ambassador by this Answer took the King of *Gazna* to be turned mad, had Audience of Leave, and returned to his Master; who at first thought as he did, that *Bahaman* had lost his Senses. But afterwards imputing his Refusal to Slight, he resented it, raised an Army, and invaded the Kingdom of *Gazna*.

This King, whose Name was *Cacem*, was stronger than *Bahaman*; who besides was so dilatory in his Preparations to receive him, that he could not hinder his making a great Progress. *Cacem* beat some Troops that made Opposition to his Passage, and advanced with all Diligence to the City of *Gazna*; where he found *Bahaman's* Army entrenched in the Plain, before the Princess *Schirine's* Castle. The Design of the enraged Lover was to attack *Bahaman* in his Trenches. But his Troops standing in need of Repose, and he arriving in the Plain towards the Evening, he put off the Attack to the next Day.

In the mean time, the King of *Gazna*, informed of the Number and Valour of *Cacem's* Soldiers, began to tremble. He summoned his Council, where the Courtier that had been wounded by the Fall of his Horse, spoke to him in these Terms; I am amazed that the King should be in the least uneasy on this Occasion. What Cause of Alarm, I won't say can *Cacem*, but all the Princes of the World, give the Father-in-Law of *Mahomet*? Your Majesty, Sir, need only apply yourself to your Son-in-Law. Implore the Succour of the great Prophet. He will soon confound all your Enemies. Nay, he ought to do it, since it is on his Account that *Cacem* comes to disturb the Peace of your Kingdom. Tho' what this Courtier said, was only by way of Derision, yet it put Courage into King *Bahaman*. You are in the right, said he to the Courtier, I must address my self to the Prophet; I will pray to him to repulse my proud Enemy; and I am persuaded he will not deny my Petition. Saying this, he went to *Schirine*; Daughter, said he, to morrow Morning *Cacem* intends to attack us. I am afraid he will force our Trenches, and am come here to pray *Mahomet* to succour us. Use all your

Credit

Credit with him, to engage him in our Defence. Let us all join in our Prayers to him, to be propitious to us. My Lord, replied the Princess, it will be no hard Matter to interest the Prophet in our Quarrel: He will soon disperse the Armies of our Enemies; and all the Princes of the World shall learn at *Cacem's* Cost, to respect you. But, says the King, the Night wears, and the Prophet does not appear; will he forsake us? No, no, Father, replies *Schirine*; do not fear his abandoning us, when we stand in Need of him. He sees from Heaven where the Army is that besieges us, and perhaps is now about to put it into Terror and Disorder.

In Effect this was what *Mahomet* had a great Mind to perform. I had observed at a Distance the Motions of *Cacem's* Army all the Day before: I took Notice of their Disposition, particularly of the Quarter where the King was. I gathered up some great and small Stones, filled my Chest with them, and in the Middle of the Night flew up into the Air. I guided my Chest towards *Cacem's* Tent, which I easily distinguished from the rest: It was a lofty Pavilion, raised in the form of a Dome, supported by twelve Wooden Pillars driven

ven into the Ground; and the Outside gilt with Gold. The Spaces between the Pillars were filled up with Boughs of Trees. Towards the Capital were two Windows, one to the East, the other to the South.

All the Soldiers who were about the Tent slept soundly; which gave me an Opportunity to descend to one of the Windows, without being perceived. I saw the King lying on a Sofa; his Head resting on a Satin Pillow. I lifted my self half out of my Chest, and flung a great Stone at *Cacem*. I hit him on the Forehead, and dangerously wounded him. He cried out; his Guards and Officers came in to his Help, and were amazed to find him wounded, and almost without Knowledge. Every Quarter took the Alarm. The Report ran that the King was wounded, and no body could tell from what Hand the Blow came. While the Author was searched for, I flew up into the Air again, and showered down a heap of Stones on and about the Royal Tent. It wounded the Soldiers, and they cried it rained Stones. The News spread immediately; and to confirm it, I threw Stones about every where. A sudden Fear seized the whole Army; both Officers and Soldiers thought

the Prophet was enraged against *Cacem*, and declared it by this Miracle. In fine, the Enemies of *Bahaman* were so frightened, that they fled; and with so much Precipitation, that they abandoned their Equipage and Tents, crying, We are all undone; *Mahomet* will extirpate us.

The Hundred and sixteenth Day.

THE King of *Gazna* was sufficiently surprized in the Morning, when instead of attacking him, he perceived the Enemy was retiring. He presently pursued them with his best Troops. He made a great Slaughter, and overtook *Cacem* himself, whose Wound hindered his Flight. Why, said he to him, didst thou enter my Territories, against all Right and Reason? What Grounds hadst thou for making War upon me? *Bahaman*, replied the vanquished King, I thought thou hadst refused me thy Daughter out of Contempt, and was resolved to be revenged. I could not believe the Prophet *Mahomet* was thy Son-in-Law: But I cannot now doubt it any more, since it was he that has wounded me, and dispersed my Army.

Bahaman

Persian TALES. 251

Bahaman gave over pursuing the Enemy, and returned to *Gazna* with *Cacem*, who died the next Day of his Wound. The Booty was divided among the Soldiers. It was so considerable, that they came back loaden with Riches. Prayers were put up in all the Mosques, to give Thanks to Heaven for having confounded the Enemies of the State; and at Night the King went to the Princess his Daughter's Palace. My Child, says he, I am come to return the Prophet Thanks for his Assistance. You knew by the Courier I sent you, all that *Mahomet* has done for us. I am so full of Joy, that I am impatient to embrace his Knees. He soon had the Satisfaction he desired; I entered the Princess *Schirine's* Apartment by the Window, as I was wont to do. I expected to find him there; he threw himself at my Feet, kiss'd the Ground, and said, Oh great Prophet! I cannot by Words express how sensible I am of your Favours: Do you your self read my Gratitude in my Heart. I raised *Bahaman* from the Ground, and kissed his Forehead. Prince, said I, could you think I would refuse you my Succour, in the Straight to which you were driven for my Sake? I have punished the Proud *Cacem*, whose

252 *Persian* TALES.

Design was, to make himself Master of your Dominions, and carry off *Schirine*, to be one of the Slaves of his Seraglio. Do not fear that any Potentate will hereafter dare to make War upon you. If any one should be so bold, I will rain on their Army a Shower of Fire, that shall reduce them to Ashes.

Having given the King of *Gazna* new Assurances, that I would take his Kingdom into my Protection, I told him how the Enemy's Army were frightened by my raining Stones on their Camp. *Bahaman* on his Part, told me what *Cacem* had said to him; and then retired, to leave *Schirine* and my self at Liberty. The Princess, who was no less sensible than her Father of the Service I had done the State, received me with the greatest Marks of Affection and Gratitude. She thought she could not caress me enough; and her Caresses so charmed me, that I had almost forgot my self. Day began to appear, when I was got again into my Chest. But every Body was now so well satisfied that I was *Mabomet*, that had the Soldiers seen my Machine, they would scarce have been undeceived by it. Nay, I could hardly forbear thinking

ing my self that I was the Prophet, having routed a whole Army.

Two Days after, *Cacem* was buried; which, tho' an Enemy, was performed with great Pomp. The King of *Gazna* ordered Rejoycings to be made in the City, solemnly to celebrate the Marriage of the Princess *Schirine* with *Mahomet*. I thought my self obliged to do something extraordinary on that Occasion; and by a Miracle signalize a Festival made in Honour of me. To this Purpose I bought in *Gazna* some white Pitch, and made some Fire-works of that and Cotton. I was all Day in the Wood preparing them; and by Night had finished them to my Mind. While the Citizens of *Gazna* were rejoycing in the Streets, I flew up into the Air in my Chest, as high as I could, that my Machine might not be seen by the Light of my Fire-works, which when they were lighted had a very good Effect on the Spectators. I then returned to the Wood, and next Day went into the City to hear what the People said of me. I was mightily pleased with the Extravagance of their Conjectures. Some said it was *Mahomet*, who to shew the Satisfaction he took in the Festival made in Honour of him, had caused these Celestial

Fires to appear. Others affirmed, that they saw the Prophet amidst those new Meteors, with a white Beard, and a venerable Air, such as their Imagination figured him to them. These Discourses wonderfully delighted me: But alas, while I was thus delighting my self, my dear Chest was burning in the Wood. It is certain a Spark of the Fire-work kindled the Pitch that I left in it, which took the Wood, and in my Absence consumed it. A Father that found his only Son wounded in a Thousand Places, and weltring in his Blood, could not be more grieved than I was. The Wood resounded with my Cries; I tore my Hair, I rent my Cloaths; and can't imagine how I came to spare my Life in my Despair.

The worst of it was, there was no Remedy for the Evil; I must resolve on something; and there was but one Thing to be resolved upon; which was, to seek my Fortune elsewhere. Thus the Prophet *Mahomet* leaving *Bahamaw* and *Schirine*, very much troubled at his Absence, departed from the City of *Gazna*. Three Days after I met a great Caravan of Merchants, bound for *Cairo*. I joined Company with them, and arrived at the great City of *Cairo*; where I put my self to a Weaver,

to get a Subsistence. I lived there several Years, and then came to *Damascus*, where I set up the same Trade. I seem content with my Condition, but they are all false Appearances; I cannot forget my former Happiness. *Schirine* comes often into my Mind. I would feign for my Quiet sake put her out of my Memory; I have done my utmost to effect it, and this Employment of mine, which is more laborious than gainful, renders me very unhappy.

Thus, Sir, added *Malek*, I have obeyed your Majesty's Commands, in telling you my Adventure. I know very well you do not approve of the Cheat I put upon the King of *Gazna*, and the Princess *Schirine*. I observed more than once how you shewed your Dislike of it, and how your Virtue shook at my bold Sacrilege.

But I pray you to consider, you required me to be sincere in what I said, and that the Necessity of obeying you, drew from me this Confession.

*A Continuation of the History of
Bedreddin, and his Visier.*

THE King of *Damascus* having heard the Weaver out, dismissed him. He then said to his Visier and Favourite, The Adventures this Man has been telling us, are not less surprizing than yours. But though it seems, he is no happier than you are; do not imagine that I will yield up my Argument yet, or conclude from thence that no Person in the World enjoys a perfect Felicity. I will examine my General Officers, my Courtiers, and all the Officers of my Household. Go Visier, added he, bring them hither to me one after another. *Atalmulc* obeyed. He first brought the General Officers. The King commanded them to speak freely their Minds, and tell him whether any secret Sorrow disturbed the Comfort of their Lives: Assuring them, there should no ill Consequence arise from their free Confession. They all presently declared they had their Uneasinesses: That none of them had a quiet Mind. One confessed, he had too much Ambition; another, too much Avarice; another, that he was jealous of
the

the Glory that his Equals had acquired, and complained the People did not do him Justice as to his Skill in Military Affairs. In fine, the Generals having opened their Hearts to *Bedreddin*, and he finding that not one of them was happy, told his Viceroy, that the next Day he would hear all his Courtiers. Accordingly they were examined one after another: But not a Man of them was found to be contented with his Condition. This Courtier said, he perceived his Credit lessened every Day. That complained, his Designs were thwarted, and he could not do what he desired. Another said, he was obliged to give way to his Enemies; and another, that he had spent all his Estate, and knew not how to support himself.

The King of *Damascus* having no better Fortune among his Courtiers, than he had among his Generals, as to finding out the Man he looked for, thought he might meet with such a one among the Officers of his Household. He had therefore the Patience to talk to them every one in Particular; and they made him the same Answer as his Courtiers and Generals had done; That none of them were free from Cares. One complained of his Wife; a-

M 5

nother

nother of his Children; some, that they were not Rich; others, that they were not Healthy; all of them had some Affliction or other to disquiet them. Notwithstanding all this, *Bedreddin* would not despair of meeting with a contented Man. If I can find but one, said he to his Visier, I desire no more; for you maintain that there is not such a Man to be found. Yes, Sir, replies *Atalmulk*, I do maintain it; and your Majesty seeks in vain after one. I am not of that Opinion, replied the King; and I have a Thought come into my Head, which will be a Means to discover very suddenly whether or no I am in the Right. He then ordered a Proclamation to be made in the City, that all those who were satisfied with their Condition, and had nothing to disturb their Quiet, should appear in three Days before his Throne. The three Days expire, and not a Man came to Court on that Account. All the Inhabitants seemed to be in Concert with *Atalmulk*.

The

The Hundred and seventeenth
Day.

WHEN the King of *Damascus* saw that no Body presented themselves pursuant to his Proclamation, he was very much surprized. It is not conceivable, cried he, that in so great and so populous a City as *Damascus*, there should not be found one happy Man. Sir, replied *Atah-mule*, if you were to examine all the People upon Earth, they would tell you they are miserable. I cannot think it, says the King; and as much as the Proofs I have made of it amaze me, I with my Kingdom was in Peace, I would gladly go over all the World with you, to see which of us two is in an Error.

It happened accidentally that the King of *Damascus*'s Enemies sent Ambassadors at that very Time to him, with Proposals of Peace on advantageous Terms. The King assembled his Council upon it, and it was thought more adviseable to accept the Terms, than to reject them. Thus was the Peace concluded between the King of *Damascus* and his Enemies, and it was proclaimed throughout his Dominions. A
little

little while after, this Monarch said to his Visier, Now the War is at an End, I am resolved to travel; and will not return to *Damascus*, 'till I have found a contented Man. Sir, replied *Atalmulc*, why will your Majesty expose your self to the Perils and Fatigues of Travel? Ought you not to be satisfied from the Trials you have made, that you will never find what you look for? Judge of every Body by your self. You have no Enemies upon your Hands, your faithful Subjects love you, your Court is always busie in studying how to please you. If you are not happy, what Man in the World can be so? It is true, replies *Bedreddin*, that notwithstanding I am at Peace with all my Neighbours, I am not for all that a perfect happy Man. Nay, I must own to you, that the Desire I have to know whether there be really such a Man upon Earth, gives me a Disquiet, that is of it self sufficient to make my whole Life unhappy. Ah my Lord, replied the Visier, why will you satisfy that Desire of yours? Be assured, you will never meet with a Person entirely contented with his Condition.

The Visier *Atalmulc* wished heartily that his Master would not have persisted in his

Re-

Resolution. But the King continued in the same Mind, and having entrusted the Government of his Kingdom with his Vassiers; he left *Damascus*, accompanied by *Atalmulc*, *Seyfel Mulouk* and some Slaves. He took the Road to *Bagdad*, where being safely arrived, they took up their Lodging in a Caravanserail; where they said they were three Jewellers of *Grand Cairo*, travelling from Court to Court to sell their Jewels. They were well stocked with all sorts of them, that they might pass the better for what they pretended to be. *Bedreddin*, without being known, had the pleasure of seeing the Commander of the Believers, and all that was worth his Curiosity at *Bagdad*. One Day he spied a Candler in the Streets, talking with a loud Voice to a crowd of People about him. He went up to him, and heard him say, How mad you are, my Brethren, to take so much Pains to heap up Riches. When the Angel of Death shall come for you, you will in vain offer him all to spare you; he has no Pity, and will not hearken to you. Besides, you must own that the Enjoyment of your Wealth is troublesome to you. You are always afraid it will become a Prey to Robbers. The Concern
you

you are in for fear of losing it, hinders your leading a happy Life. You may all of you envy me, who without Wealth, without Conveniencies, enjoy in the midst of my Want a perfect Happiness.

At this Discourse the King of *Damascus* took his Visier aside, and said to him, You heard as well as I what the Calender told his Brethren. I shall have no need of travelling further. I have found the Man I looked for; this Calender is happy. Sir, replied *Atalmulc*, we must talk with him by himself; and engage him, if we can, to open his Mind to us; perhaps he did not think of what he said. With all my Heart, says *Bedreddin*: But you must then give Credit to him, if in our private Discourse with him, he assures us, he is contented? Yes, my Lord, replied *Atalmulc*, I will believe him, and own my self to be in an Error. They resolved not to lose Sight of the Calender; who having done talking, had some Money given him by his Auditors; with which he retired to his House in a Suburb of the City. They followed him; and having overtaken him, they asked him if he was willing to be merry with them. The Calender, judging by their Air, that they were rich Strangers, gave them

them to understand he liked very well of their Proposal. He carried them into a little House, where lived also two other Calenders; who being informed of the Design of the Strangers, were extreemly well pleased with it. *Atalmulc* took some Sequins out of his Purse, and giving them to one of the Calenders, bad him go and buy whatever was necessary for them to spend the Day pleasantly together.

The Hundred and eighteenth Day.

THE Calender to whom the Sequins were given, went into the City, and returned two Hours after loaden with Provisions, Fruit and Wine. They all sat down to Table, and fell to. They drank plentifully, till they began to grow heated with Wine and Mirth. The Calenders, especially, were so merry, that *Bedreddin* not doubting but he had met with Men perfectly happy, turned to his Visier, and said, I believe we may take up with what we see, and need be at no more pains: You will acknowledge your Error. No, no, replied *Atalmulc*; not yet, Sir; Appearances are often very deceitful.

My

My Lords, said one of the Calenders to the King of *Damascus* and his Visier, what do you mean by what you say? Here Calender, says *Bedreddin* to him whom he had heard talk in the Street, offering him a Purse of Sequins; here is a Present for you, on Condition you discover your Mind to me. You see three Jewellers of us; one of my Brethren maintains, that there is not a contented Man in the World. I believe the contrary; and I have heard you say, that you your self enjoy a perfect Felicity; tell me the Truth. It imports me very much to know it; and you will give me the greatest Satisfaction, if you will open your self to me freely on this Subject.

The Calender took the Purse, thanked *Bedreddin*, and said, My Lord, since you desire it, I will discover my real Sentiments to you. Neither I nor my Companions are happy. If you heard me boast of my Happiness before the People; do not imagine that I am ever the happier for that, nor the better satisfied with my Condition. If I talked against Riches, I assure you it was only to excite the Charity of those that heard me. The Calenders lead too miserable a Life, to find that Felicity
in

in their State, which all Men aspire to in vain. I am perswaded, as well as your Companions, that no Body is contented. The Hearts of Men cannot know Content. They have scarce obtained the Enjoyment of one Desire, but another succeeds to it, and disturbs their Quiet.

The King of *Damascus's* Visier was glad to hear the Calender talk so; and hoped *Bedreddin* would now own, he was seeking after what was not to be found, and return to his Dominions. Indeed that Prince began to think he was mistaken himself, but having taken Leave of the Calenders, he said to *Seyfel Mulouk* and his Visier, Let us pass the rest of the Day at a *Figuana* Shop; we shall find there a great Resort of Company, and may learn something from them. They went, and sat down at a Table where two Men were, who appeared to be Persons of Consideration, talking of the Cares of Human Life. No, said one of them, we must not hope to be happy, as long as we are in this World. If God suffered our Lives to be always peaceful and pleasant, we should be less sensible of the Pleasures which he promises the Faithful after Death. I am not, says the other, entirely of your Opinion;

266 *Persian* TALES.

Opinion; I know the greatest Part of Men are miserable, but I question whether they are all so. I know one among the rest, who lives a happy Life, and all his Moments glide away in Joy. Hah! cried the Visier *Atalmulc* mingling in the Conversation, who is this happy Mortal? In what Part of the World does he live? In the City of *Astracan*, replied the Person who had said it. It is the King of *Astracan* himself. If that Prince wants any thing to make him happy, I will agree that no body can ever enjoy perfect Happiness. But I am sure no Trouble of any kind gives him the least Disquiet: In a Word, that he is a contented Man; wherefore he is called by way of Excellence, *The King without Sorrow*.

This Discourse had its Effect on the Mind of *Bedreddin*. As soon as they were got out of the *Fiquaa* Shop, he told his Visier, that they would set out for *Astracan* next Morning to see *the King without Sorrow*. I am as desirous to see him as your Majesty, says *Atalmulc*; and will depart when you please from *Bagdad*. *Bedreddin* returning to their Caravanserail, and hearing that a Caravan of *Circassian* Merchants would set out for *Astracan* in a few Days,

Days, deferred his Departure till then, that they might travel with more Safety. They all three, the King of *Damascus*, his Visier and Favourite, departed with the Caravan, and arrived safe at *Astracan*, where reigned *Hormoz*, called *The King without Sorrow*. They inned at the first Caravanserail they met with, and passed still for Jewellers. They observed that the People were very joyful, and that great Rejoicings were made in the City. They asked the Reason of it of their Host, and why every Body seemed so glad at *Astracan*. The Host replied, You must needs never have been here since the Reign of King *Hormoz*, by your asking that Question: It is not for a Victory obtained over our Enemies that these Rejoicings are made, nor to celebrate any other fortunate Event. The People have every Day some Festival or other; and that out of Conformity to the Humour of the King, who is a Prince of the best Character in the World: He is always cheerful, ever diverting himself, and has on that account acquired the Surname of *The King without Sorrow*.

The

*The Hundred and nineteenth
Day.*

THE King of *Damascus* having heard his Host out, said to his Vifier, Notwithstanding the fine Picture our Host has given us of the King of *Astracan*, I am sure you do not think he deserves the Name that is bestowed upon him. No, doubtless, replied *Atalmulc*; I am not to be deceived by Appearances, after the Adventure of the Calender of *Bagdad*. You are in the right, replied *Bedreddin*, to distrust the Reputation King *Hormoz* has acquired; and I question, as you do, whether a Man that has the Burthen of a Kingdom on his Shoulders can be without Care. We shall quickly know whether it is so or not, for I am resolved to introduce my self into his Court, to gain his Friendship if I can, and engage him to discover to me the bottom of his Soul.

I approve of your Design, Sir, says the Vifier; but then your Majesty will promise me, that if the King of *Astracan* makes you his Confident in this Matter, and you find he is not the happy Man he is taken for, you will give over your Search. Yes, replied

replied *Bedreddin*, and will return immediately to *Damascus*. Well then, says the Visier, let us make what haste we can to gain access to King *Hormoz*; let us see that Prince, and so carefully examine all his Actions, that nothing may escape us.

Their Design of going to the Court of *Astracan* was no sooner formed than it was executed. They repaired to the King's Palace. They crossed a vast Court-yard full of Soldiers; they entered the first Hall, which they found full of Singers and Musicians. They went into another Hall, where were Slaves of both Sexes gallantly dressed, dancing with great Grace and Art.

Having satisfied their Curiosity in that Hall, they passed into a third, through a Croud of People that thronged at the Door, as if to see some Spectacle. When they had got in, they perceived twenty or thirty Persons sitting at a long Table, spread with all sorts of Provisions. It was an Entertainment the King made for the greatest Lords of his Court; and that Monarch was easily to be distinguished from his Guests. He held the Seal of Honour, and had on his Head a Crown of Gold, enriched with Topazes and Rubies. He was
about

about thirty Years old, handsome, well-shaped, and had the gayest Air that can be imagined. He excited his Courtiers to Drink, by his Words and Example; he told them pleasant Stories; he laughed with them, and was the Soul of the Feast.

After that Entertainment was over, he went into the Room where the Dancing was, attended by his Courtiers; and spent the rest of the Day in the Diversions of Dancing and Musick. When Night came, he dismissed his Courtiers, and shut himself up in his Women's Apartment. The Dancers and Musicians vanished; and the King of *Damascus*, his Visier, and *Seyfel Mulouk*, went out of the Palace, with the Citizens of *Astracan*, who had come thither out of Curiosity.

It must be owned, said *Beareddin* upon his return to the Caravanserail, that the King of *Astracan* is in all Appearance a happy Man. I saw nothing in him that can make me suspect his Joy to be false. We have at last met with a contented Man; and what is more extraordinary, that Man a Sovereign too. For my Part, says *Seyfel Mulouk*, I am of your Majesty's Opinion. I cannot think King *Hormoz* has
any

any Disquiet. If I judge amiss, he has an extraordinary Command over his Passions. Ay, ay, said *Atalmule*, the Art of Dissimulation is what People are not ignorant of at Court; and the King, my Master, will permit me to suspend my Judgment. How can we be certain that this Prince is not this very Moment the Prey of some mortal Grief? And who knows but he pays dearly for the Pleasures we see him enjoy?

The Hundred and thirtieth Day.

THE next Day the King of *Damascus*, *Atalmule*, and *Seyfel Mulouk*, returned to the Palace, taking with them each a Box of Diamonds. They desired to speak with the King, giving out, that they were three Jewellers, Partners, who travelled from Court to Court to sell their Diamonds. *Hormoz* ordered that all three should be brought in; they opened their Boxes, and shewed him their finest Jewels. He mightily admired them, and cried out at the Sight of one of them, which was as big as a Pigeon's Egg; What a fine Stone it is: I never saw the like. Nature seems to have taken a Pleasure in collecting in it all the most lively Colours. What happy
Cli-

Climate could produce it? *Atalmulc*, who had been a Jeweller, replied; Sir, these Jewels are found in the Isle of *Serendib*. We bought this there; and in Truth, it is the most esteemed of all the kinds of Diamonds which that Country produces.

The King of *Astracan* not being able to take his Eyes off that Jewel, *Bedreddin* said to him, Sir, we rejoice that we have any thing which your Majesty is pleased with. We most humbly beseech you to permit us to make a Present of this Stone to you. Do us the Favour to accept of it, and pardon the Liberty we take to offer it to you. *Hormoz* received it with Pleasure, and told the Jewellers he would have them stay some Time at his Court. Accordingly he ordered them Lodgings in his Palace. They had a Magnificent Apartment assigned them, and were served by the King's own Officers. This Monarch looking upon these Strangers as People that had travelled over all *Asia*, resolved to treat them with all possible Splendor, that they might in all other Courts publish the Wonders of his. He every Day made them new Presents; sometimes he gave them the Diversion of Hunting; and at others entertained them with some curious Spectacle.

Oracle. He often made Festivals for them, in which there wanted neither Elegance nor Expence. All the Nobility of *Circassia* were by Turns invited to them; and he outvied his usual Magnificence in every Thing, to raise the Wonder of the pretended Jewellers. King *Bedreddin* was by no Means so much taken up with these Pleasures, as in attending to every Action of the King of *Astracan*. *Atalmulc* and *Seyfel Mulouk* examined them as attentively. They all three were wholly employed in observing King *Hormoz*, to see whether they could find out, that he put any Constraint upon himself in his Air of Joy and Content; but all their Care was to no Purpose; they could see nothing that rendered it suspected to them. Upon which the King of *Damascus* said one Day to *Atalmulc*, If we could depend upon Conjecture, the Prince whose Actions we observe is happy. It is true, replied the Visier, we have Reason to think he is contented, but we cannot be sure that he is so. We do not see him at Night. When we think he is fast asleep, perhaps some frightful Trouble keeps him awake. How then can we know, replied *Bedreddin*, whether he is contented or not? You must

get into his Confidence. The only Way to do it, will be to tell him your Name, and why you came to *Circassia*; your Frankness will excite his, and he will, it may be, reveal to you a Secret he hides from all the World.

Seyfel Mulouk was of the Visier's Opinion; and *Bedreddin* resolved to get out of King *Hormoz*, what he wanted to know, by opening to him first. Accordingly the three Jewellers went one Day to wait on the King of *Astracan*, and demanded of him a private Conference; which being granted, *Bedreddin* addressed himself thus to *Hormoz*; Sir, we pray your Majesty to permit us to depart from your Court: The Time we allotted our selves to stay in this City is past: Be pleased to suffer us to return you our Thanks for your Favours, and to retire. I will not keep you in my Court against your Wills, replied the King of *Astracan*; but I must own, so sudden a Departure is not agreeable to me. I did not think you would have gone so soon; but I perceive there are not Charms enough in my Court, to keep you here longer. Ah my Lord, says *Bedreddin*, I call Heaven to Witness, that your Court seems to us to be fuller of Pleasure, and more Charm-
ing,

ing, than even that of the Commander of the Faithful. Besides the Reception you have given us, your many Favours since we have been here, are enough to render it the most delightful Abode to us in the World; but we have very weighty Reasons to return into our own Country. For in fine, my Lord, as much Jewellers as we appear to you to be, we are very far from being so. I am a Sovereign, as well as your self. I reign over the People of *Damascus*; and these two Men, whom you take to be my Partners, are the one my Grand Visier, and the other my Favourite.

The King of *Astracan* appeared very much astonished at this Confidence; and was much more so, when *Bedreddin* told him why he left *Damascus*. *Hormoz* burst out a laughing, at the End of his Discourse: How my Lord, says he, does your Visier maintain that there is not a contented Man upon Earth? Yes, replied the King of *Damascus*; and I cannot be of his Opinion. The Truth is, I could not in all my Kingdom find such a Man. I have searched elsewhere for him in vain. I saw several at *Bagdad*, that seemed to be happy, and yet were far from being so; and tired with

such a fruitless Search, I was about to return to *Damascus*; when I heard, that in the City of *Astracan* there reigned a King, Sirnamed *The King without Sorrow*, for his gay Humour. I was willing to see you, out of Curiosity; and have observed, that Joy does indeed accompany you in all you do. I conjure you, Sir, to tell me, if the Appearance deceives me? Are you possessed of an entire Felicity? Does any Care trouble your Repose? *Hormoz* could not help laughing at that Question: Is it possible, Sir, says he to the King of *Damascus*, that you have really abandoned your Subjects, and ranged about the World, to find out a Man truly contented? Most certainly, replies *Bedreddin*; and I pray you to open your Heart to me. Add this to the other Testimonies of your Goodness, which I have received from you. Since you ask it of me so seriously, replied the King of *Astracan*, and as if it imported you very much to know it; I must say, that your Visier is in the right, and that I am of his Mind. I do not believe there is such a Thing as a happy Man. As for my Part, I am very far from being one; or to say Truth, though I am called *The King without Sorrow*, I am perhaps the most miserable-

serable Prince alive. The Joy that appears on my Countenance, is the Effect of a most troublesome Constraint. However, it is a necessary one; and I am the more miserable, because I am under a Necessity to conceal from my Subjects, the Grief that always preys upon my Heart.

The King of *Damascus* shewed by his Looks the Surprise he was in, to hear the King of *Astracan* talk so; and his Curiosity to know the Cause of his Sorrow was so great, that King *Hormoz* could not help promising to discover it to him.

All this while Joy reigned in the City of *Astracan*, and the Courtiers used all their Invention to find out new Diversions to entertain their Monarch; it was their whole Employ, and each seemed to dispute with the other, the Glory of succeeding in it best. *Hormoz*, to shew he was satisfied with the Zeal of his Courtiers, always expressed himself extremely well pleased with the Festivals that were made for him. But though he dissembled as well as before, *Bedreddin*, *Atalmulc* and *Seyfel Mulouk* could observe, since the Confession he made of his Disquiet, that there was in his Countenance the Marks of Uneasiness; they all three waited impatiently

tiently for the Performance of his Promise; which he complied with them in soon after, in the following Manner.

One Night, when every thing was quiet in the Palace, he sent for them by an Eunuch, who introduced them into the Womens Apartment. *The King without Sorrow* stayed for them in the outmost Chamber, and told them, He was going to be as good as his Word to them. You will then see, added he, whether I was not in the right, in saying, I am the most unfortunate Prince in the World. At these Words he took the King of *Damascus* by the Hand, and led him through two Chambers, to the Door of a third, bidding him look in. *Bedreddin* did so, and saw on a Sofa, a young Lady of surprizing Beauty. Her Complexion was whiter than Snow; and her Eyes like two Suns. She had a smiling Look; and was listening to the Discourse of an old Female Slave.

Consider that Princess who sits on the Sofa, continues *Hormoz*; Did you ever see one so fair? Did not Nature take a Delight in forming so charming an Object? Confess, my Lord, that you have not in your Seraglio, so perfect a Beauty. And you, added he, addressing himself to the
King

King of *Damascus*'s Visier and Favourite, examine her well; and tell me if ever your Eyes beheld so fair a Creature. *Bedreddin*, after having looked on her very attentively, owned she was incomparable. *Atalmulc* thought he beheld his *Zelica*; and *Seyfel Mulouk* did not think that *Bedi al Femal* excelled her.

That, replied the King of *Astracan*, that is the Lovely Princess, who is the Cause of my Sorrow. It is she who creates my Misfortune. Does she not love you, Sir, says the King of *Damascus*? Is her Indifference---- No, no, said *Hormoz*, interrupting him; it is not that I complain of; if I adore her, I am in Return beloved by her. How then, replies *Bedreddin*, can she render you unfortunate? You shall see, replied the King of *Circassia*; stay you Three at the Door, and observe what passes.

Saying this, he entered the Chamber, and approached the Princess; and as he approached her unheard-of Prodigy! she changed Countenance: The Red and White in her Cheeks turned to a deadly Paleness; her Lips became Livid; her smiling Look vanished; and her bright Eyes closed. In a Word, when he came up to her, he sat down on the Sofa; and regarding her with

Eyes full of Love and Grief, said, My Princess, open your Eyes, and behold your deplorable Husband: The Condition you are in, pierces my Soul. The Princess made him no Answer; nor gave him the least Sign that she heard what he said: She seemed as one dead.

Hormoz was not able to bear so sad a Spectacle. He rose from the Sofa; and at every Step he took, returning towards *Bed-reddin*, in Proportion to his Distance from the Queen his Wife, that Princess revived. Her bright Eyes recovered their former Lustre, and her Complexion became fairer than before. In a Word, all her Charms shone out afresh, as the Sun from behind a Cloud; and one may imagine into what Astonishment it put the Spectators.

The Hundred and twenty first Day.

THE King of *Damascus*, his Visier, and his Favourite, kept their Eyes full fixed upon the Queen of *Astracan*: They were not able to recover themselves from their Surprise. Well, says *Hormoz* to them, Do you now think that I can be that happy Man whom you seek after?

No,

No, answers *Bedreddin*; we are rather perswaded that you are a most unhappy Prince. This appears but too evidently to us, in the amazing Prodigy to which we have just now been Eye-Witnesses. But, Sir, adds he, Why is it the Queen faints away at your Approach; and by what Charm does she instantly renew her Spirits, upon your withdrawing yourself from her? May I entreat you to satisfy my Curiosity once more?

I am not at all surprized at your Question, replies the King of *Astracan*; it is no more than I expected. You have Reason, without doubt, to be astonished at what you have seen. But I must run thro' a History of a considerable Length, before I can inform you in what you desire to know. The Night is already far advanced; betake yourselves to your Repose, and to-morrow I will give full Satisfaction to your Curiosity.

The same Eunuch who brought *Bedreddin*, *Atalmulc* and *Seyfel Mulouk* into the Apartment of the Women, conducted them back into their own again.

They were all Three unable to sleep: Their Thoughts were entirely taken up with what they had seen; each was busied

within himself, in searching out the Cause : And they only fatigued their Spirits, without being able to draw any Satisfaction from their Conjectures. At last the Morning came, and they were introduced into the Cabinet of *Hormoz*, who related to them his History, after the following Manner.

*The History of King Hormoz,
surnamed The King without
Sorrow.*

IT is now Five Years since I had a Desire to travel. In order to it, I first asked Leave of my Father, the late King of *Astracan*; and he easily granted my Request. He gave me a very numerous Retinue, as well for the Security of my Person, as for the sake of having me appear among Strangers in a Manner becoming my Rank. He opened his Treasures, and ordered immense Sums to be taken out for my Journey, with a prodigious Quantity of Jewels. A Prince, said he, should leave behind him in every Place where he passes, Tokens of his Magnificence and Generosity : He should in nothing act like a private Person. I will have

have him scatter Gold with both his Hands : The People, dazled with his Bounties, will often praise him for Virtues which Heaven never gave him. I departed therefore from *Astracan* with a pompous Train. We passed the *Volga*, and the River of *Jaic*; then, coasting along the *Caspian* Sea, we arrived at *Jenghikunt*. From thence we proceeded to *Jund*; then to *Caracon*; and came at last to *Otrar*. I did not forget to follow the Maxims of my Father. All the Cities through which I passed felt the Effects of my Liberality: I lavished my Presents. In a Word, I paid largely for the Honours which I received every where; and did not leave the smallest Care to please me go unrewarded. It is certain that my continual Profusion made People look upon me as a most accomplished Prince. Amongst the *Circassian* Grandees who accompanied me, there was one who was appointed my Governor, whom I loved above the rest. His Name was *Husselyn*: He was a Man of a singular Merit; but that which pleased me perhaps the most in him was, the Complaisance he shewed for my Opinions. Instead of setting up for Severity, and growing importunate with his Counsels, he

shewed

shewed himself entirely devoted to my Humours. He even studied to prevent all my Desires; by which means he insinuated himself so far into my Confidence, that I kept nothing secret from him.

Husseyn, says I to him one Day at *Otrar*, I am weary of travelling like a Prince. The Honours which are done me, begin to grow a Burthen to me; I lose all the Pleasure which private Men enjoy when they go Abroad. Besides, a Thousand things escape me, because my cumbersome State and Grandeur will not always allow me to satisfy my Curiosity. I wish I could pass for one of an inferiour Rank: I should be glad to see a little into the lowest Condition of Life, to hear the People speak, and to be acquainted with their manner of acting. This will not only be a Diversion to me, but it may likewise turn to my Improvement.

The Hundred and twenty second Day.

THE complaisant *Husseyn* took this Occasion immediately to praise the Proposal I made, and to fall in with my Inclinations. Nothing, says he, can be more
praise-

praise-worthy than the present Bent of your Desires; and you may gratify it when you please. Come on, my Prince; you need only leave all your Retinue here, and we will take the Road which leads to the City of *Carizme*, like two Fellow-Travellers.

I was charmed with the Complaisance of my Governour. I gave him Orders to put every thing in Readiness for our Departure. This was soon done; for we had need of no more than two Horses. We took with us Gold and Jewels; and we set out from *Otrar*; where I left my whole Retinue, commanding them to stay there till my Return.

We passed the *Jaxartes*, and advancing forward in the *Zagathay*, we came happily to the great City of *Carizme*, where *Clitch-Arselan* then reigned, and reigns even to this Day. We took our Lodgings in a publick Inn, and we were from our Appearance taken for Travellers of a private Condition. The Day after our Arrival, we were desirous to see the City, which we found in every Respect answerable to the great Idea we had formed of it. We were more particularly taken up in considering a Palace, the Structure of which seemed to us very singular: It was not a Pile of Building as usual,

usual, with Wings adjoyning to each Side of it, to form a Court; it was only a large Compass of Ground, surrounded with low Walls, in which several very high and narrow Towers were built at certain Distances.

We could not refrain from entering within the Walls; and we drew near to the Towers, out of which we thought issued the Sound of Human Voices: Neither were we deceived. There were Men within them, that could not be seen, who spoke in a very loud Accent; some of which sung, and some broke out into loud Laughter. We judged that we were in a Place where Mad-men were shut up; and we soon heard such Things as confirmed us in our Conjectures. One of these distracted Persons repeated *Arabick* Verses, with great Emotion and Vehemence. He was intent upon the Praises of his Mistress; and was not satisfied with only setting her above the *Houries*.

The Nymph whom I adore, said he, is the Tulip of the Garden of Nature. Her Mouth I may say, is a Cup overflowing with the richest Wine. When she laughs, methinks I see a Casket of Royal Pearls open; and if she speaks, her Words hang together like a String

String of Pearls round the Neck of the Graces. Her yellow Tresses are the Apartments of the Sun; and her Fingers are the Instruments with which the Famous Many worked the marvellous Cabinet of China.

He made use of Expressions yet more extravagant; from which we plainly perceived that his Brain was disordered. *Huseyn*, says I to my Governour, what think you of this Man here? I think, replies he, that Poetry has turned his Wits.

When we had for some Time diverted ourselves with his extravagant Verses, which he repeated without ceasing, we left him to amuse himself with the Praises of his Mistress; and going up to another Tower, our Ears were immediately struck with the Voice of another Mad-man, who sung the following Words: *Oh thou whose Beauty furnishes the Sun with that Light which he diffuses in Palaces, alike as in Cottages: Instruct me, charming Princess, how I may give a worthy Reception to the Ray with which thou dost vouchsafe to illuminate my Cell of Sorrow. Alas! I am a ruined Building, and thou hast been my Architect. I am a River that perpetually rolls on its Waters, towards the Sea of thy Perfections.*

fections. Thou art a Fountain of Life, and I am the Path that leads to it.

Another Lunatick, who was shut up in the same Tower, excited no doubt by the Example of this Man, began to sing in a different Strain. He complained of the Rigour which an Object full of Charms exercised towards him, and he called upon Death to put an End to his Sufferings. Sir, says *Hussey* then to me, I would have you observe that the Passion of Love runs thro' all the Discourses, and the Songs of these poor Creatures: They seem all to be Lovers.

The Hundred and twenty third Day.

WHILE my Governor insinuated this Reflection to me, a *Carizman*, who happened to be near us, over-hearing our Discourse, said to us; It is very natural that these Mad-men should talk of Love, since it is the Source of their Misfortune. Their Distraction proceeds from the same Cause. You must, continues he, be very great Strangers, and never have been at *Carizme* before, if you do not know that they

they lost their Wits by looking upon our Sultan's Daughter.

The *Carizmian* observing that we were extremely surprized at his Discourse, said to us: What I tell you, I confess, is a Thing not easie to be credited: And yet nothing is more certain. You need only enquire in the City; every one will affirm to you, that the Beauty of the Princess of *Carizme* has produced this wonderful Effect upon these Wretches.

This Princess, pursues he, plays sometimes at the *Mall* in Publick. She appears then without a Veil, and may be seen: But woe unto those who stop and gaze upon her. They draw in at their Eyes a Love which proves fatal to them. Some of them pine away by Degrees, and languish out their Lives in Despair; and others lose the Use of their Reason. The latter are shut up within these Towers, which the Sultan has built for them. This Prince, who in other Respects may boast of a thousand Virtues, instead of forbidding his Daughter to shew herself to the People, seems to take a Pleasure in the Miseries which she occasions, and prides himself in being the Father of so dangerous a Beauty.

While

While the *Carizmian* was entertaining us in this Manner, we saw a Croud of People from the City, with a Number of the Sultan's Guards, who conducted two young Men, and seemed to advance with them towards the Towers. See there without doubt, thinks I, some fresh Instances of Madness, tending this Way. Even so, says the *Carizmian*: In all Appearance the Princess *Rezia-Beghum* plays at the *Mall* this Day.

He had no sooner spoke these Words, but I left him very abruptly. *Husselyn* followed me; and taking Notice that I was eager in my Pace, he asked me why I was in so great haste. I am going, said I, to see the Princess of *Carizme* play at the *Mall*. I have a Mind to judge of her Beauty for myself: I very much doubt whether she be so formidable as she is represented.

My Governor trembled at my Discourse, and attempted for the first time to contradict my Will. Ah Sir, said he to me, with all the Signs of a deep Concern, beware how you give way to this Inclination. What Dæmon has inspired you with it? After what we have just now seen with our own Eyes; after what the *Carizmian* has told us, can you desire the

fatal View of *Rezia*? I conjure you by the great Prophet, without whom the Heavens and the Earth would not have been created, not to expose your self to the Danger of her Looks. Tremble at the Fate of these unhappy Men whose Stories we have newly heard. I could not refrain from Laughter, to see *Hussyen* in so great a Fright. Indeed, indeed, said I, you betray a great Weakness; is it possible you should suffer your self to be seized with such imaginary, ridiculous Fears? Do you think that the sight of a beautiful Person is capable of troubling my Understanding? You know very well, that there are Women of a most exquisite Beauty in the Seraglio of the King my Father, and that no one of them ever touched my Heart. I am perhaps the Prince in the World of my Age, the least susceptible of the Impressions of Love: The whole Court, you know, owns it to be my Character: Which some look upon as a Failing, while others regard it as a Virtue. Never fear then that it is possible I should pass in an Instant from one Extream to the other. Let not the present Curiosity, which urges me on, give you the least Disquiet; rely upon my Word, which I give you to
see

292 *Persian* TALES.

see *Rezia-Beghum* unhurt, in spight of this amazing Rumour of her Charms.

My Governor made no Reply; and notwithstanding I undertook to answer for my self, I could perceive he still continued diffident of me. Nevertheless I remained fully bent to follow my Curiosity; and not knowing the Place where the Princess exercised her self, I made enquiry, addressing my self to the first Man I met in the City. He was an *Iman*: I beseech you, says I to him, shew me the Way to the Mall.

Young Man, answers he, if you have a Desire to exercise your self in the Mall, put off the Party till to-morrow. The Princess diverts her self there to-day. Instead of coming near the Mall, let me advise you to direct your Steps the contrary way. Oh Sir, replies I to the *Iman*, my Intention is not to play, but only to have a sight of the Princess. Ah rash Youth, cried he, are you weary of Life, or do you long to lose the Use of your Reason? Have you not heard then, what strange Effects the sight of *Rezia* works upon all Men? If you know this, you must be very desperate, not to fear so dangerous a Beauty.

The

The Hundred and twenty fourth Day.

HE ſaid a great many Things more to me, and uſed the ſtrongest Perſwaſions to divert my Reſolution: But at laſt, ſeeing that I perſiſted in demanding the Way to the Mall, he pointed it out to me in a ſurly manner: Go then, ſays he ſpeaking in Anger; haſten to your Ruin, ſince you make ſo light of the Counſel I give you.

Soon after I had left the *Iman*, I heard a Herald crying in the Streets with a loud Voice: *By Order from the Sultan I give Notice to the People, that the Princeſs Rezia plays at the Mall. If there be any one, who through Imprudence ſhall gaze upon her, Be it known, that whatever Evil ſhall befall him thereby, it is to be imputed to himſelf alone.*

As I drew nearer to the Mall, I could perceive a great buſtle among the People: I could hear Fathers calling out to their Sons, and running after them to prevent their going within ſight of *Rezia*. I laughed within my ſelf at theſe Precautions, and much more at the Terrors which they occaſioned

occasioned in *Hussey*n. When we came within the Compass of the Mall, we could see nothing but old Men; and even they kept themselves at a Distance from the Princess. Notwithstanding their frozen Age, they were fearful of being charmed by her, and of going to finish the Remains of Life in the Towers. The Mall was not bordered round with Spectators: Every one was careful to shun the Look of the most beautiful Object of Nature.

As for me, I advanced boldly; and deaf to the Call of some good old Men, who out of Pity spoke to me to retire, I presented my self before the Daughter of the Sultan. But I came too late: For she had just given over playing. She had already put on her Veil, so that I could only discern her Stature, which to me appeared very Majestick. She stepped into a Litter with two of her Favourites, and returned to the Palace surrounded with a numerous Guard.

Then turning to my Governor, How unlucky am I, says I to him with a dissatisfied Look! Had I come one Moment sooner, I should have seen *Rezia*. Sir, answers *Hussey*n with Transports of Joy which he could not contain, Heaven be
praised

praised that you have not seen her. Notwithstanding the Assurances you gave me to bear the Sight of her unmoved, I am overjoyed, I own, that you have not been able to try the dangerous Experiment: You have no great Occasion, said I, to rejoice, since the Experiment is only deferred. The first time the Princess plays at the Mall, I promise you to fix my Eyes upon her, though she were even more dangerous than you imagine her to be.

I remained in this Disposition the following part of the Day. On the Morrow a Herald proclaimed through the City, that *Rezia* would exercise her self no more in the Mall before the People, and would no more present her self to the Eyes of Men without a Veil: That the Sultan her Father had taken this Resolution, upon the most humble Remonstrances of his Visiers.

This Proclamation afflicted me as much as it pleased my Governor, whose Joy broke out afresh: Ah my Prince, said he, my Heart is now at Ease, since I see you out of all Danger! Henceforward the Princess will be confined within the Seraglio, and her Beauty shall no longer hurt Mankind. I can never be too thankful to Heaven

ven---*Hussayn*, says I interrupting him, you are very much mistaken, if you think that I will lay aside all Hopes of gratifying my Curiosity. Although it be very difficult at present to get a sight of *Rezia*, yet it may not be impossible.

The Hundred and twenty fifth Day.

CONsequently I run over several Expedients in my Thoughts, and pitched upon the following, as the most probable to succeed. I took a Quantity of Gold and Jewels with me, and went to find out the Sultan's Gardiner: Then putting into his Hand a Purse of Sequins; Here, Father, said I to him; there are five hundred Sequins of Gold in it. I beg of you to accept of these, till I present you with something of a greater Value.

The Gardiner was a good old Man, who had a Wife much about his own Age. He took the Purse with a Smile, and replied to me: Young Man, your Present is very handsome; but as without doubt you have not given it me for nothing, tell me what Service you expect from me? I have a Request to make to you,

you, answers I; it is to let me into the Gardens of the Seraglio, and to give me an Opportunity of once seeing the Princess *Rezia*, since she is not to shew her self any more in the City.

At these Words the Gardiner gave me back my Purse somewhat rudely; Go rash Youth, said he; you are not aware of the Consequences of what you propose to me. Besides that in looking upon the Princess you run the hazard of growing mad, I must tell you, that you expose your Life and mine at the same time. If I should make you put on Womens Cloaths, and suffer you to be under that Disguise in the Gardens when *Rezia-Beghum* comes to walk there, have not I great Reason to fear that you will be discovered? The Eunuchs, that watch over the Women, have piercing Eyes; nothing escapes them, and they are very prone to Suspicion. Consider therefore the Danger into which you would plunge your self, and draw me in after you.

This Discourse did not discourage me. O my Father, rejoins I, giving him the Purse again, refuse me not your Assistance. I am a Stranger, who have here neither Friends nor Relations. I have an extream

desire to see the Princess: And I can expect that Satisfaction from none but you. If you do not procure it for me I shall die with Grief. The Gardiner's Wife could not hear me without Compassion, and she taking part with me, we began to be very importunate with the Husband to yield to my Entreaties. As he continued a while in a thoughtful Posture without making us any Reply, I thought there were Hopes of his complying. I presented him with several Diamonds to determine the Scruples of his Mind in my Favour. This brought him to his Speech again: My Son, said he, these Jewels were not necessary to bring me over to your Interest. When I first saw you, I conceived a Kindness for you. I have resolved with my self to serve you, and I have just thought upon an Expedient to give you the Satisfaction you desire, without any Danger to either of us. I embraced the old Man for the pleasing Hopes he gave; and impatient to know what Methods he proposed, I entreated him to keep me no longer in suspense. You must put off, says he, your Habit, and be dressed in a plainer manner. I intend to make you pass for the Gardiner's Boy:

But

But as those fair Locks of yours may offend the Eunuchs, and awaken their Suspicions, we will cover your Head with a Bladder, which must be so discoloured as to make it appear offensive to the Sight. This will have a good Effect; for the more disagreeable you seem the less you will be suspected. Perhaps, continues he, you are a little averse to such a Disguise; but I have none other that I dare propose to you; and you should make no Scruple of submitting to it, if your Design be as you say, only to see the Daughter of the Sultan. If your Intention be to please here then I confess you will do well to appear, in a more captivating Dress.

Then Hundred and twenty sixth Days

I Approved of the Stratagem. I suffered my self to be transformed into the Gardiner's Boy. My Hair was all put under a Bladder, and I was so disguised, that many Ladies of the most amorous Complexion might look upon me without the least Concern. While the old Man and his Wife were busied in compleating my Dress, *Hussayn* tired with waiting for

me hard by, and impatient to know what detained me so long with the Gardiner, came in to us. He cast his Eyes upon me, and knowing me through all my Disguise, was astonished to see me in that strange Condition.

I could not forbear laughing at his Surprise, and my Mirth excited his; the meanness of my Habit, and the oddness of the Bladder upon my Head, which made me look so disagreeable, furnished us both with a great deal of pleasant Raillery. The old Gardiner alone was serious upon the Matter; he seemed a little uneasy, and asked me, if I was assured of the Discretion of *Husselyn*. I passed my Word for him, and to set his Mind entirely at Ease, I told him that he was my Brother.

I am satisfied, says the old Man then to me; and all is well. There is nothing more now to be done, but to bring you into the Gardens. Let your Brother go Home: From time to time he may come hither, and I will give him News of you. Upon this *Husselyn* retired; and soon after the Gardiner introduced me into the Gardens with him. He put a Spade into my Hand, then shewing me how to manage it, he appointed me my Task. As I was

at Work, some Eunuchs passed hard by me. They cast their Eyes upon me, and seeing I made a forbidding Figure: Right, said they; the Gardiner does well to employ under him such Creatures as this. Then they left me, and continued their Walk very well satisfied with a Person who gave them no Jealousie.

Towards the close of the Day, my old Master imagining I must be very much fatigued, made me lay aside my Work, and conducted me to the Border of a Marble Basin, which was supplied with the purest Water. There I found a Skin spread upon the Grass, and covered with Messes of Rice and other Victuals. There was likewise a large Pitcher full of Wine, and a Lute of the Fashion of that Country. We both of us sat down upon the Skin, and eat with an Appetite. Then we had Recourse to the Pitcher; and when we had almost emptied it, the old Man growing Gay, took up the Lute and played upon it.

I was too well skilled in Musick, to be pleased with his Manner of Playing. Notwithstanding which, I commended him against my Judgment, and said, he acquitted himself to Admiration. I could per-

ceive he was vain of the Commendations I gave him; and putting the Lute into my Hands: Here, my Son, said he, now do you play a little in your Turn; let us see what you can do. I did not give him the Trouble to ask me twice. To gratify him, I played one of the finest Airs of *Abdel-mouman*, and accompanied it with my Voice. He payed me back the Praises which I had bestowed upon him; but I was not so much affected with them, though I was perswaded that I deserved them more.

The Hundred and twenty seventh Day.

I Thought no one heard nor admired me besides the old Gardiner; but I was mistaken. The Grand Vicer, who happened then to be walking in the Gardens, drawn by my Voice, and by the Harmony of the Instrument, had made his Approaches in Silence towards us. He listened for some Time; and when he found that I had given over Singing, he came up to us. I rose up to go away out of Respect; Stay, said he to me; why wouldst thou avoid me? Oh my Lord, answers I,

I, I am not worthy to appear before great Princes like your self. Stay young Man, rejoyns he, and tell me who you are.

The Gardiner seeing I remained Speechless, because I knew not well what Answer to make, undertook to reply for me: Sir, said he, he is my Servant; he is very well skilled in Gardening; it is a Happiness to me to have found such a one. The Visier ordered me to Sing again. Accordingly I sung, and played upon the Lute in a Manner that highly delighted him. No, cries he, not all the Musicians of the Sultan together, are worth this young Man. But, adds he, coming up to me, and looking nearer upon me: What is that I see upon his Head; It seems to me to be a Sore. Alas Sir, it is so; says the old Gardiner. I am sorry for it, replies the Minister. Were it not for the Offence it gives to the Sight, I should have been glad to have raised him out of his low Condition; I would have taken him into my Service to divert me, and have made his Fortune at once.

When the Grand Visier had thus spoken, he left us; and on the Morrow he said to the Sultan; Sir, Your Majesty knows not that you have a Treasure in your

your Gardens. Then he related what passed between us the preceding Night. The Sultan; upon what his Visier told him, grew desirous to hear me. I will go this Day, says he, into the Gardens, to see this young Fellow. Let my Musicians have Orders to prepare a Consort for me there; and let a Table be set out with all Kinds of Refreshments.

This Order was no sooner given out, than the Basin, where the old Man and I had supped together, was bordered round with rich Carpets. The proper Officers planted their several Buffets, which were furnished with costly Vases, full of exquisite Liquors; while others ranged in Order various Services of Meats, and of Fruits. Every Thing was in a Readiness when the Sultan came thither, followed by his Grand Visier, and a Number of his Courtiers.

As soon as he was seated, and he had ordered his Company to take their Places, I presented my self before him, with my Reins girt with white Linnen, and a Basket of Flowers in my Hands.

I laid the Basket down at his Feet, and retired in the most respectful Manner. I perceived that he took a particular Notice of me, and fixed his Eye more especially upon

upon the Bladder, which gave my Head so ill an Aspect. He easily guessed that I was the Person of whom the Visier spoke. Away, away, thou loathsome Wretch, says the Sultan to me, what brings thee hither? My old Master, who stood by, undertook again to reply for me. He said that I was his Servant; and that I was very knowing in the Business of Gardening. This he spoke with as much Assurance, as if he had been perswaded of the Truth of what he said.

The Hundred and twenty eighth Day.

THE Sultan kept his Eye still upon me.

Is it true, says he to the Gardener, that your Boy plays well upon the Lute, and sings agreeably? Yes Sir, answers the old Man; his Voice is more exquisite than you would imagine. Were you to hear him Sing, you would forget the Disagreeableness of his Person. I should be glad to hear him, replies the Monarch. Let us have a Trial of his Skill.

There were several Buffoons present; one of which, supposing the Sultan spoke

O f

only

only in Derision, and that I was a proper Person to make a Jest of to the Court, came and took me by the Arm, as if he would force me to Dance with him. He made no doubt but I should acquit my self so awkwardly, that it would heighten the despicable Figure I made; and that he should have the Honour of diverting the whole Assembly with a very ridiculous Scene. But his vain Hopes turned to his Confusion; for I seized him with a strong Grasp, and shook him so roughly, that the Laughter rose on my Side. After which I let them see, that I danced with a better Grace than he expected. The Sultan, the Grand Visier, and all the Spectators, heaped Praises upon me.

The mean Opinion, which at first was conceived of me, contributed without doubt in a great measure to the Admiration which followed. It was a Surprise upon them to see one dance so well, whom they looked upon as a Wretch of no Consideration. Be that as it will, I was presented with Castanets. I made Use of them, and marked the Movements and Cadences so justly as I danced, that in the Judgment of every one I passed for the com-

compleatest Dancer, that had been seen in the Court of *Carizme*.

After I had danced a considerable Time, I took the Gardiner's Lute, and pleased the whole Company, in as great a Degree as I had pleased the Visier the foregoing Day. I could perceive in the Looks of this Minister a secret Satisfaction arise, which increased in Proportion to that which he saw appear in the Countenance of his Master. Afterwards they brought me a Harp, a Viol, and a Flute; upon which three Instruments I played so well, that the Sultan was ravished.

He called out immediately for a Purse of a thousand Sequins of Gold, and ordered it to be laid before me. I opened the Purse, and taking out the Gold, distributed it among the Musicians. The whole Court was astonished at my Behaviour. This young Man, said they, has a great Soul, and strives to imitate Kings: What Pity it is, that he is blemished with an ugly Disease. The Sultan, who was no less surprized than his Courtiers, demanded of me why I did not keep the Pieces of Gold? I made Answer, That I had no need of Riches, since I had the Honour to belong to his Majesty, and to serve in his Gardens.

dens. He seemed pleased with my Answer, and I was applauded by the whole Assembly.

This done, he gave Orders to have the Provisions set before him. Then he sat down with his Nobles to the Entertainment which was prepared. While they continued at Table, the Consort of Musick played; but notwithstanding that the Compositions were excellent, and the Voices very good, the Sultan, prepossessed in Favour of me, gave little Attention to them.

The Hundred and twenty ninth Day.

AS soon as the Consort was ended, the Court withdrew. The Carpets were immediately taken away, and the two Tents with the Buffets disappeared. All the Attendants retired by Degrees, and I found myself quite alone with the old Gardiner; who said to me, Though the Presents you gave me had not been sufficient to render you suspected to me for a Person of no mean Condition, I should soon have been undeceived by the Use you made of

the

the Sequins which the Sultan gave you. Men of a low Birth are incapable of acting in so generous a Manner.

Notwithstanding the old Man furnished me with a very favourable Opportunity of discovering to him who I was, I did not think it proper to intrust him with the Secret. I thought it sufficient to tell him only, that I was indeed of a very good Family; then changing the Discourse, I reminded him of my great Impatience to see the Princess of *Carizme*. I am surprised, says he, that you have not yet seen her. A Day seldom passes, in which she does not walk in this Garden with her Women. But alas, adds he with a Concern in his Looks, you will see her but too soon; and I fear I shall have Reason to repent of my Complaisance for you. The good old Man, instead of alarming me by these Words, did but inflame my Desires.

On the Morrow, which was the third Day, after I had been some time at Work, I sat down to repose my self under a Rose-Bush; where Musing, I played up on the Lute; when, on a sudden, there appeared before me a Lady veiled, who said to me, Young Man, away with that Instrument and rise; go and gather some Flowers

Flowers to present to the Sultan's Daughter. She is come into the Garden. How comes it that this is not already done? Must you have some one come to put you in mind of your Duty? What are you for a Gardiner's Boy? I bowed my Head immediately, and replied to the Lady; that I knew not that the Princess was in the Garden; and moreover, had I been aware of it, I should have been very careful of offending her Sight with a Figure like mine.

The Lady burst out into Laughter at my Discourse: What then, says she, because your Head is a little amiss, you do not dare to shew your self? Come, come, I will not suffer your Bashfulness to prevail too far; I will have you go along with me now to the Princess; she knows, as well as all her Slaves do, how you are affected. They are all informed beforehand of your Distemper, and far from being shocked, they will be pleased to see you. They have heard so much in your Praise, that they long to know you. Run then quickly for a Basket, and be assured that *Rexia*, whose Governess I am, will receive you very graciously.

As

As I desired nothing more than what she proposed to me, I speeded away to the Gardiner, I took a Basket, and returned in haste to fill it with Flowers. Then following the Governess, she led me under a Dome which rose in the Middle of the Garden. I tied round my Waist, as the Day before, a clean Linnen Sash, and carried the Basket in my Hands.

The Princess was in a great Hall, seated upon a Throne of Gold, and surrounded with twenty or thirty Slaves, all young, and that seemed to vie with each other in Beauty. One would be apt to imagine that they had been expressly chosen, to compose a Court worthy of *Rezia*. The Beauties which are set apart for the Happiness of the faithful *Musselmans* in another Life, cannot be more exquisite. The Princess above all, was so glorious in Charms, that I remained motionless in the Middle of the Hall, with my Eyes fixed upon her, and quite lost in Amazement.

The Hundred and thirtieth Day.

MY Disorder and my Astonishment, the Cause of which was but too visible to them all, occasioned an uninterrupted
Laughter

Laughter for a considerable Time. All the Slaves diverted themselves with the strong Symptoms of Amazement that appeared through my whole Countenance; and took it for granted, that the Beauty of their Mistress had already taken away my Senses. They had very good Reason to think so; for I looked like one so confounded, so Thunder-struck, and so much transported beyond myself, that I might easily be suspected for a Person utterly lost to Reason: And indeed, I found myself, in a Situation of Mind not far from absolute Distraction.

Why do you not go forward then, says the Governess to me? You stand fixed, as if you were become a Statue. Advance, and present your Flowers to the Princess. At these Words I began a little to recover from my Surprise. I approach the Throne; and when I had set down my Basket upon the lowest Step, I prostrated myself, and remained with my Face to the Earth, till *Rezia* said to me, Rise, young Man; let us have the Pleasure to see thee. I obeyed; when all her Women perceiving my naked Head, or rather my Cap, tho' they had before been told of it, gave a Shriek, contrary to the Assurances which I received from

from the Governess. After this they broke out again into Laughter.

When they had sufficiently diverted themselves at my Expence, the Princess ordered a Lute should be put into my Hands, and commanded me to accompany it with my Voice, saying, Thou hast charmed the Sultan my Father yesterday. I cannot believe thou knowest how to sing and play upon the Lute, to such Perfection as he would perswade me. I immediately put the Instrument in Tune, and sung in the Uzzal Measure these Persian Verses: *My doom is fixed; my Death is inevitable, since my Eyes have beheld your Heavenly Charms: I die of Grief if you reject my Passion; and my Joy kills me, if you say you love.*

Altho' it was no difficult Matter to guess at my Application of these Verses, and that consequently this might give them a fresh Occasion to divert themselves with me, they spared me however for the present. Instead of launching out into Laughter and Raillery, they lavished Praises on me. It is true, the Princess was the first to commend me, which made me a little suspect the Sincerity of the Compliments of her Court. Be that as it will, a Slave took the Lute from me, to put into my Hands

Hands a Tabor. Afterwards the Flute, the Harp, and the Viol were brought me, one after the other. I had the good Fortune to play upon them, so as to draw fresh Compliments upon myself.

We have not yet done with you, Friend, says the Daughter of the Sultan then to me: I have heard likewise that you dance in Perfection. I would fain see how you acquit yourself. I called for Castanets, and I performed the same Dances as the Day before, with very good Success. All the Slaves renewed their Commendations of me. Ah, says one, How well he dances, and with what a Grace! What a moving Voice he has, says another! Without that unhappy Distemper, he might be taken in for one of the chief Musicians.

While they were busied in saying a thousand obliging Things of me, *Rezia* was employed in looking earnestly upon me, without speaking a Word. Then breaking Silence on a sudden, and coming down from her Throne, to return to the Palace; *It is Pity*, cries she, *it is great Pity that he is diseased.* As soon as she had pronounced these Words, her Women, as if she had signified they should repeat them, as they retired

retired they made the Hall resound again, saying, *It is great Pity that he is diseased.*

The Hundred and thirty first Day.

I Did not stay long in the Hall after they were gone. I went directly to the Gardiner's House, where I found my Governor, who came to enquire after me. Well my Friends, said I upon my coming in, I have seen *Rexia*. They both of them turned pale as I spoke, and looked upon me with trembling. They were apprehensive they should discover in my Looks manifest Tokens to justify their Fears. I perceived it; and said, I see very well why ye look so earnestly upon me. Banish your Fear: I am not distracted. But if all Men are to be shut up, who fall in Love with the Princess, I confess to you, that I richly deserve a Place in one of the Towers.

At the same time I related to them, all that happened under the Dome in the Garden. Then I added, That I was desirous to continue still in the Gardens, under the same Disguise; and to use my Endeavours to please *Rexia*. My Governor and the old Man upon this, represented to me every

ry thing which they thought might persuade me to alter my Resolution: But I forbid the one to oppose my Will any farther, and I engaged the other by new Presents to let me still pass for the Gardiner's Boy.

The following Day in the Afternoon, I found myself inclined to Rest: I went and sat down upon the Margin of a Canal, whose Banks were green, and planted with spreading Trees, which covered the Water with their Shade. I knew that the Princess came sometimes to bathe in this Place. This was sufficient to set the whole Imagination of a Lover at work. I amused myself with a thousand agreeable Fancies, which naturally arise in the Mind of a Man deeply enamoured. But I did not long continue in these pleasing Dreams. As my Eyes were fixed upon the Water, I saw the Resemblance of myself; which gave me very melancholy Reflections. Far from being pleased with my own Figure, I sighed to see I was reduced to the Necessity of appearing so unlike myself.

Oh Heavens! thinks I, how unaccountable is my Destiny, that I should be obliged to appear before the Princess whom I love, in so odd a Disguise! What can I propose

by

by it? Can I hope to inspire her with the least Sense of Tenderneſs, under this disagreeable Form? How extravagant are my Proceedings! Alas! adds I, taking off the Bladder which covered my Head, if I durſt venture to ſhew myſelf without a Diſguiſe, if my Figure ſhould not prove ſo lovely as to pleaſe *Rezia*; at leaſt I ſhould not ſeem frightful in her Eyes.

After I had lamented my Condition, and the Neceſſity of continuing ſo odiouſly concealed, I put on the Bladder again. My Hands were yet employed in adjusting it, when a Lady came up to me. She liſted up her Veil, and I ſoon diſcerned ſhe was the Governeſs of the Princeſs. You, deteſtable Wretch, ſays ſhe to me; I have been ſeeking for you, to let you know, that you are more happy than a better Man would be. My Miſtreſs, who has taken a liking to you, notwithſtanding your ugly Cap, has a Mind you ſhould this Night be introduced into her Apartment. She deſires to hear you ſing, and to ſee you dance once more. Be in this very Place, when it is Night; and do not fail to be punctual. This ſaid, ſhe went off from me, without ſtaying for my Answer, and left me very much tranſported with her Meſſage.

The

The Governess had little need to charge me to be punctual. I ran to find out the old Gardiner; not so much to communicate my good Fortune to him, as to precaution him not to be in any Pain about me, if I did not come Home to him that Night. This done, I returned and laid myself down upon the Grass in the Place where the Appointment was made. I felt all the sharpest Stings of Impatience, till the happy Moment arrived, which I expected. An Eunuch came up to me, and bid me follow him. He carried me into the Seraglio by a private Door, to which he had a Key, and he led me forward into the Apartment of *Rezia*.

The Hundred and thirty second Day.

THIS Princess lay upon a Sofa; and all her Women sat before her upon the Floor-Carpet, telling Stories to divert her. As soon as they saw me, they rose up and cried out, See, see, the Gardiner's Boy, who will make us merry.

Young Man, says the Daughter of the Sultan to me, you entertained me so well yesterday,

yesterday, that I have desired to see you again. Upon this, she ordered a Lute to be brought, and commanded me to play upon it. I obeyed; and at the same time sung such Words as my Love inspired me with; which glowed within my Breast at the Sight of the Princess. Briefly, they gave me the same Instruments upon which I had played the foregoing Day in the great Hall; and I acquitted myself so as to be applauded more than ever.

After this, I was to dance. I had a Mind to shew how much I excelled in that Exercise above all things. I performed several Dances; but as I was in the midst of a Dance which required great Activity, my Bladder, which I had not tied very fast, came loose and fell upon the Floor.

Then the Slaves discovering the Deceit shrieked aloud; and *Rozia* seemed highly provoked. Her Anger flashed in her Eyes, and broke out with Vehemence in her Words: Oh rash and desperate, said she to me, I took thee for a Man of no Consequence. Never hope the Diversion thou hast given, will engline me to excuse thy Boldness. At these Words she ordered her Eunuchs to be called, A whole Troop of them rushed in upon me: They hurried
me

me out of the Apartment of the Princess, and shut me up in a Closet till the Morning; when they informed the Sultan of the Adventure.

Ah, thou Wretch, says the Prince to me, when they brought me before him; for what Reason didst thou transform thyself into a Gardiner's Boy? what could be thy Intention? Without doubt thou hadst formed a Resolution to dishonour my Seraglio. But Thanks be to Heaven, thy Treasonable Purpose is discovered, and thy Punishment is unavoidable. It is my Will, that thou be taken this Instant, and led through the City in a shameful Manner; that a Herald do march before thee, to publish thy Crime; and in the End that thou be torn Limb from Limb. I ask not of thee who thou art; for thy Birth would stand thee in no Stead: Wert thou the Son of a King, thou shouldest die for thy Audaciousness, in attempting to deceive me.

Neither is this all, continues he; my Anger requires one Victim more. Let my Gardiner undergo the same Sentence. I make no doubt but he must be the Accomplice of this rash young Fellow. I endeavoured to excuse the old Gardiner, by protesting that he knew nothing of my Disguise;

gulse; but I was not credited: And now we were both going to be delivered to the Executioners, when the Grand Visier came and said to the King: Sir, I have this Instant received some very unwelcome News. The King of *Gazna*, provoked at the Refusal of the Princess your Daughter to him, whom he demanded ten Months ago by his Ambassador, has entered into a League against you with the King of *Candabar*. These two Princes have united their whole Forces, and they come to lay your Country waste. They have already passed the *Oxus*, and they now lie between *Samarcande* and *Bocara*.

The Heart of the Sultan was alarmed with the Tidings. *Schams Moulouk*, said he to his Visier, what is to be done in this Conjunction? Sir, answers the Minister, my Opinion is, that without any loss of Time all your standing Troops should be called together; that they should march towards the *Sogd*, under the Command of a General, who knows how to amuse the Enemy, till such time as he shall receive a sufficient Reinforcement to put him in a Condition to act offensively. In the mean time, adds he, let us endeavour to make Heaven propitious to our Cause,

by imploring Succour from above. Let the Mosques be set open Day and Night, and let Prayers be offered without ceasing. Let Orders be issued out to the Inhabitants of *Carizme*, to fast a number of Days. Let Alms likewise be distributed every where, and set all the Prisoners at Liberty, let their Trespasses be never so great. I hope by these good Actions that we shall be able to draw a Blessing from Heaven upon our Undertakings.

The Hundred and thirty third Day.

THE Counsel given by *Schams Moulouk* saved my Life, as well as the old Gardiner's. Visier, says the Sultan, your Advice seems very reasonable to me; and I shall follow it. Give speedy Orders for my Troops to be in a Readiness to march, and go your self to command them. I will make new Levies, and in a few Days you shall be in a Condition to repel the Enemy. In the mean time, the Mosques shall be crouded by the Faithful, the Poor shall receive Alms, and the Prisoners shall no longer feel their Chains. I likewise grant my Pardon to these two
guilty

guilty Persons, whom I have just now condemned: I recall their Sentence.

Thus did I escape from an ignominious Death. As soon as I was got clear of the Palace, I returned to my Inn, where I found my Governor, who had given me over for lost. He was newly come back from the Gardiner's, who had informed him of my Misfortune: Therefore he was very much surprized to see me. I related to him the Things which had befallen me: And as I appeared still very desirous to continue at *Carizme*, and to think of new Expedients to gain Admittance into the Seraglio, notwithstanding the little Success of my Adventure; he threw himself at my Feet, and said to me with Tears in his Eyes; Oh my dearest Prince, tempt not too far the Mercy of Heaven. Since it has pleased Providence to disengage you from so imminent a Danger, into which your Love had plunged you, expose not your self a second time to perish so miserably. Alas! if the King your Father should come to know what has passed, I tremble to think how much he would be displeased with your Imprudence. Let me once prevail; forget the Princess of *Carizme*; neither does she deserve that you should

think any more of her. She used her Endeavours to take away your Life. Let a just Resentment take place of Love: Let Reason guide your Passion, and let my Affection and my Tears have some Influence over you. Let us fly from this fatal City. Think of the extreme old Age of the King of *Astracan*. Who knows but he is at this Instant preparing to go down into the Grave? You alone can make his Death supportable to his People, who even worship you, and think every Moment of your Absence tedious. Is this the Return then you will make to their impatient Longings to see you again?

My Governor melted down my Resolutions into Tenderness, by these and such like Discourses. *Husselyn*, said I to him, it is sufficient; you shall no more reproach my Weakness. I yield to your Persuasions: Let us be gone. Adieu *Rezia*; too cruel Princess, adieu. May the Rigour of your Heart, and the Succession of Days, and Years, wear you out from my Remembrance!

As I ended these Words, the old Gardiner entered the Inn. He came to look for me, to let me know that he was turned out from the Gardens of the Seraglio.

woll

Since

Since it is so, said I, and since it is for my Sake that you have lost your Employment, it is but reasonable that I should make you some Amends. Go along with me into my Country : I will there put you into a Post, that shall be full as considerable as that which you enjoyed here. I return you my Thanks, Sir, replies he; I was born in the *Zagatay*; and there intend to die. I will retire into the Village where I first drew vital Air : There will I live in Tranquillity, upon what I have gained by my Employment, and upon the Presents which I have received from you. To render Life yet more easie to him, I gave him more Gold and Jewels; and he took his Leave of me fully satisfied.

I departed that very Day from *Carizme*; I took the Road to *Otrar* with my Governor, and there I rejoined all my Retinue, who began to grow very impatient, although I had not employed much time in this Journey from them. When I declared upon my Arrival, that I would incessantly return to *Circassia*, my Followers, eager to see their Wives and their Children, were transported with my Design. Accordingly I did not stay six Days at *Otrar*. I set out then, and proceeded on by

flow Journeys towards *Astracan*; when I met a Courier sent by my Father, to inform me that he was fallen ill; that he was very sensible he had but a little time to live, and that I must make haste, if I desired to embrace him before his Death.

Upon this News, which very much afflicted me, I pursued my Journey with the utmost speed. But alas! my Diligence proved almost ineffectual! I came to Court just time enough to be present to a Spectacle that thrilled my Heart with Sorrow. I found my Father just expiring. I present my self before him; I approach his Bed; I take him by the Hand, and bathe it with my Tears: At last, overcome by the tender Sentiments of Nature, Oh my Father, cried I, are my Hopes then come to this; to find you in such a Condition? Can I behold you thus, and not die with Grief? At these Words, which moved him powerfully, he cast a Look full of Trouble upon me; and knowing me not so much by his Eyes as by what I spoke, he recollected his small Remains of Strength to stretch out his Arms towards me, and to speak to me. Oh my Son, said he, and are you returned! I have nothing farther
now

now to ask of Heaven. I die content:
Adieu. His Breath departed with these
Words, as if the Angel of Death had ex-
pected only my Presence, to put an end
to the Life of the King, and was willing
to give this good Prince the Consolation
of speaking to me his last Farewel.

*The Hundred and thirty fourth
Day.*

WHEN I had performed all the Fu-
neral Honours due to my deceased
Father, I ascended his Throne, and applied
my self to govern my Dominions in such
a Manner, as might answer the good Opi-
nion which my People had conceived of
me. I had the good Fortune therein to
succeed, and to enjoy the greatest Happi-
ness that can befall Kings. I was and still
continue to be the Idol of my Subjects.
As I have no other View but their Well-
fare and Prosperity, they likewise make it
their Study to please me, and to distinguish
every Day of my Reign by some new Ho-
liday. By these means my Court is become
the Seat of Joy: There are perpetual
Rejoicings celebrated there, as likewise
throughout the whole City: There is not

a People upon the Earth who appear to be so happy, and who in Effect are so. Their good Fortune is an inward Satisfaction to me; and for fear of clouding the Sunshine of their Happiness, I use the utmost Care to conceal from them the Grief that preys in secret upon my Spirits. I am persuaded, if they knew, that instead of being in reality what I appear to them, I am in my own Breast never free from the sharpest Pangs of Discontent; that the Joy which now reigns in *Astracan*, would soon be overcast with Sorrow of the deepest Dye.

In a little time after my coming to the Crown of *Circassia*, I perceived that I had not yet forgotten *Rezia*. The Death of the King my Father, and the Mourning which I owed to his Memory, together with the Application which the publick Affairs required of me, did indeed suspend the Power of my Love: But far from being diminished, it seemed to me to have renewed its Force. I laid my self open to *Husseyn*; who said to me, Sir, now that you have a Crown to offer together with your Love, my Opinion is, That you should send an Ambassador to demand the Princess of *Carizme*: And to make the
Sultan

Sultan yet more ready to comply, promise him your Assistance against his Enemies.

This Advice pleased me, and I sent *Husseyn* himself to the Court of *Carizme*, with a pompous Equipage and magnificent Presents to the Sultan, to whom I wrote in these Terms : God grant length of Days to the Sultan of *Carizme*, the Emperor of the Sons of Adam, the Conqueror of the World, and the prosperous Prince; to whose Foot Heaven has given Strength to mount with Vigour to the highest Degrees of Power, and of Greatness. May his Prosperity be everlasting, and his Happiness never troubled by the Storms of Envy.

We give you to understand, that we desire your Alliance, if it shall seem good in your Eyes, to accord to us the Princess *Rezia*, your Daughter, to be our lawful Wife. And although you stand in need of none other beside your own victorious Troops, to humble your Enemies, we offer unto you the Powers of the *Circassians*, and of their Allies. Farewel.

I need not tell you, that I expected the Return of my Ambassador with great Impatience. Briefly, after I had a long time suffered the Torments of a Lover, that could brook no Delays; *Husseyn* at last

arrived, and reported to me that the Sultan of *Carizme* had given him a very kind Reception, but that I must renounce all Hopes of possessing *Rezia*. And why, says I to him, must I renounce those Hopes? Sir, answers *Husseyn*, it is because she is promised to the King of *Gazna*. This Prince has often beat the Troops of the Sultan, who, to preserve his Dominions, has been obliged to sue for Peace to his Enemy, by promising him the Princess. As the King of *Gazna* made War, with no other Design but to compel the Sultan to grant him his Daughter, these two Princes soon came to an Agreement. So that *Rezia* was to be sent to her Husband, two Days after my Departure from *Carizme*.

This news in a manner subverted my Reason. I complained of my Destiny, in Terms which made *Husseyn* fear that I should grow distracted. I was not contented only to afflict my self; I even fell desperately ill, and I do not comprehend how I have been able to recover from my Indisposition; for my Mind still remains in a Situation too uneasy to contribute to my Cure.

But

But though my Health returned, my Quiet never came again. I was perpetually taken up with Thoughts of the Princess of *Carizme*: I imagined I saw her in the Arms of her happy Lord; and this cruel Reflection gave me continual Torments. *Hussey*n thinking that a new Beauty might supply the Place of *Rez*ia in my Heart, searched out the most beautiful Slaves from all Parts. He filled my Seraglio with them. Superfluous Care! In vain did his Zeal to serve me assemble a thousand Objects full of Charms; nothing could disengage me from *Rez*ia-Beghum.

The Hundred and thirty fifth Day.

WHILE *Hussey*n unprofitably turned the Eyes of the most lovely Women of *Asia* upon me, my Grand Visier came one Day to acquaint me, that of late there were to be seen very magnificent Baths before the Gates of *Astracan*. The Waters, says he, are very pure and clear. There you may see Pillars of the finest Marble, and the most magnificent Basins imaginable. The whole City runs out in Crouds to

admire the Basins; and every one is the more surprized, because no Man can say he saw them Built. Such as they are, they were discovered at once; and this is all the Account that can be given of them.

I was very much surprized with what I heard, and had the Curiosity to go my self, and be an Eye-witness of what to me seemed a Prodigy. I went therefore with my Grand Visier to the Baths so privately, as not to be known; and my Surprise was still greater, when I had considered the Structure and the Magnificence of them. Besides the Neatness and the great Order in which every Thing appeared, I observed that the Boys, whose Business it was to serve there, and give Attendance, were all of them very Handsome, and well proportioned; and what is yet more extraordinary, there was so great a Resemblance between them, that it was not possible to distinguish the one from the other.

The Master of the Baths, who was about Fifty Years Old, and a Man of a graceful Aspect, took care to see every one well attended. After Bathing, they presented the most exquisite Liquors to drink, and no one went away dissatisfied. When I returned to my Palace, I discoursed with
my

my Courtiers about these Baths, which they had already seen. I asked them what they thought of them; and not satisfied with their Answers, I resolved to send for the Man, who caused them to be built, and to have some Conference with him. I laid my Commands upon *Husselyn*, to go to him from me, and to engage him in the most obliging Terms he could think of, to come along with him to me. *Husselyn* acquitted himself very dexterously of his Commission. In a little Time I saw him return with the Master of the Baths, who immediately threw himself at my Feet. I raised him up with my own Hands, and received him after the most endearing Manner.

This Man, pleased with the great Civilities I shewed him, began to exalt my Praises, and expressed himself with so much Eloquence, that he raised the Admiration of all my Courtiers, as well as mine. His Discourse was so very agreeable, and I was so delighted with it, that I quite forgot the Subject upon which I sent for him. At last, however, I recollected my self, and said to him: Great Philosopher, for it is not difficult to judge that you must be one of the most profound; I have a Request to make to you. Speak, I entreat you

you sincerely, and hide nothing from me: How is it you have been able to build such stately Baths? How is it possible that you should raise so beautiful a Structure before the Gates of *Astracan*, and no Man's Eye be Witness of it?

Sir, replies he, I have in my Service Forty Workmen, each of them so great Masters in their Art, that it is hard to say which is preferable to the other. By their Assistance, I can in less than a Day, raise Baths surpassing these. All these Workmen are Dumb; but they understand whatever is said to them. It is not necessary even so much as to speak your Commands to them: They will comprehend your Meaning from the smallest Gesture you can make. If you do but look upon them, they will read your Intentions in every Glance of your Eye. If it pleases your Majesty to send for them hither, and to lay any Commands upon them, they shall execute them in a Moment.

I was too desirous to experiment the Truth of what he said, not to take him at his Word. I sent immediately for these Workmen, who I soon perceiv'd were the Boys whom I had seen attending in the Baths. Wondering again at their great
Like-

Likeness, I expressed my Surprize to the Philosopher, and asked him if they were not Brothers. Yes Sir, answers he; and what is more, I can assure you that they are all from one Mother. Command them, adds he, to do what you please, and you shall instantly be obeyed. But I humbly beseech your Majesty to order every one to withdraw; for I should be better pleased, if you suffered no Witnesses to be present.

The Hundred and thirty sixth Day.

AS soon as my Courtiers heard the Philosopher speak thus, they all retired, without waiting for my Commands; and I was left with the Master of the Baths, and his Forty Slaves. After I had be-
thought my self for a considerable Time what I should command them to do, I desired they would make me Baths in the Hall where we then were.

I had no sooner signified my Pleasure to them, than they all disappeared. In a Moment after, they returned loaded with Marble of every Colour, and with other Necessaries for the building of a Bath. They set themselves to work, and allowed me no Time to be tired with looking on;
while

while some are employed in carrying on the Work with such Expedition and Quickness, as I could scarce follow with my Eye; others went out, and brought in Materials with the like Diligence. In a Word, the Bath was finished in the Compass of a few Hours. There could be nothing seen more compleat, or more Magnificent. There were twelve Pillars of Green Marble, so finely Polished as to reflect Images; and several Fountains spouting out Water, which fell with an agreeable Noise into Basins of white Marble.

Amazed with these Objects that struck my Sight, and with the profound Knowledge of the Philosopher, I desired him to explain to me how these Things came to pass. Sir, says he, that Explication would prove tedious, and take up too much of your Time. Give me Leave only to acquaint you, that I am Master of nine and thirty Sciences.

This Discourse increased my Astonishment, and raised in me a strong Desire to gain over to my self so great a Man. I courted him with the utmost Caresses and Endearments: Then I asked him from what Country he was, and what was his
Name

Name. I am, says he, from the Territory of *Bocara*, and my Name is *Avicene*. If you have a Mind, continues he, to know my History, I am ready to relate it. I told him that I should be infinitely pleased to hear it; upon which he began as follows.

The History of Avicene.

I Was Born in a little Town called *Af-hana*. I was hardly more than an Infant, when my Parents sent me to begin my Studies at the University of *Bocara*. There I studied the *Alcoran*, and had such a Propensity to polite Literature, that I had made a Progress in it at ten Years of Age. I was taught Arithmetick, and set to read *Euclide*; after which I applied myself to the Mathematicks. I addicted myself likewise to the Study of Philosophy, of Physick, and of Theology.

I made such great Advances in all these Sciences, that acquired a more than ordinary Reputation in a very short time. I was not yet arrived to my twentieth Year, when my Name was already known from the Borders of *Gibon*, quite to the Mouth of *Indus*. One Day I set out with my Father upon a Journey to *Samarcande*, where
his

his Affairs called him. I had a Mind to see the Court: I met with some Persons who knew me, and did not fail to speak very advantageously of me. The Commendations and Praises which they spread about of me, came at last to the Ears of the Grand Visier, who was desirous to discourse with me. He was so satisfied with my Conversation, that he proposed to me to live with him at *Samarcande*. I consented to it; and insinuated myself so far into his Affections, that he did nothing without consulting me.

This Minister lived not long; but in him I only lost a Man who loved me; for my Fortunes became more shining. The King conceived a Friendship for me, equal to that of his Visier. I obtained several Governments; and in time, the Place of his First Minister, being again vacant, was offered to me, and I accepted of it.

The Hundred and thirty seventh Day.

NOTwithstanding that I attended fully to all the Duty of my Post as Grand Visier, yet I found some Moments for my Studies: But not being contented, out of my

my great Thirst after Knowledge, with a few spare Hours for Reading, I entered upon a Resolution of quitting the Affairs of State. The King was so well satisfied with my Administration, that he consented to it with great Difficulty. Not willing to lay any Restraint upon me, he was so gracious as to give me Leave to lay down my Employment, upon Condition that I would not quit the Court.

I had no Design to banish myself from thence; I loved the King out of pure Inclination: I had too quick a Sense of all his Goodness, to think of retiring into a Solitude, how great soever my Passion might be for Study. Therefore I continued at the Court; but I gave up my Apartments to my Successor; and desired to be lodged in a private part of the Palace, where I lived in a kind of Retreat. I divided my Time between the Prince and my Books. I was not satisfied alone with Reading; I composed several Works, some in Verse, and some in Prose: Far from resembling those unprofitable Scholars, who content themselves with enriching their Minds with a great Variety of Knowledge, and die without suffering the Publick to participate the Fruits of their Studies. I communicated
my

my Reflections to the whole World, as fast as I could put them in Writing. I have published near an hundred Volumes upon divers Subjects; and my Works are called, by way of Preheminence, *The Glorious Works*.

Moreover I applied myself to Chymistry; and to that dark Science by which all the Operations of Nature are explained. I was already far advanced in Cabalistical Knowledge, when there arrived at *Samarcande*, an Ambassador from *Coutbeddin* King of *Caschgar*. This Embassy gave Occasion to a great many Surmises. Some imagined the Business of it was, to declare a War against the King of *Samarcande*: Others supposed it was to propose an Alliance with him: But all were mistaken in their GuesSES. In the Audience which was given, every one was surprized, when after presenting his Credentials to the King, he said to him, Sir, the King *Coutbeddin* my Master, one Day at Table fell into a Discourse with some of his Courtiers, concerning the ancient Philosophers. I would fain know, said he to them, if there are any Persons now living so knowing as *Hippocrates*, and so wise as *Socrates*. Thereupon a Courtier replied, that there were
Mer-

Merchants lately arrived at *Caschgar*, who had travelled through several Countries, and might perhaps know where there were Men of great Abilities in Learning. The Merchants were immediately sent for; and they told the King my Master, that there were two famous Philosophers at the Court of *Samarcande*, whose Merit was equal to the greatest Praises. That the Name of the one was *Avicene*, and of the other *Fazel Asphahani*. They are two Men, said they, who have a perfect Knowledge of all the Secrets of Nature; and whom we have seen perform Things greatly surprizing.

They were so ample in their Commendations of this *Avicene*, and this *Fazel*, that my Master resolved to borrow them of your Majesty for some time. He is extremely desirous to see them both: And, Sir, he conjures you to send them to him: He has a Mind to hear them speak, and to form a Judgment himself of their Knowledge: For he is a Prince who has a very extensive Capacity, improved by an Insight into all Sciences.

Thus spoke the Ambassador. Forthwith the King of *Samarcande* sent for *Fazel* and me; and said to us: The King of *Caschgar* demands you both, to participate of your
Con-

Conversation for some time. I am of Opinion that his Request should not be refused. Sir, answers *Fazel*, it is your Prerogative to command, and our Duty to obey. For my part, I shall do as your Majesty thinks fit.

As I kept Silence, and as it was easy to judge from my Looks, that I was not fond of a Journey to *Caschgar*, the King said to me: And you, *Avicene*, what Answer do you make? It seems as if this Embassy did not please you.

The Hundred and thirty eighth Day.

I Signified to the King, That indeed I was a little averse to what was required of me. Then *Fazel* represented to me, that if we refused to gratify the Curiosity of *Coutbeddin*, this Monarch might surmize Things to our Disadvantage; and might be apt to think that we were not so knowing as was pretended: That moreover Princes were in some measure the Masters of our Reputation; and that to ruin us, they needed only to write disadvantageously of us into foreign Countries. Therefore to preserve our Glory, that it was absolutely necessary

necessary to submit our selves to the Will of the King of *Caschgar*.

I was provoked with what *Fazel* said, and my Displeasure rose against him. Your ridiculous Fears and Apprehensions, said I to him, are very unworthy a Philosopher. Can all the Princes in the World, do you think, hurt a Man who is Master of the Sciences that I possess? Know Sir, that if I continue in this Court, it is because I love the Sovereign. Were it not for that Love and Friendship, which I see repaid by a thousand Favours, I should long since have transplanted myself elsewhere, to live in what Part of the World I pleased, in an entire Independence. As for you, who as yet are not above the Power of Fortune, and who stand in need of the Protection of Kings, you will do well to go and make your Court to *Coutbebdin*: Your Learning and Skill, or at least your Complaisance, will engage him to write into foreign Countries in Commendation of you.

At these Words I could perceive Rage sparkle in the Eyes of *Fazel*, and that he kept in his Anger with Difficulty. The King observing it, and desiring to put a Stop to Animosities on both Sides: *Avicene,*

cene, says he, I entreat you suffer yourself to be perswaded. The Prince who desires to see you, is a Prince of Merit. He is a Lover of Learning and of learned Men. His Heart burns with Impatience to discourse with you. Would not the Treatment be very unworthy, to send away his Ambassador with a Denial? I do not blame that noble Haughtiness of Mind, which the Consciousness of your great Knowledge inspires you with. But think, that Kings deserve you should have some Regard for them. Be ruled by me; go to the Court of *Coubeddin*, and when you have remained there for a time, you shall be welcome again to mine, if you still preserve the same Sentiments towards me, which you have just now expressed.

Puissant Monarch of the World, replied I to the King of *Samarcande*, since you are pleased to signify to me, that it is your Pleasure I should go to *Caschgar*, I comply. I am ready to depart: You shall always have an absolute Power over your Slave. I will sacrifice even my Life to you, if you require it. The King appeared highly pleased with the great Deference I shewed to his Will. He cloathed the Ambassador with a Vest of Gold, and sent him

him back to his Master, with Assurances that *Fazel* and I should set out for *Caschgär* without Delay.

Fazel Asphabani was a Man much about my Age. He knew indeed a great deal; but the Merchants, who had extolled him so highly to the King of *Caschgär*, exceeded the Merits of the Man. This Philosopher few Days before our Departure came to me, and said: Illustrious *Avicene*, since we both of us pass in the World for Men of accomplished Knowledge, methinks it is requisite we should not travel like ordinary Persons. Let us do something very particular. Shall we undertake to go from hence to *Caschgär* without eating or drinking? What I propose will not seem difficult to so great a Philosopher as you are, though the Journey be somewhat long. Let us therefore take Provisions only for our Slaves, who shall be Witnesses of the great Abstinence we observe upon the Road. They will not fail to speak of it at *Caschgär*. This will soon be rumoured through the City, and will do us great Honour.

He made this Proposition for no other Reason, but because he had the Secret of compounding certain Pills, one of which was sufficient to nourish a Man for a Day.

So that by taking with him a Provision of as many Pills as we had Days to travel, he was sure not to suffer Hunger. He concluded, that for fear of appearing less knowing than himself, I durst not refuse to accept of his Challenge; and he desired I would be ready to set out in five or six Days. But I was not so much embarrassed as he imagined I should be; for after I had told him that I very readily consented to travel in that manner, I made a kind of Opiate which had the same Virtue with his Pills. Therefore, without giving the least Hint to each other of our Preparations, we set out from *Samarcande*, to go to *Caschgar*.

The Hundred and thirty ninth Day.

THE three or four first Days we held it out Manfully. The Opiate wrought Wonders as well as the Pills. Each of us depending upon his Skill, was full of Confidence. I observed him from time to time, to see if I could perceive any Alteration in him; and he for the same Reason watched me as narrowly. As for me, far from waining in my Strength, I grew more vigorous

gorous every Day than other: But it was not so with my Philosopher. He lost his Pills: upon which he became thoughtful and mellancholy, sparing of his Conversation, and his Face turned pale and meagre; which made me conclude, that his Affairs did not go well with him. Nevertheless he concealed from me the Accident which had befallen him: He bore his Misfortune with Patience, and suffered himself to pine away by Degrees. At last, seeing him in a very weak Condition, I offered him some of my Opiate: But he refused it, and chose rather to die, than to own that he stood in need of Assistance.

I was very much troubled for the Death of *Fazel*. I bathed his Corps with my Tears; and, assisted by his Slaves and my own, I buried him in the Mountains of *Botom*. There was amongst his Slaves one whom he loved beyond the rest: It was he who informed me, that his Master had made up some Pills. After his Death we searched for them to no Purpose in his Garments, which made us conclude that he had let them drop in the way.

After I had bestowed upon him all the Funeral Honours which we could express towards him in this Place, I divided amongst

all the Slaves the Mony which the King of *Samarcande* had given to *Fazel* and me, to maintain them during the Abode we were to make at *Caschgar*; and I likewise gave them their Liberty. Go your way, says I to them; go where you please, and leave me to myself in these Mountains: I have no Occasion for you. Upon this, they took their several Roads, some towards the *Tocarestan*, some to the Land of *Fergane*, and others, after crossing Mount *Imaus*, went into the Country of *Turk-bend*.

When they were all departed, and I was left alone, I remained some time yet to weep over the Tomb of *Fazel Asphabani*, and to deplore the unhappy Destiny of this Philosopher; blaming at the same time his Imprudence and his Pride. After this I began to consider with myself, what I should do. I had no mind to pursue my Journey towards *Caschgar*, nor yet to return to *Samarcande*. There arose within me a strong Desire to travel all alone, and to wander through the World. I went to *Uskunt*, from thence to *Cogende*; whence, without keeping any certain Road, I arrived after several Days at *Carizme*.

As I walked in the Streets, to view this great City, I heard a Noise all on a sudden, and at the same time saw the People in a Tumult. The Artisans ran out of their Shops; and joyning themselves to the other Inhabitants, who flocked together, they made a Crowd, as if there was something very extraordinary in Agitation. It seems the Occasion of all this Tumult was a publick Crier, who went through the City, and every Quarter of an Hour cried with a loud Voice: *O you who love the Sciences, know that to-morrow is the Day for entering into the Caverne.*

As soon as I heard these Words, I resolved to follow the Crier, to discourse a little in private with him about the Caverne. I accosted him towards the Close of the Day, just as he was going into his House. I entreated him with great Civility, to inform me concerning this Caverne, into which the Learned were to enter on the Morrow.

The Crier took me to be of some Religious Order. Oh holy Man, says he, you are to know, that near the Gates of this City towards the *Caspian* Sea, there is a Mountain which is called the Red Mountain, because it is covered with Roses

throughout the Year. At the Foot of this Mountain there is a Caverne of vast Extent, into which you enter by Four Doors, which, by vertue of a Talisman, shut and open of their own Accord, at the Beginning of every Year. The Men of Curiosity rush in upon the very first Dawn of the Morning, even before the Stars disappear. There they find a prodigious Quantity of Books. They choose out such as they have a Mind to read. They lose no time to carry away the Treatises they pitch upon, and make all possible Haste to get out; for the Caverne shuts again in Half an Hour and Fifteen Minutes from its first opening; and if by Inadvertency any Bookish Man, too intent upon his Choice of Authors, prove so unfortunate as to stay there but the smallest Moment beyond the appointed time, (which too often happens) he is sure to be starved to Death, because the Doors do not open till the Following Year.

It is said, continues he, that this Caverne was made by the wise *Chec-Chebeddin*, to treasure up in it all his Books, as well those of his own composing, as those which he had collected from all Parts of the World. While he lived, at least
in

in the latter Years of his Life, he spared no Expence to purchase the most curious Writings; and his Enquiries have proved so successful, that he has gathered together above twenty thousand Volumes, which treat of the Philosopher's Stone, of the Method of searching after, and of discovering hidden Treasures. There are amongst them Books that teach the Art of working Prodigies, of changing Men into Beasts, and of giving Souls to Vegetables. In a Word, all the Secrets of Nature are revealed in one or other of these Volumes, and more particularly in those which he wrote himself.

The Hundred and fortieth Day.

I Gave great Attention to what the Crier said, who added, That the wise *Chechabeddin*, for the greater Security of the inestimable Treasure which he had laid up in this Caverne, had invented a Talisman of such wonderful Efficacy, that the Doors, though but made of single Boards of Santal Wood, could not be broke open, nor so much as bruised by any Battery of Engines that might be employed.

This Precaution, says I to the Crier, seems to be very needless; for every one having the Liberty to enter once a Year into the Caverne, and to carry off any Books, they may all very well be taken away; and I am surprized that this is not already done. You have Reason, replies he smiling, to think so; since I have not yet informed you, that those who carry off any Books, are obliged to bring them back to the Caverne the next Year, and to put them in the Place where they found them. Should they fail in this Point, they would soon be made sensible of their Negligence. There are Spirits who watch over the Custody of these Books. They are very punctual in tormenting cruelly, and sometimes even to Death, such Persons as covet to keep any Volume.

When the Crier had instructed me in these Particulars, I returned him my Thanks, and took my Leave of him. I leave you to judge whether I was pleased with what I heard, and whether I resolved to go next Morning with the Curious into the Caverne. I purposed not only to enter, but took a Resolution even to remain there after the rest, and to expose myself to the Risque of whatever might happen. I was
already

already too deeply versed in the Mysteries of the Cabala, to dread the Power of Spirits. I went out immediately from the City, directing my Steps toward the *Caspian* Sea; and I came to the Foot of the Red Mountain. I saw the four Doors of the Caverne, made indeed of Santal Wood, as the Crier had told me; and upon them I observed several Figures of Animals in Relief, in which the Talisman consisted.

I climbed up to the Summit of the Mountain, and laid me down amongst the Roses, which covered it, and perfumed the Air with their Odours. I was so very impatient to get into the Caverne, that I could not compose myself to Rest. At last the Approach of Day, which I diligently watched, brought all the Curious out of the City. I heard the Noise they made in coming to the Mountain. I descended from the Place where I had passed the Night, that I might not be one of the latest to enter the Caverne. The Stars began already to vanish, and fade before the Bye, when on a suddain the Four Doors which were on the Four Sides of the Mountain, fled open of themselves with a terrible Noise. Immediately every one rushed in, and the Concourse filled the Caverne, which, as

the Crier very well said, was of a vast Extent. He had likewise very great Reason to say that there was a prodigious Number of Books. They were all ranged with great Exactness along the Walls, upon Shelves of Aloes Wood, with Titles to express the Subject of every Treatise. I could perceive Gaps and empty Spaces in some Shelves; but the Learned soon filled them up, with the Books which they had carried away the preceding Year. This in Effect was but to make new Vacancies; for they took other Volumes, and went out in haste. Some Moments after, I heard the Noise of the four Doors clapping together as they shut. I was left alone in the Caverne, which receiving in no Light but through the Doors, now they were closed, became a Place of utter Darkness.

A Man less knowing than my self would have been mightily embarrassed in these Regions of Night; but I was not ignorant of the Means to dissipate these Shades. I began by submitting the Spirits to me, who had the Direction of this wonderful Library; and when by the Force of my Spells, I had brought them under my Commands; I gave them Orders to bring me Light immediately, and to take Care to have the Cavern always well illuminated. *The*

The Hundred and forty first Day.

THE Spirits, who are always very obedient when they are commanded by one they fear, went away immediately; and returned in an Instant with more Light than was sufficient to irradiate ten such Caverns, though it was exceeding vast. I believe they robbed the City of *Carizme* of all its Lamps. Never was there so fine an Illumination seen, as that which they made to celebrate my Entrance into the Cavern. They fastened Lamps in every Place; they placed an infinite Number along the Shelves, and hung the Roof so thick with them, that it looked like a Firmament. They served me even beyond my Desires.

It was then that I applied my self to the reading of several very curious Books. I found some which treated of the Wonders of Chymistry, and of the occult Sciences; But the Stile was so figurative, and the Expressions so obscure, that not one of the Learned was able to understand them. To enter into the Meaning of them, it was absolutely necessary to have the Knowledge which I possessed.

As

As I was desirous to copy some Passages out of these Books, and that I needed only call for Paper and Ink, the Spirits, my ready Slaves, furnished me with all Conveniencies. They likewise took Care to bring me in Provisions for my Diet, when my Opiat began to fail. They brought me every Day the most excellent Kinds of Food, and the choicest Wines of *Chiras*. I had only to call for what I had a Fancy to, and I was sure to have it in a Moment.

I passed my Time therefore very agreeably in this marvellous Cavern. If I read some Books, which taught me nothing new, in Amends I perused several others which were of great Advantage to me, wherein I found the most valuable Secrets of Nature. I read the whole Year about, without being once tired.

At the Beginning of the following Year, the Doors burst open as usual. The Curious entered. But as they were not aware of the Illuminations which immediately struck their Eyes, they were seized with Terrour. They threw down hastily the Books, which they brought back, and betook themselves all to a precipitant Flight. I bethought my self of taking this Opportunity, while the Doors were open, to go out

out my self. I must observe to you, that I had let my Beard, my Eye-brows, and my Hair grow, so that I looked frightfully. Consequently the Figure I made served to increase their Fear. See there the Sorcerer *Mouk*, cried they; it is he himself.

This Sorcerer, for whom they took me, was a wicked Man, who delighted in nothing but doing Mischief in the Country. He employed all his Hellish Imps to annoy Mankind. All the People cursed him; and the Sultan of *Carizme*, upon Complaints which were brought in to him from all Parts, had ineffectually, to this very Time, posted Men up and down the Country to apprehend him. He always found Methods to escape their Diligence, and to save himself from the Punishment reserved for him.

As soon as I heard them mistake me for a Sorcerer, I had the Imprudence to endeavour to disabuse them. My Brethren, cried I, be not deceived; I am not that *Mouk* of whom you speak; I have no Intention to do you the least Harm. At these Words they stopped short, without giving themselves Leisure to be perswaded of the Truth of what I said; and the stoutest among them, exciting the others
to

to follow their Example, they surrounded me, and closed me on every Side at once.

I could, with pronouncing of a single Word, have overthrown them all, and delivered my self from their Hands; but I thought it proper to make no Resistance, but to let them continue in a Belief that my Life was at their Disposal. Of this they were well perswaded: when after they had bound me fast, they brought me before the *Cady*. So, so, says the Judge, as soon as he saw me, thou art taken then at last! Never flatter thy self, thou Scelerate, that thou shalt escape the Punishment thou deservest. Too long already hast thou sullied the pure Light of Heaven, by the Blackness of thy Deeds. Let him instantly be carried away, adds he, addressing himself to his *Nayb*, let him be carried into the publick place where the most notorious Criminals are appointed to suffer Death. As he made an end of these Words, he delivered me into the Hands of his *Asses*, who conducted me into a large open Place within the City; while he ran to inform the Sultan of what had passed, and to know of him by what kind of Death I should be punished.

The

The Hundred and forty second Day.

AS soon as the Sultan of *Carizme* heard that the Sorcerer *Monk* was upon the Place where Malefactors are executed, he hastened thither himself in a Litter. As soon as he came, he demanded to see me; and from my Aspect alone, without farther Examination, he condemned me to be burnt. No sooner had he pronounced my Sentence, than I saw a Pile raised in the Place, large enough to contain twenty Sorcerers. Every thing was ready in an Instant; for the People all brought Wood with Eagerness, and rejoiced with the pleasing Hopes of seeing me reduced to Ashes. I had the Patience to suffer my self to be fastened to the Pile; but as soon as the Fire was put to it, I pronounced some Cabalistic Words, by Virtue of which my Bonds fell off. Then I took a piece of Wood from the Pile, and gave it the Form of a Triumphal Carr, into which I mounted. I hung high in the Air, and rolled my Chariot for a Time, over the Heads of the Inhabitants of *Carizme*; who were not so well pleased to see me ride above them, as they would have been to see

see me burned. After this I raised my Voice, and speaking to the Sultan: Unjust *Glich-Arselan*, said I, who couldest determine to make me die like a Wretch; know that I am no Sorcerer, but a Sage who can work greater Wonders than those which thy Eyes have beheld. Upon this I disappeared, and left the Prince as well as the People, in the utmost Astonishment.

I have travelled ten Years since this Adventure. I have been at *Cairo*, at *Bagdad* in *Persia*; and in every Place where I have made any Abode, I have brought down Happiness upon those Persons for whom I conceived a Friendship. In wandering through the World, I came at last to *Astracan*, where I had a Mind to make my Name Famous. In order to this, I went out of the City, and finding my self in a Place covered with Thickets, I cut forty Boughs of the same Length; and, giving them Life by Virtue of some Words, whose Power I know, I ordered them to take a Human Form, and to build those Baths which you now see before the Gates of *Astracan*. These, Sir, are my Forty Boys; and I think that I had reason to tell your Majesty that they had all one Mother, since they are all sprung from the Earth.

The

*The Continuation and Conclusion
of the History of King Hor-
moz.*

HERE *Avicene* made an End of Speak-
ing; and I, charmed with the won-
derful Things I heard: Oh greatest Philo-
sopher, said I, what a Happiness is it to
have you for a Friend! After what you
have related to me, I believe nothing is
impossible to you. I no longer wonder
that your Servants are able to execute all
your Commands, since it is you who give
them Power to act. I verily believe,
should I command them to bring hither
instantly the Princess of *Carizme*, the beau-
tiful *Rezia*, that they could perform even
that. Without Doubt, replies *Avicene*.
They will convey themselves into her Pa-
lace: They will carry her off from the
very midst of her Women, and will bring
her hither in a Moment, if you desire it.
If I desire it, replies I with Transport! Ah,
Sir, you can never do any Thing that
will please me half so much. Your Heart
shall be fully satisfied, answers he: Besides,
I am not sorry that I have an Oppor-
tunity

tunity to be revenged of the Sultan of *Carizme*.

The Philosopher, as soon as he had spoke these Words, cast his Eyes upon one of his forty Slaves, and bid him be gone. The Slave immediately disappeared with a great Noise; and in a few Minutes after, returned with the Princess of *Carizme*.

The Hundred and forty third Day.

MY Eyes soon convinced me that it could be no other than *Rezia*; and my Heart gave Witness to them, by those Motions of Joy, which usually rise within us, at the Sight of the Object we love. But notwithstanding that I was ravished with the Sight of her, the Manner in which this Pleasure was procured to me, made me check my Transports in their full Career. I feared it might be some Phantome, and I began to distrust the Assurance of my Eyes. I beseech you, said I to the Philosopher, deceive me not: Those Features which we both of us behold, are they Shadows, or the real Beauties of the Princess of *Carizme*? Speak; What am I to think

think of this Surprise? Believe your Eyes, Sir, answered he; it is the Princess herself. Contemplate her Charms, and give your self up with Confidence to the Transports with which she must inspire you.

Upon this Assurance, I cast my self down, and hung upon the Knees of *Rezia*; then without giving her Time to recollect her self; Ah, my Princess, said I, is it you then I behold! Alas, I despaired ever to see these Charms again: and I owe the Blessing wholly to the Friendship of this Philosopher, who has condescended to relieve me with his powerful Assistance. Your Transportation hither, is the Effect of his great Skill, or rather of my Love. In me you see the young Man who appeared before you in the Dress of a Gardiner's Boy. You cannot forget with what Cruelty you occasioned me to be forced out of your Apartment, as soon as you perceived that I was under a Disguise; and by how unexpected a turn of good Fortune, I escaped the infamous Death to which I was doomed. In spite of all your Rigours, I have never ceased to love you. Now, my Queen, that I have told you this, let your Anger loose against a
rash

rash Man, who to possess you has Recourse to Violence; but consider I entreat you first, that this rash Man is the unfortunate King of *Circassia*, who sent to demand you from the Sultan your Father.

If I was astonished at the Sight of *Rezia*, you may well imagine that she was not less amazed, to find her self all on a sudden in a strange Place. I expected, and not without Reason, to be born down by a Torrent of Reproaches; when this Princess, now recollecting me, and recovering her self a little from the Disorder she was in, spoke to me to this Effect: At any other Time, without doubt, I never should have pardoned the Boldness of this Attempt; but at present I can with Ease forgive it. I was upon the very brink of Marriage with a Prince, for whom I have a mortal Aversion; and I cannot complain of a Violence which saves me from the Horror of being given over to him.

Is it possible, *Beghume*, says I, interrupting her! are you then not married to the King of *Gazna*? I am not, replies the Princess. Since the Departure of your Ambassador from *Carizme*, a great many Things have come to pass; of which you, I find, have not been informed. I shall

acquaint you with the Particulars. After the Victory obtained over the Troops of the Sultan my Father, by the Army of the King of *Gazna*, in Conjunction with the Forces of the King of *Candahar*; these two Victorious Princes advanced to the very Gates of the City of *Carizme*, to besiege it. Then the Sultan sent out one of his Vissiers to them, who concluded a Treaty of Peace with them; the Principal Article of which was, that I should incessantly be put into the Hands of the King of *Gazna*.

On the Day appointed for my Departure from *Carizme*, News came to the Court, that the King of *Candahar*, being likewise enamoured with the Reputation of my Beauty, laid Claim to me; that he had made his Declaration to *Bebram-cha*; that the two Kings thereupon at Variance had given Battle to each other; and that the King of *Candahar* gained the Victory.

These Tidings were soon confirmed. There arrived an Officer, sent by the triumphant King of *Candahar* to my Father, to impart to him the News of his Success against *Bebram-cha*, who was slain in the Combat, and that he designed to be crowned King of *Gazna*. At the same time

time likewise, he demanded me in Marriage. The Sultan did not dare to refuse me to a Prince who was grown so formidable. He therefore complied with his Demands, and gave me up to his Ardour, notwithstanding the Aversion I had conceived for him from the Character his Officer gave me of him, who nevertheless shewed him in the most advantageous Light. And now the fatal Day was within a few Hours at Hand, in which I was for ever to bid adieu to my Father, and to be carried off to a Husband whom I detested. I was in my Apartment amongst my Women, pouring forth my Complaints, and expressing my great Aversion to this Marriage; when at once I felt my self seized upon by a Man, who transported me hither in an Instant.

5 JA 59

End of the Second Volume.

EXPLA-

EXPLANATIONS

TO THE

SECOND VOLUME.

Page 10. **B**Eringhamus. *So the Chinese call the Prophet Jatmouny; probably Confucius.*

P. 34. Bonzes. *So they call their Priests.*

P. 45. Colao. *The Chancellor.*

P. 65. Rice-Wine. *It is of an Amber Colour, and as Strong as our Spanish Wines.*

P. 70. Canume, *Signifies Princess.*

P. 85. A Cangiar. *A Dagger.*

P. 87. Xaca. *His Disciples held, that after Death there were no Rewards to be hoped for, nor Punishments to be feared.*

— Nine Hells. *Most of the Chinese believe there are Nine Hells, which Souls pass through, before they come again into the World.*

P. 90. Masters were not appointed. *It is customary to give the Sons-in-Law of the Kings of China two old Mandarins, as Preceptors to them: It must likewise be observed, that till such Time as the King's Daughter has a Child, the Husband is obliged to pay Homage to her upon his Knees, four times a Day.*

P. 131. Capi-

P. 121. Capi-Aga. *The Captain of the Door of the King of Persia's Chamber.*

—Casoda. *The Chamber of the King.*

Casodali. *The Pages of the King's Chamber.*

Zuluffis. *Six Officers belonging to the Pages of the King.*

P. 114. The Aremadoulet. *The Great Vicer of Persia.*

P. 117. Mahramas. *Little square Pieces of Stuffs, which they spread upon their Knees to wipe their Fingers on.*

Martabani. *Green China Ware.*

Cocnos. *A Bird very much in Request.*

P. 122. Oda Bachi. *The Master of the Pages.*

P. 130. Laylah illallah. *A Cry which the Persians make at Funerals: It signifies, There is no other God, but God.*

P. 132. Faquirs. *Persons that make Profession of great Austerities; but are for the most part Hypocrites.*

P. 135. Giulous. *A Feast kept yearly upon the Day of the King's Coronation.*

P. 185. Talagaija. *A Tree which bears a Berry, of which the Women make Bracelets and Necklaces.*

P. 104. Serendib. *The Island of Ceylan.*

P. 208. Seal of Solomon. *The Mahometans attribute a great many Virtues to the Signet of Solomon.*

P. 115. Areka. *A Tree growing in the Island of Ceylan, whose Fruit is reckoned a great Delicacy, and very wholesome.*

P. 265. Fyquaa. *A Cooling Liquor made with Barley and Raisins.*

5 JA 59



